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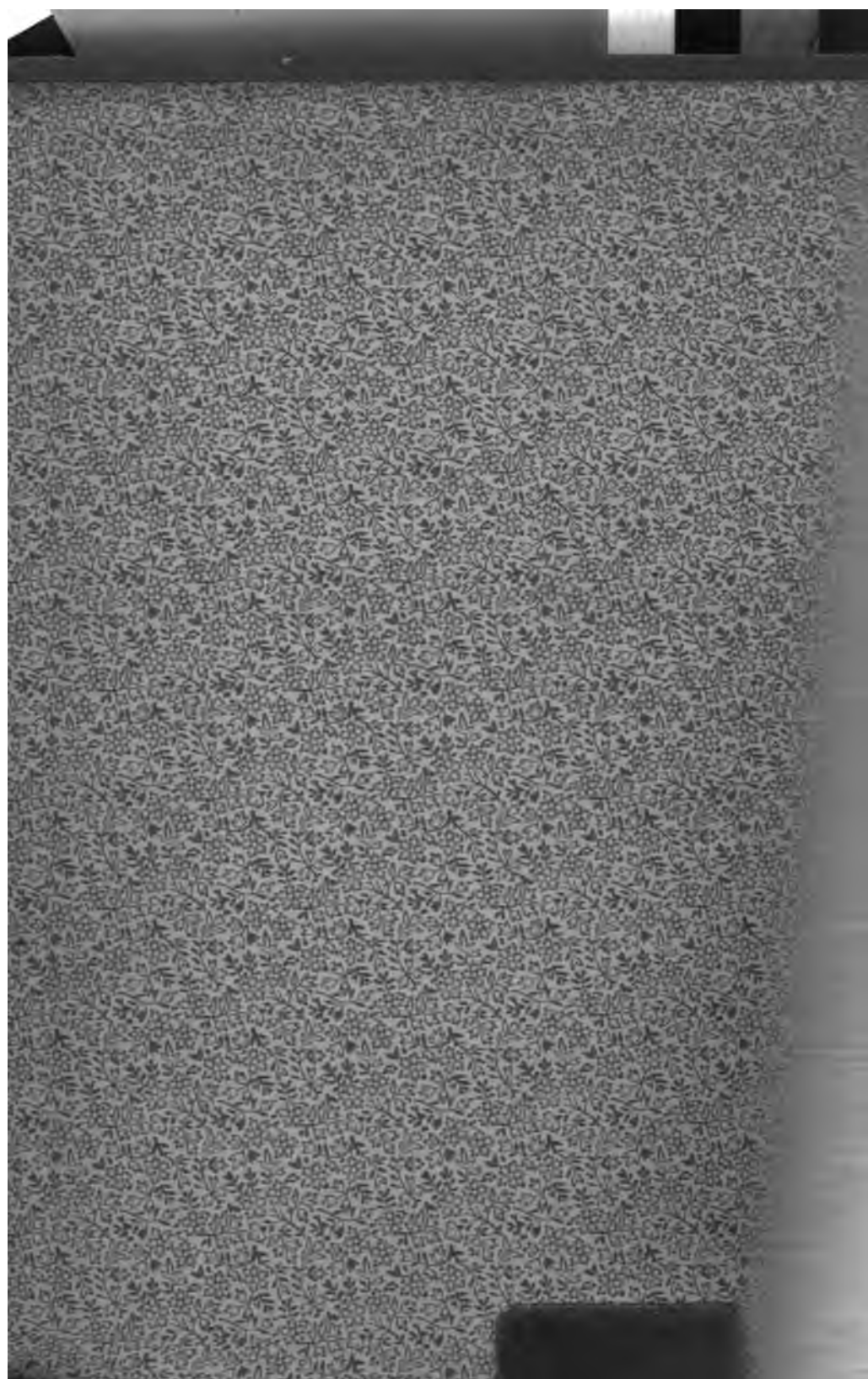
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S.
MARY A. WOODBRIDGE



Woodbridge



Compliments of
F. W. Woodbridge







Mary A. Woodbridge

LIFE AND LABORS

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE

THIRTY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE
WOMAN SUFFRAGE LEAGUE OF
COLUMBIA, ILL. ALSO SECRETARY OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE
AND A LECTURER TO COLLEGE WOMEN ON
SUFFRAGE, AND CORRESPONDENT FOR
THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE LEAGUE OF
COLUMBIA UNION

REV. A. M. HILLS

EVANGELIST, CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITED BY MISS FRANCES E. WILGARD

AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY SEYMOUR JOSEPH AND
FRANK G. WOODLIEY AND OTHERS

CINCINNATI, OHIO



Mary A. Woodbridge

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

MRS. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE

WHO WAS FOR SIX YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE OHIO W. C. T. U.; FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.; ALSO SUPERINTENDENT OF PETITIONS AND LEGISLATION; PEACE LECTURER OF THE W. C. T. U. AND ITS LECTURER TO COLLEGES AND HIGHER EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS, AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE WORLD'S AND NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

BY

REV. A. M. HILLS

EVANGELIST, OBERLIN, OHIO

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD

AND CONTRIBUTIONS BY

**LADY HENRY SOMERSET, JOSEPH COOK,
JOHN G. WOOLLEY AND OTHERS**


PUBLISHED BY

F. W. WOODBRIDGE, RAVENNA, OHIO

1895



**Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1895,
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To the noble women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the elect of God, who go forth in the Name of Jesus, through evil report and through good report, to curb the world of intemperance and kindred vices ; and to their husbands and sons who give them up, as God gave his well-beloved Son, to save a sin-cursed humanity ; and to that larger company of cultured Christian women who, with abundance of ability and leisure, are standing in the vineyard all the day idle, not having as yet heard their call or seen their heavenly vision, this book is lovingly and reverently dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

THE pages that follow are dedicated to a beautiful memory. Few know better than I do the remarkable intellectual aptitudes and the rare culture of Mary A. Woodbridge. These came to her alike by nature and nurture as will be shown by the brotherly pen of him who writes this book, and one who appreciated her as only a large and noble soul could do. Thanks to his loyal zeal her great life work will be adequately presented. It is like a golden thread running through the warp and woof of that rich fabric of events that we call the Woman's Crusade; but when I think of her whom I have known so long and loved so well, it is on none of these things that my mind rests. In happy reflection and fond recollection, I seem to see her where she moved, in an orbit of perpetual harmony.

She always met everybody with kindly glance, with smiling lip, with warm handclasp, with deep, resonant tones of mother-hearted greeting. This in itself is one of the rarest gifts ever received or bestowed. It makes radiant the atmosphere of home and sends its pleasant light out into the great pathetic world.

Perhaps I noted this more, because it was so like my household "Saint Courageous." I do not believe that any one ever came in contact with either of these two great characters without feeling that they had done him good and not evil all the days of his life during which he was privileged to share the sunshine of their presence.

It is a theory of mine that natures equally genial have an exceedingly unequal gift in diffusing that geniality. This is doubtless partly temperamental and partly the result of education. Although a native of New England, there was no sense of self-repression in the manner of "Our Mary"; her nature was expansive, her manner inclusive, not exclusive; the diffusion of her individuality had a long radius and a wonderfully brightened circumference. Whoever has the gift of humor must possess along with it the gift of imagination; and perhaps it was the power to put herself in another's place and her keen perception of the droll side of things that made Mary A. Woodbridge a companion so delightful. But I rejoice to remember that she did not, as we say, "make fun of people," although she had a rare gift of personation in both her look and tone.

The exercise of this gift was always connected with such a bubbling up of good spirits, such a pleasant general concept of the person concerning whom she spoke, that the sting was gone and the personated might, if present, have been inclined to say, "How well you have done that!"

Reformers are a serious folk, and it is good to have had in our central group so long, a spirit so full of cheer and brightness. She was especially dear to my dear mother, and was considerate of her to the last degree. Many a time has my mother called our attention to the beautiful set of table mats (which, by the way, she only permitted us to bring out on special occasions), when she would say, "Mary Woodbridge knitted these for me while she was traveling, doing much of the work during her various detentions in wayside railway stations," or she would hold up the pretty silver souvenir from Stratford-on-Avon and say, "Mary Woodbridge thought of me when she was in Shakespeare's town."

As we came down the stairs at Rest Cottage we were

went to stop and study the historical chart lining the entire stairway, and mother would playfully observe, "When you have so good a chance to glean a fact and from a friend so kind, you must stop and get one, as little Jack Horner put in his thumb and plucked out a plum from the Christmas pudding." We had roses in our garden that Mary sent out from her own beautiful grounds, in which two hundred varieties shed their fragrance on the dear old home where she was reared and where once I had the pleasure of sharing the delightful and well-ordered home life, of which she was the central figure, and which, with the revered presence of her father and the brotherly kindness of her husband and son, made me feel as much at home as if I had dwelt there from the first.

I remember when we went to Washington to present the memorial portrait of Mrs. Hayes to President Garfield at the White House, and there is a droll story connected with our experience as comrade-guests which is not here permissible, but the recital of which in Mary's rich tones has made the group that heard it fill all the air with laughter many a time.

But what I more particularly recall of that experience is that our dear Mary was unable to carry out her cherished hope of being present at the inauguration. Some of us offered to remain with her, but she spurned the idea, and without a word of repining urged us out of her room in that strong, self-sufficing, genial way that was her most pronounced characteristic, and when we returned at night was delighted to hear all we had to tell her of the pageantry, and seemed to enjoy it with us more than a less endowed nature would have enjoyed the actual participation in the scene.

I do not believe there is a white-ribboner living who has ever met Mary Woodbridge who would not testify to the beautiful characteristic which I make the principal

point in this introduction, because I think it so high and fine a trait, and one, alas! so rare; for the most cordial have moods in which they seem to drop from their high estate, but Mary never.

When I landed with Anna Gordon in New York in June, 1894, after an absence on my part of nearly two years, Mrs. Woodbridge came from Chicago to participate in the beautiful welcome tendered me by my comrades and leading women's societies of that city. She seemed well and in excellent heart. All who heard it will remember the remarkable vigor and eloquence of her address, its clear call to battle, its tender pathos and unfailing humor. We had a conference together, and a few weeks later I was with her in Chicago where we held repeated meetings for routine work. She was not a little amused by the frequency with which she was called upon to bid me welcome; for it fell to her lot to perform this service in my own town, and at the meeting in Chicago on my birthday, when addresses were presented by most of the leading philanthropic societies, our dear corresponding secretary came forward once more and bade me welcome home in one of her most powerful addresses, which proved to be, alas! one of her final appearances before the public.

My last remembrance of her brings to mind the beautiful Woman's Temple, with the glory of a golden autumn day enveloping its walls and resting on its turrets. The interior of the Temple has always seemed to me the sunniest and most heartsome place in which I have ever found good people assembled for good purposes. Here in her bright, pleasant office she was seated at her desk, and we conferred concerning plans for the Cleveland convention. When the time came for my train I bade her good-bye in our usual sisterly way with a kiss, and the mutual reminder, "I shall see you in a few days at the Ohio W. C. T. U. convention." But to that convention she did not come,

being detained, I think, by the wedding of a beloved granddaughter, so that I have the happiness of remembering her as she stood at the door of the secretary's office, smiling in her genial way upon me with that warm clasp of the hand and those friendly, loving words, "Take care of yourself, Frances; don't overwork." While my own last words to her were: "Promise that not a day shall pass before you get extra clerical help in preparing for your annual report." And she promised. Daily her letters came, full of information about the plans for our "Coming-of-age Convention," replete with suggestion and query; but never was she so hurried as to omit some enlivening bit of raillery or recital. Her last letter was written to me on the 23d of October, and the next I heard was the telegram two days later, "Mary is dying."

Somehow I can but think her fortunate to have gone in her prime, to have stepped so suddenly beyond the boundary line that lies so close around this cradle of a world.

She went from us in her beautiful prime and in the midst of her benignant work. Her eye was not dimmed nor her natural force abated; she was as full of expectation, aspiration, nay, of eagerness even, as a girl in her teens. Who shall say that on the other side of silence, in some world of finer harmony, that clear, kind voice is not still speaking on and on?

Boston, Jan. 1, 1895.

Francis Ellwood



PREFACE.

THIS book has been written for two classes,—the moral reformers and the general readers. The former class will welcome the speeches as mines rich in fact and argument, which will be of great service to them. And as a matter of history, too, it is due to this noble woman that her best thoughts and efforts should be given to the world in some permanent form.

The latter class will, I trust, find enough in the book besides speeches to elicit their deepest interest.

I commend to men, especially, the careful reading of the addresses, which will throw much light on the duties of citizenship, and will be “strong meat” for the ablest minds. They will discover before they have read far that “there is no sex in intellect.”

I commend the whole to my sisters. This is a woman’s book, written about a great woman—an ornament to her sex, by a man. All women can learn from these pages what kind of a female character commands the profoundest respect and homage of ever man whose esteem is worth having.

For the uplifting of humanity, and the extension of the kingdom of Him whom my great friend tenderly loved and faithfully served, I send this volume forth on its mission, begging for it the generous favor of a considerate public.

A. M. HILLS.

2186 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O., March 21, 1895.



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LIFE OF MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine !
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.
And yet a spirit, pure and bright
With something of an angel-light.

— *Wordsworth.*

SCIENTISTS tell us that the career of any living thing is the product of three forces,—ancestry, environment and the vital force of the individual itself. Few persons better illustrate these well-known principles of science than Mary A. Woodbridge, one of the foremost leaders of the greatest reform movement of our century.

So great a man as Matthew Henry has said that “neither wisdom nor grace runs in the blood.” And yet heredity is one of nature’s divine laws, and “blood will tell.” A great character is not formed in one generation. Mirabeau, when asked at what age he would commence the education of a boy, is reported to have replied: “I would begin twenty years before he is born by educating his mother.” To a similar question, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes replied: “I would begin one hundred years before he is born by educating his great-grandmother.”

The latter is the more correct answer. The truth is, we not only ought to begin, but we, in very fact, do begin to

lay the foundations of temperament and character a hundred years before a little immortal puts in his appearance on this planet. For that reason one's ancestry is a matter of no slight importance. That of Mrs. Woodbridge was all that could be desired for a reformer, coming as she did from the purest New England stock, to whom the atmosphere of agitation and reform seems to be the native, vital air.

The writer is indebted to the noble brother of Mrs. Woodbridge, Col. George M. Brayton, of the U. S. A., for the genealogy of their parents. With that thoroughness and zeal which have characterized all his military career, he has traced the lineage of the family back to the eleventh century. From him I get the following concerning the father.

BRAYTON—ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

Bretons are of French origin of Norman extraction. The Breton families came into England with William the Conqueror, as I find in an early pedigree of the Bretons in 1197. This is the first date therein, and there are four generations at the beginning of the pedigree previous to the date 1197.

The name Breton is derived from a province in France called Bretagne. The armorial bearings are the same in France as in England, and the name in France is Le Breton.

BRETON OF TRENTON.

Baker's History of Northamptonshire, Vol. I, page 220, has a long pedigree of the Breton families, running back from four generations before 1197. The pedigree seems to have been prepared from papers in the family of William Le Breton in 1197. This pedigree brings the family down to the year 1708, with arms.

Burke's armorial bearings has the coat of arms (which I have) with the name Brayton, which is the only English work I have found with the name "Brayton." But in the same book under Breton is precisely the same coat of arms and crest as Brayton. This I consider the best proof that can be had of the origin of the family name—that Brayton

was Breton, and that the family is of French origin, Norman extraction.

There are at the present day many persons in France who are descendants of the old stock, Le Breton, and who by "The Heraldry of France" have the same arms.

In the Parliamentary Gazette of 1839, page 259, is a description of Brayton Parish and Brayton township, in Yorkshire. The first of the name in this country was Francis Brayton, born in 1612, died in 1692. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly in Rhode Island, in 1662. Colonial records give the line of descendants. Their places of residence were Tiverton, R. I., Newport, and Nantucket, Mass.

The generations in this country are as follows :

1. Francis Brayton.
2. Stephen Brayton, 2d son of Francis and Mary, married Ann Tallman.
3. Israel Brayton, 3d son of Stephen and Ann, married, 1st, Eliphael Sanford ; 2d, Elizabeth Lawton.
4. Isaac Brayton, 4th son of Israel and Elizabeth, married Sarah Hussey.
5. Isaac Brayton, 2d son of Isaac and Sarah, married Love Mitchell.
6. Mary A. Brayton, daughter of Isaac and Love, married F. W. Woodbridge.

Thus Mary A. Woodbridge was of the sixth generation in this country of an ancestry that can be traced back for a period of eight hundred years. Her father, Isaac Brayton, was a typical New Englander. He was born in Nantucket in 1801, and became early in life captain of a whaling vessel. April 28, 1833, he landed the largest cargo of oil ever brought into Nantucket—2,824 barrels. He helped to land one of the first, if not the first, missionary on the Sandwich Islands, and was for many years on most intimate terms with the missionaries. His name is gratefully mentioned in a history of the islands, by Rev. Hiram Bingham, for more than twenty-five years a missionary of the American Board. Even in those early days he was

strictly temperate, never using tobacco or intoxicants. He was one of the few sea-captains who daily assembled his crew and led them in religious worship. He was physically "as round as a barrel," measuring exactly the same from breast to back as from side to side, possessing such exceptional vigor and vitality that he lived to be nearly ninety years of age.

He had such a practical talent for business and public affairs, and such a rare gift of eloquence, that he was recognized by his fellow-citizens as a born leader of men, and they sent him to the Massachusetts legislature in the days when Edward Everett was governor, and when that body was composed of as able men as ever sat in any state assembly.

He afterward moved to Ohio and served the commonwealth as associate judge with Ben Wade, and still later as a member of the Ohio senate. He was the father of the law by which the charitable institutions of Ohio are still governed. Few men anywhere could make so interesting a religious or missionary or political address. He was a man of wide reading and equally wide experience, at home on any question of public interest. There are citizens still living who speak of his brilliant address of welcome to Louis Kossuth as Hungary's exile and America's guest.

In moral principle he was a very Puritan, firm in will, with an enlightened and tender conscience. In religion he was a godly Quaker, well read in Scripture, and most gifted in prayer. All his best qualities, physical, mental and spiritual, he repeated in his illustrious daughter.

And Mrs. Woodbridge was not less fortunate in her Quaker mother, whose maiden name was Love Mitchell, the sister of William Mitchell, who, with his daughter, Maria Mitchell, were astronomers of world-wide fame.

Col. George Mitchell Brayton traces his mother's ancestry as follows :

1. Ritchard Mitchell, born 1686 at Brixton, Isle of Wight. His residence was in the Isle of Wight. Married Mary Wood, died in 1722.

2. Richard Mitchell, son of Richard and Mary, married Elizabeth Tripp. In 1708 came to Rhode Island.

3. Richard Mitchell, son of Richard and Elizabeth, married Mary Starbuck and lived in Nantucket.

4. Peleg Mitchell, son of Richard and Mary, married Lydia Cartwright. Lived at Newport and Nantucket.

5. Love Mitchell, daughter of Peleg and Lydia, married Isaac Brayton.

6. Mary A. Brayton, daughter of Isaac and Love, married F. W. Woodbridge.

Captain Isaac Brayton married Love Mitchell by the Quaker ceremony, June 25, 1825. Of this union Mary Ann Brayton was born April 21, 1830.

Such ancestry and immediate parentage relieved Mary of all credit for being possessed of talents of the highest order—executive ability, astute intellect, unerring logic, clear reasoning, exuberance of spirits, ready wit that could, on fit occasion, flame into merciless sarcasm; graceful, majestic yet thrilling eloquence; a divine, insatiable hunger for books and learning, and an untiring energy in the pursuit of knowledge which is genius itself. Joined to these was a physical vigor that could support all the faculties in exercise at white heat, in a strain and tension of effort for forty years, the knowledge of which fills one with amazement.

What women the Island of Nantucket produced! Abiah Folger, the mother of Benjamin Franklin, Lucretia Mott, brilliant and saintly Maria Mitchell, the immortal female astronomer, Phœbe A. Hannaford, preacher and poet, and their own cousin, Mary A. Woodbridge, the reformer, of whom the Nantucket *Mirror* says: "There is no nobler name in history."

Mary Clemmer once wrote: "This continent could scarcely produce another spot whose conditions of atmos-

phere, of intelligence, of self-reliance, of thrift, would all tend to so unique a training, to so distinctive a life for its women as does Nantucket. In no other place in America is its womanhood so distinct, original and independent, both in thought and action, as on Nantucket. This little island of the sea, on account of its isolation, has preserved the strong individualism of its early settlers and become a community unique and fascinating in New England history.

In June, 1888, Mrs. Woodbridge in an address to a gathering of Friends in Pennsylvania, paid this beautiful tribute to them and to her Quaker mother: "In this religious society I had my birthright, and among such saints as Elizabeth Comstock, beloved of the Lord and of humanity, clad in softest robe of drab, my eyes first saw the light; and that 'plain language,' sweetly euphonious when correctly used, my tongue first lisped. The gone before, the mother loved (though spirit, which I cannot understand) is in my mind arrayed like these, with added sheen that comes from off the throne of God, as walking in His light, she waits the coming of her own.

"I linked the lessons of the 'moving of the Spirit' of the childhood days with the Spirit's call of later years, and though I 'married out' and can no longer claim membership in the society, their lessons will remain, and I rejoice that W. C. T. U. means 'Welcome Christians To Union,' and we are one in Him."

CHAPTER II.

FORTUNATE ENVIRONMENTS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

CHILDHOOD.

Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever :
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.
So shalt thou make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

—*Kingsley.*

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thyme-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, " God love her !"
Ay, and always, in good sooth
We may all be sure He doth.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

NO living thing can escape the influence of environment. Any record of life is incomplete without this factor. The giant oak of the fat valley dwindles to a scrub tree on the barren, thin-soiled mountain-top. The luxuriant vegetation of the tropical Amazon valley dwarfs as we journey northward and finally disappears in the ice-fields. Henry Buckle, in his immortal "History of Civilization," makes human life little more than a compound of climate and elevation above the sea, latitude and scenery, food and sky and storm. However much we may wish to qualify his view by adding stress to the importance of the human will and self-sovereignty, and the direct influence of God, yet none will deny that a talented, impressible, highly organ-

ized woman will unconsciously receive much from her surroundings.

Was it nothing that Mary Brayton ran with perfect freedom and bare feet on the sands of the seashore, breathing vitalizing ocean air, and treasuring up that wealth of health upon which she was to draw so unsparingly in her last years? Was it a mere accident, unplanned and useless, that like Demosthenes of old, she constantly pitted her childish voice on summer days against the roar of the sea, and gained that strength and depth and compass of tone that used to fill the vast auditoriums at Chautauqua and Ocean Grove, and the largest assembly halls in the land, causing thousands to wonder and admire? She gained the cheerful gentleness of the sunshine, the rollicking, overflowing vivacity of perfect health, and the unconquerable might of the ocean tempest.

It was surely, too, no misfortune that nine bright youthful years were spent on that island home of Nantucket. There could scarcely have been found a better school for the development of independent, self-reliant, female character. "This," as Frances Willard has justly observed, "explains much in her brave career. Left to themselves during the long and dangerous voyages of men who sought the northern seas 'for light, more light' (in the halcyon days of spermaceti before Colonel Drake struck oil from Pennsylvania's bosom), the women of Nantucket were by nature and nurture hardy, strong and self-reliant. But with these qualities not sufficiently emphasized in the 'regulation pattern' of the softer sex these unique islanders combined great tenderness and depth of head and conscience. How could it fail to be so, when they fervently prayed for the safe home-coming of their best beloved, and kept their memory green by constant recitals to their children of the virtues of their absent sons and sires?"

They were a quiet, sturdy, natural, pious and intellect-

ual people, entirely free from the blighting follies of a fashionable world. Little Mary's life was as untrammelled and unconventional as a sea-bird's, fitting prelude to that wholly unstudied, natural but matchless grace of the later years. Captain Brayton, her father, returned from a long whaling voyage when Mary was three years old. She had never seen him before—at least since her baby days. The family were invited out to tea. The little girl had never learned to call him "father." When she was requested to announce the meal, she went to the parlor, and with childish dignity and naturalness said: "Mr. Captain Isaac Brayton, tea is ready." Her joys were few, but wholesome, perhaps watching the rolling deep,

"As here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,"

or taking a long morning walk to Sconset Beach, or visiting the old historic windmill, built of oak in 1746, and pierced by a cannon-ball during the Revolution.

Perchance sometime she climbed some sandy height, to scan the sea for a glimpse of her father's sail, or repaired to the commercial wharf to get some news from an incoming vessel of the far-off wanderer of the deep. No doubt her imagination was quickened as she looked off from the little island of seven miles' diameter, and thought of that large, large world with which her brave father was so well acquainted.

Nantucket in the '30s, like every other part of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, had a very practical public school system, under the control of Horace Mann, the state superintendent. The people of no other state were so well or so universally educated. Mary Brayton's sunny years were most carefully improved under the watchful guidance of wise parental counsel and able teachers. She was the prodigy of the school-room, especially in mathematics.

One day the great Massachusetts educator, Horace Mann, visited the Nantucket school. Little Mary, scarcely more than six years old, went through the multiplication table forward and backward up to the 20s. The great man was surprised at the precocious child, and laid his hand kindly upon her head and said: "Mary, if you persevere you will be a notable woman."

This reminds us of the boyhood of Charles Spurgeon. Rev. Richard Knill once visited Rev. James Spurgeon, the grandfather of Charles. On walking in the garden with his host's grandson, then about ten years of age, he felt a prayerful concern for the intelligent and inquisitive boy, put his arms around him under a yew-tree and prayed for him. He then put his hand on his head, telling him that he believed he would love Jesus Christ and preach His gospel in the largest chapel in the world. "Calling the family together he took me on his knee," said Charles in after years, "and I distinctly remember him saying, 'I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing—

" ' God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.' "

"The promise was made by the little boy; the prophetic declaration was fulfilled, and the promise kept." It leads one to ask—is the race of prophets extinct? Has not God still some favored ones blessed with visions as in the olden days?

Before she was seven years old the bright Nantucket girl had read her Bible through. At nine years of age her father moved West and the narrow island was exchanged

for the Western Reserve of the enterprising young state of Ohio. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, once said to the writer, when a student at Yale, "The Western Reserve is New England moved West." Dr. Edward Beecher also said to the writer: "The Western Reserve is new Connecticut, more Connecticut than old Connecticut." To the heart of this Western Reserve came the Brayton family,—a section of Ohio peopled by the purest New England blood,—enterprising men and women who had pushed out from the parent nest to enter upon a wider career in a new state. They cherished all the Puritan instincts and moral principles; but on a new field, under changed conditions, their social life could take on new forms, unrestrained by the conservatism of the fixed habits and customs of the older east.

Hon. Isaac Brayton, with his experience in the Massachusetts legislature and his signal ability, was immediately recognized as a social and political leader. He was *facile primus*—the foremost man in the community. His purity and piety and ardent love of liberty, and his devotion to humanity, made his home the rallying place of reformers and humanitarians and eminent public men. Within his four walls often met together Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Senator Benjamin Wade and Hon. Salmon P. Chase to consult with Judge Brayton about the conduct of public affairs. Here, too, came the immortal John Brown to discuss his one theme. In this room sat Louis Kossuth, the immortal Hungarian patriot. At the family table in the room adjoining this he dined with the Brayton family, Mary being present. What a school for a future reformer! One can almost see the bright eyes of the thoughtful girl dilate and flash their fire at what she heard. Her bosom heaves with emotion at the story of some wrong. Her heart kindles with enthusiasm for humanity, whenever and wherever cursed by oppression. Her inmost soul is filled

with a divine abhorrence of national sin, as alike perilous to the nation and offensive to the nation's God. All these things are slowly but surely shaping her character, fitting her mind and heart for a service of which the world as yet does not dream.

In this connection, too, should be mentioned the fact that twelve miles from Ravenna, at Hudson, Ohio, was located Western Reserve College, now the Adelbert College of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, and in the same town at that time there was also a female seminary. This latter school Mary Brayton attended, having the additional advantage of college lectures and influences, which her eagerly receptive mind was quick to improve. Thus her intellect was in training for large achievements, and she was being tempered and fashioned as a noble instrument for use in the right hand of God.

Of other helpful providences we have yet to speak ; but we must not forget to note here that at the age of fourteen she passed from death unto life and became a loving child of God.



F. W. WOODBRIDGE.



CHAPTER III.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden ! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Like the swell of some sweet tune
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart,
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ONE beautiful winter afternoon a company of young people took a sleighride from Hudson to Ravenna. One of the company was Mary Brayton. The party drove up before her home. Mary alighted and ran into the kitchen and asked : "Where is father ?" The house-keeper roguishly replied : "In the parlor." Mary bounded in to find—not her father, but a young man, a bookkeeper. His coat was off. He was deep in the mysteries of day-

book and ledger, making the annual statement and balance of the account of Judge Brayton for the Eastern Land Company, whose immense business was all in his hands. It was the first meeting of these two persons.

Mary was nearly seventeen years old. The man, Frederick Wells Woodbridge, was twenty-three. She saw the joke that had been played upon her, blushed, and inquired the whereabouts of her father. But more; she looked at him with a woman's sharp, almost superhuman intuition, and received a strange, never-to-be-forgotten impression. He, too, looked at that radiant young womanhood, with a wealth of brown hair, which, when down, swept the floor two inches as she was standing, crowning a noble forehead, flashing laughing eyes, red cheeks, smiling, clean-cut lips, and strong chin, making altogether a rarely intelligent, soulful countenance. The figure of the maiden was five feet four inches high, firm, lithe, graceful with the majestic poise of a statue. Was it strange that this busy young man, five feet five inches high, with fair cheeks, and blue eyes and flaxen hair, should just then think of something else besides figures?

It matters not what we call it, whether presentiment or revelation. The result is just the same. That moment was never forgotten; never will be. How could it be? It was the moment and the place where two streams of life met, for evermore to mingle. It is probably the private opinion of every reader of these lines that on the way back to Hudson, Miss Brayton thought of some one else beside the student at her side. And Mr. Woodbridge that evening thought,—well, it is a thousand wonders that the books balanced! But they did, and Judge Brayton was so pleased about it that a few days afterwards he shook hands with young Mr. Woodbridge with a crisp hundred dollar bill in his hand. Some nine months later he gave him something else infinitely more precious, even Mary.

In this historic room to the right of the hall as one enters, Frederick Wells Woodbridge and Mary Ann Brayton were married, September 28, 1847.

Mr. Woodbridge was born in Manchester, Conn., in 1824. His father, who had been wealthy, lost his all in the financial panic of 1837, and came to Ohio with his son in 1839. In 1840, the youth was converted while living in Franklin Mills—now Kent, Ohio. He has now a Bible given him by his father, when six and a half years old, for reading the Bible through. In 1841 he began to clerk for Clapp & Spellman, at Akron, and soon after was engaged to clerk for Zenas Kent, of Ravenna, who had noticed his character and ability. With characteristic unselfishness he gave his father his wages to help him buy a farm, denying himself many comforts for that purpose. Too poor to venture into society, he was yet too rich in self-respect and principle to indulge in bad habits. He went into business for himself in 1846.

If a marriage is to be judged by the mutual helpfulness and domestic bliss and unmarred conjugal felicity which results from it, this was certainly an ideal union. Forty-seven years without a disagreement or an uncivil word is a blissful experience that leaves a holy memory in the heart of him who lingers, waiting for the coming of the train that shall bear him to her and make the parted one.

Each found his and her complement in the other, and the delicate chivalry and tender pride of Mr. Woodbridge in his gifted wife were fully equaled and rewarded by her own loving, trustful devotion to him. Who that came close to her has not heard her say with that deep ring of happy wifely pride in her voice, "My husband is, without a question, *the best man on earth!*" He gloried in her advancement in usefulness and public esteem far more than she did, and sacredly devoted himself to the work of assisting her in her public service. He furnished her with money without

stint or measure all these years to prosecute her reform work, and cheered her by sympathy in trial and helpfulness in toil. Men of grosser mould and more selfish heart have pitied him as a man deserted by an ambitious wife. He has asked no man for his pity and thanked no man for such misplaced sympathy, and has listened to words of condolence with a silent pity for those who could not appreciate the exalted spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice that animated both himself and his adored wife. It was his delightful daily task to write her when she was absent, and every night before he slept he made an entry in his book,—“Mary is in —, speaking to-night,” naming the town or city. He can refer to his record and tell where she was speaking any night during all these past years, and now that she is gone he often sits at the table before retiring and perhaps takes the book, and then,—his mind, instead of his pencil, makes the entry, “Mary speaks in—heaven, to-night.”

The writer remembers once walking with him on the street on a winter's day. He had just received an account of a very successful series of meetings in an eastern city in which the cause of temperance was greatly helped and several persons were converted. He stopped in the street, and, looking me squarely in the face, his own countenance all aglow and eyes glistening with tears, said: “What a wretch I would be and deserving of what contempt if I should keep my wife from such blessed service for the Master just that she might remain at home to minister to and delight and serve me!” In the same spirit, when the blessed one had passed within the veil, “her great-souled husband, with the light of heaven's smiles mingled with the tears of earth's sorrow into a glorious rainbow glow, which those who saw can never forget, said: ‘Do not feel that I regret her work or this year of separation. It was my work as well as hers. It was my part in it to give her



MOTHER THOMPSON.

him: "Our greatest sympathy is for thee, who in a lofty sacrifice hast dedicated thy dearest treasure to the cause you both loved so well."

His one earthly wish now is to be spared long enough to give the record of her noble life to the world. May this chapter now closing ever link his name with hers as her model husband, and keep his memory fresh in white-ribboners' hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME LIFE—STUDIES AND SOCIETY.

We remember Dr. N. Murray, the famous "Kirwan" of America, mentioning that in his youth he met an old disciple ninety-one years of age; and, in taking leave, the venerable pilgrim left with his young friend a charge which he had never forgotten: "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, and as long as you can." If that rule were carried out by each Christian it would soon change the face of society. If you, who are the Christian member of the family, were setting a watch over your lips, and were in all things wise, gentle, obliging, self-denying, high-toned, few in the household could withstand the quiet, persistent sermon; and if the Christian households of the land were as peaceful as they are pure—if the several inmates were fair-minded, kind-hearted, mutually helpful . . . the synagogue of Satan would disappear from the land.—*James Hamilton.*

Wait not for extraordinary occasions. The present moment, and the mite you can contribute as it passes, are your all. For, rightly viewed, what is the present moment but the index on the dial plate, forever moving till it makes up your whole life? The whole of religion, then, is comprised in one simple direction: "Do all you can from a pure motive now."—*C. A. Bartol.*

IMMEDIATELY after marriage Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge began housekeeping by themselves, happy as any two birds over their first nest. Three weeks later Mr. Woodbridge went to New York to buy goods. On returning he hastened to his home, eager for the greeting of his precious young wife;—and, lo! the nest was utterly empty; the bird had flown.

Upon hastening to father Brayton's home the mystery was solved. During the young husband's absence the

parents and three brothers had come to a unanimous vote that they could not live without Mary, and wouldn't try. So with masterly decision they ended their trouble by going to that new home in a body and carrying off every piece of furniture, and Mary, too. They forthwith installed the captive as mistress in her old home; and when Wells got back, father and mother and three brothers were living with his Mary. So, in six weeks after marriage, the young wife of seventeen and one half years was presiding over a family of eight persons.

So beautiful did she make her home, so attractive was her personality, so gracious her hospitality, that from that time on for thirty years she always had a house full. No one ever became an inmate of the household who did not prolong his stay. Her three brothers lived with her till they were grown to manhood. A clerk, who came to stay a week, tarried three years. Her husband's father came to make a visit, and stayed eleven years—till death. Her own mother lived with her over twenty years and her father over forty—till each went to the everlasting home.

The wife of Col. George Brayton writes a letter of sympathy to Mr. Woodbridge, making the following grateful mention of the above facts: "Your greatest comfort must be that all your life has been an act of devotion to her. It has been unflinching, and has included her whole family. We have all so many acts of kindness to remember that you have shown us; and it was your love for Mary that prompted you to do them."

Mrs. Woodbridge was the mother of three children before she was twenty-one—all she ever had, save one who was born thirteen years later. Such an early marriage and such a family would have been with most women the end of all study and intellectual achievement; but it was not so with her. She never lost her enthusiasm for books, nor her thirst for knowledge. She had too much energy of charac-

ter and power of perseverance to be balked by difficulties. Her mind must have food, and she fed it, studying with her book on a rack before her while her quick hands were engaged with household tasks. She took lessons in German and French, and recited in her own house while holding one of her babies on her knee and quieting another at her side. She was at that time presiding over a family of twelve, having the entire management of her domestic affairs and performing many of the commonest duties herself.

It was her husband's custom for years to bring her some volume fresh from the press weekly. These her insatiable appetite for knowledge eagerly devoured. One of her daughters tells me she well remembers when Holland's poem, "Bitter Sweet," was published. Her father brought it home on Saturday evening. The daughters begged their mother to read aloud to them, and she read the volume at a single sitting, finishing about midnight. Thus her busy mind ranged over past and present, feeding upon history, poetry, essays, periodical literature, and most of all upon the Word of God. She kept in touch with the best thought and life of the day, never allowing her intellect to stagnate on account of excessive cares.

We can look back now upon those years as a marvelous discipline and preparation for the later life. We can understand how that critical literary taste was cultivated, the reasoning faculties developed, and the mind stored with the needed furnishings which, later on, gave her that readiness and aptness which made all audiences marvel. And it may be the very multiplicity of those family cares, so diverse and distracting, was exactly the thing needed to bring to perfection that unsurpassed executive ability which managed the Ohio Amendment Campaign, and the offices of Corresponding Secretary of the National and World's W. C. T. U. God has His own select school for each of us.

He evidently knew what He was doing with her and for what purpose. The last twenty years amply explain the previous forty-four years, and justify the doings of His guiding hand.

For the first six years of married life Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge lived at Ravenna. Then the family moved to Newburg, now a part of Cleveland, O., where for twenty years she lived the life of a cultured Christian matron, and an unusually brilliant member of society, yet otherwise undistinguished from the multitudes around her. During this period there was for a few years in Newburg a little select literary society which met regularly in the parlor of Rev. James Shaw, D. D. It was composed of some bright persons, both James A. Garfield and Mrs. Woodbridge being numbered among the members. About the time that Mr. Garfield was nominated for the presidency of the United States, he saw Mr. Woodbridge on a railroad train, and he left his political companions and sat down beside him and said: "Wells, how is Mary? Has she as wonderful a memory as she used to have when we were members of the literary circle in Newburg? I remember once that I made a speech and thought I had fortified my argument securely. She followed me and upset all that I had said by quoting against me from memory an argument that I myself had made a year before. I was profoundly impressed with her ability and have watched her public career with a great deal of pleasure."

This is only a specimen of the impression she made upon all appreciative minds, even in those years of private life, with the heavy burdens of household cares resting upon her.

We may mention here in closing this chapter three other incidents that now may be regarded as providential. For many years before her death Mrs. Woodbridge's mother was quite deaf. Multitudes of persons have com-

mented on Mary's wonderful, almost unequalled voice which, without any effort, once successfully addressed seven thousand people. "I cultivated my voice for my mother's sake," she once said, "as she was deaf for many years." "This fact itself," as Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson observes, "was a wonderful index to her character." What might have seemed only a trial was truly a divinely appointed means to prepare her for her life's work.

During the time of her father's residence in Columbus, O., as a member of the legislature, Mary often visited him. Miss Kate Chase, the brilliant daughter of the ever-famous Salmon P. Chase, was then the social leader of the capital. Mrs. Woodbridge often met her and the most prominent women of the state in social life. It was a preparation for her entrance into the best Christian homes of this land and England, where her queenly presence, her grace and graciousness were admired by all.

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge returned to Ravenna. She entered again into the same uneventful, everyday life, surrounded by those friends of her early womanhood that were still living. The far-reaching influence of this change of residence was not then foreseen. It doubtless appeared at the time a matter of no significance whatever, whether they lived here or there. We can understand it now. Mr. Woodbridge knowing his wife's early and intense aversion to publicity, a feeling that never wholly left her, now feels sure that had she been living in the larger city of Cleveland at the time of the Crusade, others more prominent and ambitious would have gone to the front. There would have seemed to be no call for her, and she would never have been brought out. It was the hand of compulsion that drove her from her privacy and seclusion. And for this God seems to have made complete arrangements. He had a great mission to fill, a great service to be performed, and, at the opportune time, He had a great soul ready.

She was nearly forty-four years old. Early marriage, usually so undesirable, had in her case brought her family to a condition where she could safely leave home. She had several grandchildren, one of them nearly seven years old. Without her thought or planning, everything was in readiness for the hour of God to strike. It struck !

CHAPTER V.

THE CRUSADE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

—*Bonar.*

There is in man a Higher than love of happiness; he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony through life and through death of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom.—*Carlyle.*

THE Crusade came—came with the suddenness and power of Pentecost; bringing also, like it, a baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was twenty-one years ago, December, 1873,—holy Christmas time. How the years are fleeting! When the babe born to-day comes to his majority most of the participants in that wondrous movement will be in glory singing not Christmas carols nor Crusade hymns, but the Hallelujah Chorus of the eternal ages, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.” The Crusade will then be a thing of the long ago, about which many will be curious to know what that unparalleled movement was and how it came about.

For this reason I insert here two accounts of great interest, being sure that the Crusade sisters will pardon me

for stopping the narrative a few moments to traverse ground which is to them quite familiar. The first is

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADE AT HILLSBORO.

MRS. ELIZA J. THOMPSON.

On the evening of December 22, 1873, Dio Lewis, a Boston physician and lyceum lecturer, delivered in Music Hall, Hillsboro, Ohio, a lecture on "Our Girls." He had been engaged by the Lecture Association some months before to fill one place in the winter course of lectures, merely for the entertainment of the people. But finding that he could remain another evening, and still reach his next appointments, he consented to give another lecture on the evening of the 23d, and so a free lecture on temperance became the order of the evening. I did not hear Dio Lewis' lecture (although he was our guest), because of home cares that required my presence, but my son, a youth of sixteen, was there, and he came to me on his return home, and in a most excited manner related the thrilling incidents of the evening. He told how Dr. Lewis told of his own mother and several of her good Christian friends uniting in prayer with and for the liquor sellers of his native town, until they gave up their soul-destroying business, and then said, "Ladies, you might do the same thing in Hillsboro if you had the same faith," and turning to the ministers and temperance men who were upon the platform, he added: "Suppose I ask the ladies of this audience to signify their opinions upon the subject." They all bowed their consent, and fifty or more women stood up in token of approval. He then asked the gentlemen how many of them would stand as backers, should the ladies undertake the work, and sixty or seventy arose.

"And now, mother," said my boy, "they have got you into business, for you are on a committee to do some work at the Presbyterian church in the morning at nine o'clock, and then the ladies want you to go with them to the saloons."

My husband seemed asleep as he rested upon the couch, while my son, in an undertone, had given me all the above facts, but as the last sentence was uttered he raised himself upon his elbow, and said, "What tomfoolery is that?"

My son slipped out of the room quietly, and I betook myself to the task of consoling my husband with the promise that I should not be led into any foolish act by Dio Lewis or any association of human beings. But after he had relaxed into a milder mood, continuing to call the whole thing, as he understood it, "tomfoolery," I ventured to remind him that the men had been in the "tomfoolery" business a long time, and suggested that it might be God's will that the women should now take their part. Nothing further was said upon the subject that had created such interest the night before, until after breakfast, when we gathered in the family room. First my son approached me, and placing his hand gently upon my shoulder, in a very subdued tone said, "Mother, are you not going over to the church this morning?" As I hesitated, and doubtless showed in my countenance the burden upon my spirit, he emphatically said, "But, my dear mother, you know you have to go." Then my daughter, who was sitting on a stool by my side, leaning over in a most tender manner, and looking up in my face, said, "Don't you think you will go?" All this time my husband had been walking the floor, uttering not a word. He stopped, and placing his hand on the family Bible, that lay upon my work-table, said emphatically, "Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions; let us leave her alone," withdrawing as he spoke, and the dear children following him. I turned the key, and was in the act of kneeling before God and His Holy Word to see what would be sent me, when I heard a gentle tap at my door; upon opening it I saw my dear daughter, with her little Bible open, and the tears coursing down her young cheeks, as she said, "I opened to this, mother. It must be for you."

She immediately left the room, and I sat down to read the wonderful message of the great "I am" contained in the 146th Psalm. No longer doubting, I at once repaired to the Presbyterian church, where quite a large assembly of earnest workers had gathered. I was at once unanimously chosen as the president, Mrs. General McDowell as vice-president, and Mrs. D. K. Fenner, secretary, of the strange work that was to follow. Appeals were drawn up to druggists, saloon-keepers, and hotel proprietors. Then

the Presbyterian minister (Dr. McSurely), who had up to this time occupied the chair, called upon the chairman-elect to come forward to the "post of honor," but I could not; my limbs refused to bear me. So Dr. McSurely remarked, as he looked around upon the gentlemen: "Brethren, I see that the ladies will do nothing while we remain; let us adjourn, leaving this new work with God and the women."

As the last man closed the door after him, strength before unknown came to me, and without any hesitation or consultation I walked forward to the minister's table, took the large Bible, and opening it, explained the incidents of the morning; then read the Psalm, and briefly (as my tears would allow) commented upon its new meaning to me. I then called upon Mrs. McDowell to lead in prayer—and such a prayer! It seemed as if the angel had brought down "live coals" from off the altar and touched her lips—she who had never before heard her own voice in prayer! As we rose from our knees (for there were none sitting on that morning) I asked Mrs. Cowden (our Methodist minister's wife), to start the good old hymn,

"Give to the winds thy fears,"

and turning to the dear women, I said: "As we all join in singing this hymn, let us form in line, two and two, the small women in front, leaving the tall ones to bring up the rear, and at once proceed to our sacred mission, trusting alone in the God of Jacob."

It was all done in less time than it takes to write it, every heart was throbbing, and every woman's countenance betrayed her solemn realization of the fact that she was going "about her Father's business." As this band of "mysterious beings" first encountered the outside gaze, and as they passed from the door of the old church and reached the street beyond the large churchyard, they were singing these prophetic words,

"And far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear."

On they marched, in solemn silence up to Main street. After calling at all the drug stores, four in number, their

pledge being signed by all the dealers save one, they entered saloons and hotels, on this and subsequent days, with varied success, until by continuous daily visitations, with persuasion, prayer and song, and Scripture readings, the drinking places of the town were reduced from thirteen to one drug store, one hotel and two saloons, and they sold "very cautiously."

Prayer-meetings were held during the entire winter and spring, every morning (except Sunday), and mass-meetings in the evenings, at the Methodist church one week and at the Presbyterian the next. This is, in brief, the story.

The second account is condensed from the pen of Mrs. M. V. Ustick and is the history of

THE CRUSADE AT WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE.

On the evening of Dec. 24, 1873, the lecture association of Washington Court House had in its course a lecture on "Our Girls," by Dio Lewis, of Boston. During his address he offered to suggest a new plan for fighting the liquor traffic, which, he asserted, if carefully adhered to, would close every saloon in the place in one week's time. Accordingly on Christmas morning, at nine o'clock, in the Presbyterian church, were assembled quite a large congregation of men and women, eager to hear about a plan that promised so much. In a most elegant address the Doctor proceeded to fulfill his promise of the preceding evening, arousing the enthusiasm of his entire audience; and there was organized one of the grandest reformatory movements of the age,—now so well and fitly known as the "Woman's Crusade." In the evening a prayer-meeting was held in the M. E. church, at which the chairman of Committee on Appeal, Mrs. M. G. Carpenter, reported the following:

"Knowing, as you do, the fearful effects of intoxicating drinks, we, the women of Washington, after earnest prayer and deliberation, have decided to appeal to you to desist from this ruinous traffic, that our husbands, brothers, and especially our sons, be no longer exposed to this terrible temptation, and that we may no longer see them led into those paths which go down to sin, and bring both body and soul to destruction. We appeal to the better instincts of your own hearts, in the name of desolated homes, blasted

hopes, ruined lives, widowed hearts, for the honor of our community, for our happiness; for our good name as a town; in the name of the God who will judge you as well as ourselves; for the sake of your own souls, which are to be saved or lost, we beg—we implore you to cleanse yourselves from the heinous sin, and place yourselves in the ranks of those who are striving to elevate and ennoble themselves and their fellowmen; and to this we ask you to pledge yourselves." It was adopted.

On Friday, Dec. 26, 1873, after an hour of prayer in the M. E. church, forty-four women filed slowly and solemnly down the aisle and started forth upon their strange mission, with fear and trembling, while the men remained to pray for their success. The tolling of the church bell kept time to the solemn marching of the women, as they wended their way to the first drug store on the list. (The number of places within the city limits where intoxicating drinks were sold was fourteen—eleven saloons and three drug stores.)

They entered each place singing, presented their appeal, and this was followed by prayer; then there was earnest pleading to desist from their soul-destroying traffic, and to sign the dealer's pledge.

Thus it went on, all day long, going from place to place, without stopping for dinner or lunch, till five o'clock, meeting with no marked success, but with invariable courtesy. They entered dens of iniquity, back rooms and dark cellars, and saw what they had never seen before, and were filled with heart sickness. There was a crowded house at night to hear the report of their day's work.

Saturday morning, December 27th, after an hour of prayer an increased number went forth again leaving the men in the church who continued in prayer all day long. Every few moments the tolling bell cheered the hearts of the Crusaders, and notes were sent back to the church from every place visited. On this day the contest really began. The doors of the first saloon were found locked. With hearts full of compassion, the women knelt in the snow upon the pavement, to plead for the divine influence upon the heart of the liquor dealer, and there held their first street prayer-meeting.

At night the weary workers reported that two druggists

had signed the pledge not to sell, except upon the written prescription of a physician.

The Sabbath was devoted to union mass-meetings and prayer. Monday the ladies had increased to nearly one hundred. That day, December 29th, is one long to be remembered as the day upon which occurred the first surrender ever made by a liquor dealer, of his stock of liquors of every kind and variety, to the women, in answer to their prayers and entreaties, and by them poured into the street.

Nearly a thousand men, women and children witnessed the mingling of beer, ale, wine and whisky, as they filled the gutters, while bells were ringing, men and boys were shouting, and women were singing and praying to God.

On the fourth day, the town was filled with visitors from all parts of the country; there was another public surrender and more liquor emptied into the street. Mass-meetings were held nightly with new victories reported until on Friday, January 2d, one week from the beginning of the work, at the public evening meeting the secretary of the ladies reported that every saloon had surrendered. The campaign of song and prayer had won the field. Prayer-meetings were held daily thereafter. Physicians were pledged to care in making prescriptions, property owners not to rent property for saloons, and a thousand persons were pledged not to drink. Within three weeks this work had extended to every village and school-district in the county.

But a new man in the third week came with a license and opened a saloon with a \$5,000 backing from a whisky house in Cincinnati. On Wednesday the 14th of January, his whisky was unloaded. Forty women were on the ground, followed the liquor in and remained until eleven o'clock at night. The next day, bitterly cold, was spent in the same place and manner without fire or chairs. On the following day, the coldest of all the winter of 1874, the women were locked out and held religious services on the street all day long.

Next morning a tabernacle was erected in front of the saloon and was occupied for the double purpose of watching and prayer. Before night this saloon-keeper of four days surrendered. A short time afterward he was dying, and he sent for those Crusade women to fill his dying ears with

their songs and prayers. January 20th, another man opened a beer-garden; and the women surrounded his house daily for days, until he said in German fashion: "You comes so many I quits." Another came February 6th and after days of prayer in the Presbyterian church he publicly pledged himself to quit the business forever. The women and God had won.

This strange movement swept over hill and valley from county to county, covering a large part of the entire state, and touching the borders of other states. Hundreds of saloons were closed and thousands of drunkards were reclaimed and families saved. The writer's blessed mother, now in heaven, and his sister, now a minister's wife in Springfield, Mass., were members of a Crusade band who filed out of a church, and marched down Main street in the city of Mt. ———, to the drinking and gambling saloon of Mr. Mc———, the worst house of sin for many miles around. The sister led in prayer. The proprietor, an expugilist, was converted, rolled his liquor into the street, became the president of the Y. M. C. A., superintendent of a Sunday-school, the president of the county Bible Society, and of the county Sabbath association.

John G. Woolley tells the following incident with matchless pathos: "In '74 I saw my mother kneeling in the snow to pray at a saloon door, and I crept out by a side way, stepping softly in the sawdust, ashamed—of HER. That day's work caused her life, and the saloon not even paused, and her only child sped downward to the hell of drunkenness;—but that snow-set prayer persisted at God's throne through thirteen awful years, and for her importunity He could but always hear, and when I 'would' He spoke to me; and speaks—and will speak on—and on—until on some sweet Christmas Eve, I find my mother's arms again, and, leaning on her great heart, celebrate the end of the Crusade."

The writer has a friend in Akron, Mrs. P——, who was one of the finest soprano singers Ohio ever produced. She

received a thousand dollars a year for singing in church while she was yet in her teens. She took that noble voice, of rarest, richest quality, and used it in the open winter air to lead her sisters in Crusade hymns. God kept it for her and made her doubly consecrated thereafter. Her pastor, Dr. M——, says: "No movement ever reached my church that gave it such a spiritual uplift."

Such was the spirit of this heaving tide of heavenly influence that flowed over us from the throne of God. In its onswep it reached Ravenna, and if it did not close as many saloons as elsewhere, it did very much more. It lifted Mrs. Woodbridge into the light, freed her from the trammels of custom and made her ever after herself. In common with thousands of others of her Ohio sisters, she felt the movings of the Spirit. Her eyes were opened to see in a new light the woes caused by intemperance. She went to her closet, and there, when alone with her God, heard the divine voice asking, "Whom shall I send?" She had the grace given her to lay herself upon the altar in consecration, with the prayer, "Here am I; I will be or do whatever pleaseth Thee."

But she did not yet understand the vision, nor realize that a live coal had touched her lips. She had been a professing Christian for thirty years, but had never spoken a word in public or offered an audible prayer. Soon she attended a great union meeting which had come together in the excitement of the hour without anyone having been appointed to preside. It was thought best that this should be done by a woman. Who should it be? One after another thought of Mrs. Woodbridge and she was asked to take the place. She was utterly overcome with fear and a sense of inability, and pleaded to be excused. Her aged father, who knew her better than she knew herself, came to her side and tenderly reminded her of her consecration vow and left her. Her pastor came a second time, when,

with a struggle, she said to a deacon sitting near her: "Doctor Alcorn, ask the audience to rise and sing 'Coronation'; I never can walk up the aisle with those people looking at me." As they sang she went forward trembling with weakness and praying every step, "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" She called upon a brother to pray; then read a verse of Scripture, and began to speak—she knew not what. God, even her own God, fulfilled His promise, and put His own message into her anointed lips. The depths of her woman's heart were moved. Self was forgotten in her message. She pleaded for the degraded victims of drink, for their heartbroken wives and mothers, for their suffering and degraded children. Her words poured forth in tender and resistless eloquence, till the multitude was moved as one man. The strong were melted to tears, Christians wept and prayed together. A cool-headed judge arose and solemnly declared that he had never been in an audience so manifestly moved by the Holy Ghost.

In that one sacred hour she was lifted by the providence of God into a new life. Her mission had come. Like St. Paul she had had a revelation; and she was never afterward disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Here we will digress from the chronological order of the story for the sake of the unity of the theme, and introduce an address delivered in the amphitheatre at Chautauqua, Sunday, August 15, 1880, by Mrs. Woodbridge on "The Ohio Crusade." This speech will not only show how much she had made of herself in six years as a speaker, but will also throw additional light upon this great epoch-making movement which will yet be the wonder of men. It was by no means a theme at which she could be at her best; for it was in its nature a narrative, while she rose to her true altitude only in some masterly argument. But its reverence and tender grace and Christian spirit are apparent throughout.

ADDRESS: THE OHIO CRUSADE.

The sufferings resulting from intemperance have rested most heavily upon women, who in their agony looked upon this scene with clear vision; they have listened to warning admonitions and to the voices of those crying unto God for fathers and husbands and brothers and sons swept by the maelstrom of death if so be He would rescue them; and the Lord has heard and answered, and in 1873-4 came upon the women of Ohio the baptismal blessing. On the day we are wont to celebrate as the natal day of Christ, a cry was heard from Hillsboro as of one in deepest agony, finding expression only in the words of the Psalmist read in your hearing to-night. As Mary "who had chosen that good part which never could be taken away from her" listened in loving attitude to her Lord, they had sat still in the house until called.

The Lord spake also unto the women of Washington Court House and they answered, "Rabboni," and under His command they went forth unto the battle, retreating not therefrom until there was victory over all their foes. God has drawn near and "in a still small voice" called name after name of women who had prayed His coming. They stood still, scarcely daring to lift the eye and only breathed a prayer, when to them sweetly, softly, came the grace to say: "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done;" and while waiting that will, Dr. Dio Lewis, through whom the Lord had spoken in quickening words at Hillsboro and Washington Court House, called a convention of Crusaders to meet in the city of Columbus, where women, who before these weeks, had never heard their voices in public audience above a whisper, not even in social or religious gatherings, in the liberty with which Christ had made them free, spake of all they had looked for, the redemption in Jerusalem.

This convention was called not alone to tell the old, old story, but to conserve the rising interest through organization. But at this crisis such effort could only be embryonic. A bureau of correspondence was established, of which Mrs. Dr. McCabe, of Delaware, was made chairman. Little could be done at this time but reply to the teeming inquiries which came from all over the land, with

regard to this strange phenomenon in Ohio, and to answer timorous veterans and speakers of the old school, who desired to speak in the state, that the movement would admit of nothing but its own spontaneous eloquence, and that mostly from the lips of praying women.

At this time, through this baptism there evolved a threefold conviction to the women of the nation; first, that as God had joined moral and civil law upon Sinai, it was to be a precedent for all time; secondly, for the glory of God, and for the good of humanity, the statute of man must harmonize with the statutes of God; thirdly, as in a republic, national responsibilities can not be separated from individual action, and the people are interested in and responsible for its weal or woe. This responsibility requires immediate action on the part of all for the overthrow of this bitterest of all woe.

At this very time, in the city of Cincinnati, in session was a body of men, representatives, framing for us a new constitution. Fearing the introduction of a clause permitting license for the sale of intoxicants in the state, a call for a convention on the 22d of the same month, to consider this subject, was issued. Although but six days intervened between the date of the call and the opening of the convention, five hundred and sixty delegates presented themselves, and others, unable to send representatives, spent the days in prayer, and sent messages of sympathy to the body in session.

The convention assembled in Ninth Street Baptist church, which was filled to overflowing. A committee on memorial to the constitutional convention was appointed, whose adopted report was presented to that body, of which I mention but two clauses, showing a mutual interest which was roused in the society of protection by law. First, no license for the sale of intoxicating drinks shall be granted within this state. Fifth, nothing in this article shall be construed by the Assembly as denying to it a right to restrict or prohibit the liquor traffic. The results are eternal; the immediate gain was a vote on no-license, which was carried by an overwhelming majority. Thus, to-day (August 15, 1880), Ohio is not guilty of licensing the sale of intoxicants within her boundary; but the grand, the most imposing feature of this chapter of our

history, was the spontaneous and the silent, solemn march to the esplanade, where, in the presence of five thousand people, the very heavens seemed opening as prayer after prayer ascended to the throne from six hundred souls, who bowed there with the very chrism of the Crusade fire upon their brows and their whole being enthused by the Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Dr. McCabe, before made chairman of a bureau correspondence, was made chairman of a committee to call a convention of the state for organization under the same name that we had taken for our regular home unions. This convention took place at Springfield, Ohio. Large numbers gathered together and there formed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio. Although Ohio had thus far been the scene of Crusade action and our organization dates earlier than others, all over the land we found women ready to take action for themselves. As a wild prairie fire this Crusade had spread, and voices, attuned to heaven's harmonies, chanted the same rhapsody. Soon we heard from afar one voice and another calling to us for help, and so it went forth, on, on, until we found women who recognized the call of the Lord to them as clearly as that call which was given to Paul in the olden time, and they go in that grace which overmastereth, to the feet of Jesus, rebuked, humbled, emptied, ready to realize that His feet was the highest station to which creatures might attain. They went forth proclaiming the glad voice of the gospel of temperance, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, reproducing the image of the Son of God in dying souls, until in the length and breadth of this land there are homes once dark and imbruted, where now is found a sanctity as pure as that within our own.

While women in great numbers received this pentecostal blessing, Christian men at this hour of need also received the same gift from God, and among them one from the Crusade state. Lewis Miller, of Akron, moved for the good of all mankind and the glory of God, sought through the better education of the children in the Sabbath schools of the land this great end, and called into counsel kindred minds. This led to the formation of the Chautauqua Sabbath School Association, and to its first assembly in 1874. Was ever year so prolific of good as

this? As we have looked in these days into the faces of our leaders, Miller, Vincent, Willard, we have praised God that in His infinite mercy He so gloriously works through human weakness where human will is in harmony with His.

The management of the Sunday School Assembly, recognizing the fact that women do four-fifths of the Sunday-school work and nine-tenths of the teaching in the public school, invited a woman to make its inaugural address, and also to speak upon women's temperance work and the Crusade then just passing its first swell of enthusiasm. We cannot soon forget the glowing faces of the women during that first Chautauqua temperance meeting. After his sister, Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, had addressed the meeting, Dr. C. H. Fowler gave an account of the march of the host through the streets of Cincinnati to the common jail. At the close of the meeting the enthusiasm ran high.

On yonder hill where was first situated the tabernacle, a prayer-meeting was held, and that tabernacle was full, not only of men and women but of the glory of God, even as the assemblies of old. Nearly all the women were from the Western states, but all were one in Christ Jesus, and in their desire for the overthrow of this fearful evil. After days and hours of prayer and solemn consideration a committee was appointed to call a convention for the organization of the various states into a Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Willing was made chairman of this committee, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller its secretary. On our way from this assembly to our own homes, we held counsel with God and one another, and sent forth a call for a meeting in the city of Cleveland that fall. The response was the Christian womanhood and the Christian motherhood of the land yearning for its children. The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was then formed. To-day, our anniversary day, we bring our tribute of honor and of thanksgiving to this woman of positive conviction and of moral power, our Crusade sister, Lucy Hayes, a woman for the nation.

Our Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was founded in faith, and has prayed continually for direction with regard to the building. One state after another

was given her for the structure. It has instituted and carried on juvenile work, temperance literature, work in prisons and in jails, public readings, evangelists' meetings; discontinuance of the use of fermented wine at the table of our Lord; introduction of systematic temperance teaching in colleges and seminaries, Sabbath schools and day schools; work among sailors and Indians, Chinese and colored people; reading rooms and restaurants, until twenty-six standing committees direct in as many ways the women of twenty-seven states and territories, all of whom praise God for this direction and fall with willing hearts to the work. Thus the work has gone on, and to-night we realize that it hath done for women what nothing else could have done; for all this reaching out after others is what it hath done for her mentally, morally and spiritually.

This Chautauqua gathering opened the gateway; it showed us the pathway of this great work, for with the baptism of the Holy Ghost came the desire for increased knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and when these very women, who only five months before had never lisped aloud in public audience, left the Chautauqua Assembly, they went to the various Sunday-school Unions, to county, to district and state, and established local classes in their own localities where they might carry the teaching they had here received, and thereby spread the good work.

Still another stone was given for our structure, and as no woman could give her own or her neighbor's son to the death fiend, this stone was labeled "Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," and as we lifted it in place, every woman in the length and breadth of our organization, with heart and voice pronounced it good.

We looked upon the boys just entering manhood, around whom the arms of the mother had been folded to the moment of their leaving home; who had gone out with a fresh baptismal blessing, but who, in an unwary moment, yielded to temptation and being overcome, bent down with shame and remorse, henceforth sought forgetfulness in continual debauchery. We found others coming into our homes gifted with kingly will in the moderate use of the intoxicant, but the time came when even their will had lost its kingliness, and misery and sorrow and death were their household companions. We looked out upon the

community and we found communist and nihilist banding against and in secret planning the assassination of rulers and the overthrow of the government. We found the laboring classes banding themselves into unions against capitalists as if they were natural enemies, and employers, for self-defense, banding against employés as if their interests were antagonistic. We entered the court of justice and we looked upon the prisoner in the box, the witness on the stand. We listened to the stumbling pleading of the lawyer, and we saw jurors asleep in the box ; we heard a judge pronounce the sentence of death upon a fellow man in incoherent tones and with indifference ; we learned that all alike were partakers of the same death draught. We looked constantly for some that should help this work of the Lord. We sat in our churches and we failed to see why the word took so little root in the hearts of men, and it led us to the inevitable conclusion that that which works such misery, such sorrow, such evil in the nations should be utterly put away ; and that as God had joined moral and civil law on Mount Sinai, "What God hath joined together no man must put asunder." It is said that in the city of St. Louis seventy-five thousand people visit the beer garden Sabbath after Sabbath, and there with their hands reeking in whisky and beer, Celtic or Teutonic as they may be, plot the overthrow of the government which has opened wide its arms to receive them.

We came to the conclusion that liquor dealers and liquor manufacturers must be made to have a practical knowledge of the law if our land was to be saved. Closely pressing upon this conclusion of necessity came the question, how can it be done? And herein consists our only difference throughout these years of our organization. We have been a perfect unit in our plans and work and we know God is our cohesive power. God has promised us that He will guide us with His eye and we shall hear His voice, and we believe He will verify to us these promises and make us one in Himself. It may not be our way, it may not be others' way, if it be in His own way we will praise, and honor, and glorify His holy name. It will be done.

As large numbers of women read those words of Bishop Simpson, in which he tells of the circulation of a temper-

ance petition in the city of Cincinnati, when he learned with how much more willingness women signed, and in how much greater numbers than men did, said, "I believe God will overcome our enemy by giving to us a stronger ally, even woman with the ballot," they recognize the fact that throughout the world's history in every case of necessity God has laid His hand upon woman and in all these public exigencies has found her equal to the responsibilities. Deborah was judge in Israel in her day as truly as Samuel in his. Joan of Arc was an inspiration to the French legion in a time of need. Necessity knows no law and God hath made clear to a very large proportion of our women that the necessity of this occasion will never be met except through the powers of the ballot. Temperance women ask not for office, they ask not for emolument, but they cry aloud for a pure companionship at the fireside, for the salvation of their children and the children of this land, that it may no more be called desolate or forsaken; a city set at naught, and forsaken.

During all this time the thought has been noticeable that women who have sent forth this call have been led so near the cross that the work has received multiplied blessing, and side by side with our work scores of men and women during these months have got the light through the reflected Christ. God has called upon the Christian men of this nation; lo, for many years, who has not heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of an answered host and He has laid His hand upon woman and she has answered, "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord." But never has woman desired to be elevated in this direction at the expense of her honored father, of her beloved husband, or of her dear brother or son, who stand day after day more and more firmly by her side. God created for Adam a helpmate and blessed her by his side, and woman only asks to-day that in this great work of salvation she may be a helpmate to her husband whom she so honors, whom she would so gladly see in the right path.

Under these circumstances what is our duty, and what is the need of this time? Surely, to each one of us comes a positive conviction of the right and the Christ power for its prosecution; a quickening spiritual hearing through which shall come to us a voice, saying: "This is the way,

walk ye in it," so clear that selfishness shall be stilled and no human veto can be heard. The Scriptures are perfectly clear with regard to this evil, and surely every Christian man and woman acknowledges his or her duty. While the Christian may not be conscious of evil to his own person from the uses of intoxicants, does he not render himself unfit to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who will deliberately continue in a course which injures another? How can the nation to-day mistake the word of God unto it? It is as clear as the bugle blast before the battle. He hath opened a way of deliverance.

The English sky-lark builds its nest in the grass, and on the approach of footsteps, it rises therefrom and sings a song so sweet that the passer-by looks up, and sweeter and clearer it sings its notes, as higher and higher it rises until lost to sight. The fullness of the melody falls upon the ear. Now we are found in danger of yielding to the temptations which are about us on every side, in connection with this evil; they come to us in every class of society. But let us look up to heaven, to the hills from whence cometh our help, and as we look our lives will be a song for the masses, and as we come nearer and nearer to Him, purer, and deeper, and stronger will be its tones until lost to self; and swallowed up in Christ we shall sing the song of victory, even having victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark.

This chapter is not complete without adding the following article written by Mrs. Woodbridge and printed in *The Union Signal*, November 30, 1893. It shows her rapid growth, and reveals the maturity of her intellectual powers, and the deep spirituality that characterized everything that came from her hand or lips during her later years. The most careless reader cannot fail to notice that every line breathes the spirit of the gospel. The article was:

A CRUSADE RALLYING CALL.

How changed life has been since those eventful Crusade days! How precious above all utterance, beyond all conception, is every portion in the Spirit light then poured upon the "Daughters of the King"! How anything God

has given—health, sickness, youth, age—any power of pleasing or influencing others, every relationship of life, every moment of time, are stamped with the seal of God, and things once dust and dross, now linked with God and eternity, are sacred and priceless.

Who can tell of that baptismal season? As well might one attempt to describe that moment when, led from darkness into light, the soul could say, "My Father and my God."

Then, women who had sat for years at Jesus' feet and learned of Him realized for the first time the power of an indwelling Christ. Then was heard a call to special service, in tones as clear as was the voice of the Master to Mary on the resurrection morning, and, following, they were able to join with Bryant in his ecstatic song: "We have had our turn, have been lifted from the darkness of the clod, and for one glorious moment have seen the brightness of the skirts of God."

Such women were renewed, recreated, and went forth obedient to the will and the word of their Lord. The Spirit led on from shore to shore, until there is not a state or territory where the voice is not heard; from shore to shore, until England and Scotland, Ireland and Wales, the continents of Europe, of Asia and of Africa, with the islands of the sea, are bound together with the white ribbon in the name of the Lord.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the world is the lineal descendant of the Crusade. We have more or less observed the anniversary from year to year, but two decades will have passed when it shall come again. We shall be within a single year of our majority—twenty years of mercy and blessing from our Lord. Ofttimes we have grieved Him.

"The mistakes of our life have been many,
The sins of our heart have been more."

But He has not cast us off! He bids us come again to the fountain, and receive a fresh enduement of His Spirit for the service of the last year of our minority, that coming to the fullness of our responsibility we may be found "reaching forth unto those things which are before," as we "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

Surely not a woman will be unmindful of such proffered blessing! Does some one say, "It will be so near the holidays!" No Christmas was ever so joyous as that on which women celebrated not alone the birth of Christ to the world, but the birth of Christ to power of service in their own souls; when added to gifts bestowed on loved ones of earth, the gift of self was made to Him. Glad should we be that the joy of the one anniversary may illumine the other, and will not cease when the New Year shall come, but will be a continual possession, for then "our life shall be hid with Christ in God."

Yours in Crusade bonds,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,
National Corresponding Secretary.

Wonderful Crusade! that, with its "sober, second thought," the W. C. T. U., is already belting the world with its holy influence. It is pouring the white light of the Gospel upon the public conscience of the nations, and lifting the moral sentiment of kings and peoples into the radiance that streams from the Cross. In that day men shall walk the earth in sobriety and righteousness, families shall dwell together in peace, and all peoples shall know the Lord, for

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

We have found the following, written by Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap a score of years after the Crusade, which may well be inserted here. It will awaken added interest now since both Mary Woodbridge and Mary Lathrap are among the translated:

"Twenty years since the bell outrung—
Twenty years since the song was sung,
Twenty years since the tainted air—
Of the hall of death—
With its poison breath—
Its drunken revel, and fell despair,
Was smitten through by a woman's prayer;
When love and pain under holy spell
Asked for their own at the doors of hell."

"The noble, great ones, gone!" What though the hope of immortality stirs our souls, that we know they dwell in fairer regions, and in their joy rejoice? Still the battle seems a little sterner set since they are off the field, and between us and them lies that silence across which life's common language may not reach. What wonder, then, that memory, mute-lipped and tender-eyed, holds our hearts in thrall as, pausing, we look back over the way of the years!

A sadder thing must memory note, that some have withdrawn from the yet unfinished battle, and camp to-day on the ground of ease and compromise.

Crusaders of '73, afraid of the stern issue they themselves raised, in its logical outcome in '93. *Leaders of '73*, whose trumpet-call to the defense of principles not yet victorious, rang across the world, silent and inactive in '93. *Comrades of '73*, pledged in a fight to the finish, for "God and Home and Native Land," out of the ranks in '93, or doing dress-parade duty on non-combative ground. Time makes savage analysis of character, and develops or rots the fibre of it, according to quality.

The farewells to our faithful dead are jubilant peans compared with those spoken to such as falter in danger, or betray by any stress of temptation, a cause like that for which the white ribbon is a token.

At our stone of remembrance this year let a great prayer ascend for a call as divine and clear, a separation as complete, daring and unselfish, and a purpose as single and definite, as gave to us this anniversary. Memory sings out of the past:

"Moved by loving and stung by pain,
 Poor with losses, from vigils vain—
 Swift from the homes whence life had fled,
 Where hope was smitten and love lay dead—
 Women bereft went out to cry
 In the ear of the world as it trampled by:
 We've watched and tended, have loved and prayed,
 But stronger than we are the snares they laid.
 To a guilty nation we now make moan,
 And seek at the doors of hell our own."

This is the issue and the battle-cry which lying on the hushed lips of memory, is taken up by the thrilling voice of Prophecy as she looks on the future into which our cause is leading and our feet must go.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY WORK BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Alas that I so long have fed
Upon the husks of empty pride !
That of Thy sweet and living bread
My soul its portion has denied !
Alas that thus so late I plead
My hunger and my bitter need !

Yet, Lord, Thou hearest, even late !
Forgive the pride that would delay ;
And while in weakness here I wait,
Give me my manna by the way !
So shall I eat and stronger be,
Because my food was had of Thee ! *

—*A. A. Hopkins.*

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right and wrong ;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has sway ;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals !

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken ;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be ;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer His pleading call ! *

—*A. A. Hopkins.*

NO single experience could well make a more marked change in a woman's life than that night's trial effort at public speaking. If one is at all given to looking at life seriously from the standpoint of duty and obligation, the first really successful public address, and especially if

* From a volume presented to Mrs. Woodbridge by the author, A. A. Hopkins.

it be the maiden effort, fills one with a strange, solemn sense of being set apart for some high and sacred purpose.

This was eminently true of Mrs. Woodbridge. She was still humble and utterly void of self-seeking. That beautiful trait of humility, as rare as it was beautiful in one so pre-eminently successful, remained with her to the last, and, if anything, deepened with the years. But she at once accepted all opportunities to speak for her Master that were providentially opened to her; and they came without limit. She knew that, with all her gifts of which she could not have been wholly unconscious, she must still serve an apprenticeship; and no one ever did it more faithfully. At once the country churches around began to call upon her, and she would speak to them on any subject chosen. It was a time when women's auxiliary missionary societies were first organized to help the great mission boards. The Chautauqua Assembly, a child of the Crusade, as the reader has seen, gave a quickening impulse to Sabbath school work. These and the temperance work brought abundance of calls to speak to all who could or would respond. Mrs. Woodbridge girded her soul for work. She betook herself to her Bible and her books with a zeal never felt before. It was done now in Jesus' name and for His dear sake with a deeper spirit of conscious consecration than formerly. She joined a Chautauqua circle and was one of the first graduates. She spoke almost weekly for Sabbath school work, or missions or temperance, and sometimes daily even in those first months after the Crusade.

She pursued for some time the study of Hebrew that she might better understand the commentaries on her blessed Bible. No opportunity to do work for Christ or humanity was ever slighted, and no occasion was ever too insignificant for her to do her best. To the last she retained that sweet spirit of her Master, who, with equal

willingness, would address the multitudes on the mountain side, or the one wicked woman at the well.

Her ability as a speaker was immediately recognized, and it was not long before the announcement that she was to speak would call a larger audience than any other name. During her first summer she spoke in country churches that were literally packed, and farmers had their flat-topped, dairy wagons under the windows covered with people, eager to hear and get a sight of this rare, womanly woman. Once, it is said, there was a larger audience outside than the densely crowded audience inside.

Mrs. Woodbridge truly complied with Rev. E. E. Hale's injunction: "Take hold with God in His steady work for uplifting the world." She could not have been more laborious and faithful if she had continually kept Lowell's stanza in her mind and heart as the motto of her life:

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain."

Or if she had heard in some night vision her own blessed Lord saying to her in the language of Bishop Coxe:

"On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake, go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages — tell for God!"

it is difficult to see how this dear soul could have been more faithful, or earnest.

A few months ago Mr. Woodbridge, viewing with consternation the vast and ever growing quantity of temperance documents and papers and reports of speeches stowed away in his garret, consigned a wagon-box full of them to the flames. Among them were the newspaper reports of the public efforts of the years between 1874 and 1880.

One of the papers that somehow escaped destruction is the following letter and testimonial from the Vermont legislature :

SENATE CHAMBER, MONTPELIER,
Nov. 20, 1878.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE :— I take this first opportunity to send to you this testimonial of our appreciation of your lecture and hoping for your continued stay in our state. May God bless and spare you long to "cry aloud and spare not" against this great sin.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN B. MEAD.

MONTPELIER, Nov. 20, 1878.

This may certify that we, the subscribers,— members of the Vermont legislature,— listened with great pleasure to an address from Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio, on the eve of November 18th, upon the subject of temperance ; and we hesitate not to cordially recommend to all good people, everywhere, who are desirous of advancing this great reform, as a very interesting, eloquent and forcible lecturer, at the same time evincing the grace and dignity peculiar to her sex, as, in the name of her Master, she entreats His followers to be diligent in the business of helping to redeem the world from the rum traffic. We hope she may receive a cordial reception and suitable recognition among our people, and that she may tarry long in our state.

JOHN B. MEAD, *Senator*.
F. G. BUTTERFIELD, *Judge Advocate Gen'l*.
EDWARD CONANT, *State Supt. of Education*.
CHAS. W. KING, *Senator*.
H. P. CUSHING, *Chaplain of the House*.

She went from Ohio on a telegram's notice to deliver this address and the bill she advocated was carried.

The above testimonial shows that within a little more than four years of the time that she first heard her own voice in public, she was instructing and delighting one of the most intelligent legislatures in the land. Many a time, since then, has her voice been heard in legislative halls ;

and no man ever heard it who was not impressed with at least two things:—first, that she was a perfect lady in her manner; second, that in intellect she was the peer of any legislator in her presence.

In 1879, Mrs. Woodbridge was elected president of the Ohio W. C. T. U. In 1880, she delivered her first annual address in which are passages of beauty and power worth preservation. Some were as follows:

Sisters of Ohio! Children of the King! We are met to-day on the mountain side. Looking downward and back over more than six years of travel, we praise God for the way He has led us, and for what He has wrought through us. Looking upward and on, trembling with human hope and fear, but steadfast in this promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end," we renew our allegiance to Him, and once more bring ourselves a willing offering for His service. His light, sometimes dimly recognized, has led us through the darkness of the past; and, though the clouds have not scattered and the sky is not clear, we know at the mountain-top is the shining of the Sun of righteousness, and when reached, "the kingdoms of this world will be the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

At this, our Seventh Annual meeting, with "our eyes lifted unto the hills, from whence cometh our help," we consider the special interests of our state, and the general interests of the National society.

The year has been one of great prosperity. In all directions there has been activity, and we have learned the meaning of our Crusade Psalm as never before, even in the days of the anointing. While praising God, the injunction has been heeded. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help," and we have realized, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for help, whose hope is in the Lord, his God," and with new power have grasped the assurance that "the way of the wicked He turneth upside down," and with renewed praises have sung, "The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations."

Do not, I beseech you, let anything supersede the study

of the Word, and of prayer, when we assemble ourselves together at our weekly meetings. Prayer is our "vital breath"; without unceasing, importuning prayer of faith we die. The Word of God is our daily bread, and no more can we live without food than without breath.

In 1876, a woman of Ohio, as wife of the President of the United States, was called to preside over a home from whence, as she has proven, untold influences for good or evil may proceed. Lucy Webb Hayes, born of God, and baptized with Crusade fire, determined that good, and good alone, should flow therefrom while she was its presiding genius. When, disregarding the harmful precedents of the past, and the demands of society into which she had just entered, she banished intoxicating liquors from her table, saying, "I must do what is right; God will take care of the rest," she enshrined herself in the hearts of the men and women of this nation. How shall this woman of positive conviction and moral power be honored? How shall her name and influence be perpetuated? was the query. This has been answered by the earnest temperance people of Delaware, the President's birthplace, and the early home of Mrs. Hayes, who have proposed a suitable testimonial for which a fund is being raised. God called this woman from the Crusade State; and I trust our gratitude for this baptismal blessing to us and to her, and this honor, will be made manifest by liberal donations.

I cannot close this address without a few words to those sisters into whose families the death angel has come within the year. There are few of us who, at some time, have not known such sorrow, and while I bring loving sympathy to the afflicted from those who have this year been exempt, I would that the closing words of the beautiful little poem, sent me by one who understands that the Master's chisel cuts in many ways, might be the breathing of every soul and ascend as sweet incense to our God.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
 And day by day
 He is chipping whate'er environs
 The form, away;
 Which, under His skillful cutting,
 He means shall be

Wrought silently out to beauty
 Of such degree
 Of faultless and full perfection,
 That angels' eyes
 Shall look on the unfinished labor
 With new surprise,
 That even His boundless patience
 Could grave His own features
 Upon such fractured and stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel ;
 He knows just when
 Its edge should be driven sharpest,
 To fashion then
 The semblance that He is carving ;
 Nor will He let
 One delicate stroke too many,
 Or few, be set
 On forehead, or cheek, where only
 He sees how all
 Is tending—and where the hardest
 The blow should fall,
 Which crumbles away whatever
 Superfluous line
 Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of thy choosing, Master,
 We pray thee, then,
 Strike just as thou wilt ; as often
 And when, and where
 The vehement stroke is needed,
 I will not mind,
 If only thy chipping chisel
 Shall leave behind
 Such marks of Thy wondrous working
 And loving skill,
 Clear carven on aspect, stature,
 And *face*, as will
 When discipline's ends are over,
 Have all sufficed
 To mould me into the likeness
 And form of Christ.

—Margaret Preston.

No one can read these gentle words without perceiving that here was a woman sitting at the feet of Christ, and feeding her soul upon the heavenly manna. The Bible was her favorite volume, and its spirit shapes every line. And evidently, too, the Master's mallet and chisel had been do-

ing its work, moulding her "into the likeness and form of Christ."

But the conflict deepened. Two years later the Republicans of Ohio in their platform proposed an amendment to the Constitution permitting the taxation and license of the liquor traffic. This act roused Mrs. Woodbridge to the depths of her soul. Her annual address in 1882 rang out with a keenness of relentless logic, a vigor of pithy English, and a sweep and force of eloquence that would bring glory and honor to any male orator in America.

She said of this proposed amendment to license:

I can hardly think that any woman sufficiently interested in the cause of temperance to attend this convention, can need reasons adduced for opposition to this form of legislation; but, in response to earnest requests, I state:

First. To tax a crime, thus virtually permitting and licensing it, is a sin which Christian women cannot endorse.

Second. If the liquor traffic is not a crime, but is right, it should not be especially taxed; if wrong, it should be prohibited.

Third. Though it might close numbers of the so-called "lower saloons," the higher would multiply their attractions, and an increased number would become victims of their allurements. Our sons do not learn to drink in the lower, but the higher places. If any were legalized mothers would choose the lower.

Fourth. The diminution in number of saloons would be temporary, and lead to final increase. Those entering the temples of death would in a few years be unfit for palatial residences and the lazar houses would be a necessity.

Fifth. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." We hear the financial benefit to county and to state arrayed as argument in its favor. Were such a law upon our statute book the state and liquor traffic would be allied, and stand as partaker and thief.

Sixth. In the Mosaic ritual, upon which we are told law is founded, sin is nowhere sanctioned or regulated, but condemned and prohibited, and God's blessing will not rest upon a nation whose laws are not in harmony with His.

As the tax law passed for Ohio was copied very nearly from the Michigan law, I believe Mrs. Lathrap, president of the W. C. T. U. of that state, who is familiar with every feature of its working, will permit me to repeat to you her words of experience, given to her constituency at their annual meeting two weeks ago.

CRIMINAL FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR TAXATION SYSTEM
IN MICHIGAN.

The annual drink bill of our state is about \$21,000,000, one million more than it took to run the state government for the twenty years between 1860 and 1880, including the erection of public buildings.

As a partial result of the money put into the 5,000 saloons, we have

In Jackson prison, inmates	678
In Ionia prison	347
In Lansing Reform School	347
In House of Correction, Detroit	600
Total	2,111

Outside of this more fixed and settled prison population the sheriffs' reports for the year 1881 give us the following jail statistics:

In jail Jan. 1, 1881	258
Received during the year	9,159
Total	9,417

Of these 8,627 are males and 544 females. The increase over the year 1880 was 1,268.

The Northwest is athrill with the determination to carry the question to the ballot box, where the clamor of the whisky ring may be silenced by the voice of the people. Failing to reach this through the existing parties after years of patient waiting and seeking, the demand for separate political action is deemed imperative; and such action will come, if the parties much longer ignore the most important moral question of the hour. We should not, and do not, forget that the Republican party of Kansas was grand enough to fight the battle for Constitutional prohibition to the victorious end, and that brave St. John is a Republican Governor.

We should not, and do not, forget that the same party is at the front in Iowa, and stand now, God bless them, in the heat of the conflict; but the same results cannot be reached everywhere.

These states have such a party majority that they can risk the loss of a few thousand votes without defeat. In states more doubtful in the great campaigns, the parties will never take a dangerous issue until forced to do so. These two states have no overwhelming forces massed in great cities to which all else must bow, and can therefore be more easily brought to their present position; but in others, which have these great centers, and therefore face the danger of loss to party, the temperance victory will scarcely be reached, except by revolution, and revolution means the overthrow of the old, and the incoming of the new. A moment's thought will bring proof of the statement.

What governs the Empire State, stretching in its pride from the eastern sea to the western lakes? New York city.

What controls the Crusade State, baptized first of all into this greatest reform of our day? Cincinnati.

What beclouds the vision of the average Wisconsin candidate to public honors? Milwaukee lager.

What speaks with a tone that moves all Illinois? Chicago.

What silences the voice and drugs the conscience of the Michigan legislature in a great moral crisis? Detroit and the liquor interests of the first district. These things being so, party success does not lie along the track of a reform that cuts through the greed of avarice, appetite and ambition for place.

The golden calf is enthroned in the midst of an enslaved and war-fed public opinion. What is to be done? Go in among the worshipers and bow the knee with them in the name of expediency, or in the hope of a far-away good? No, NEVER; to the gate, rather, with the cry of separation.

"Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come."

That cry is in the land, and God is in it; let all the brave remember that after that call in Israel the calf was ground to powder.

As we stand where we mark this slow but mighty lift of the tide of public opinion, and hear its beat on the shore that girds the to-morrow of our country's destiny, we naturally ask what of woman's work and part in the present aspect of affairs, and in that yet to be accomplished?

When we look on the coral islands that lift themselves from the ocean there is a voice forever in their caves that speaks of the patient toilers at the bottom that made what is seen, possible; and no one may look at the temperance reform to-day and forget the women of this republic. A song floats on the air from the southern part of Ohio; a psalm falls on the ear as if freshly spoken from heaven; a band of gentle women go out with solemn but shining eyes in the strength of God, to face for the first time, in his own horrid lair, the hyena of our civilization. A prayer from the mouth of hell falls on the outer air, and shakes with a trembling, such as came to the Philistines' camp, the moral foundations of society.

That song swelled to a chorus; that band grew to an army; that prayer brought salvation straight from heaven to hopeless souls, and a reform to the nation. In that heroic day of womanhood, kings were crowned, prophets anointed, apostles chosen to lead in the oncoming struggle, and the temperance question was lifted on a level with the eyes of the civilized world, and it will never go down again until settled in righteousness.

After nearly a decade we pause to ask, what of these aroused daughters of our people, whom a saloon-keeper honored by calling "The Rock of Ages Women"? and the answer comes, "Here we are."

Meanwhile organization has run from ocean to ocean until there is no state or territory where their voice is not heard. Children have listened until boys and girls of ten years know more of the nature and danger of alcohol than their grandfathers ever knew. The church has listened until it has declared against the wine of commerce on the table of the Lord. The nation has listened until within two years past nearly every legislature has faced the problem in some form. Within this year the conservative South has been invaded by the matchless President of the National W. C. T. U.; and down the Mississippi, along the gulf and into the Lone Star State has been carried the law and the gospel of this movement. The "Rock of Ages women" still live. This convention is only a division drill, for we are "in the army" "to fight it out" "till prohibition or eternity."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT CAMPAIGN.

The crisis is upon us! face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the sphinx on Egypt's sands.
This day we fashion destiny, the web of life we spin,
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin.
Even now from misty Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
Call we the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down.

The crisis is upon us, face to face with us it stands,
With lips of solemn question, like the sphinx on Egypt's sands.
By the future that awaits us, by all the hopes that cast
Their faint and glimmering beams across the blackness of the past;
By the blessed thought of Him, who for earth's freedom died,
My people, O my countrymen! choose ye the righteous side.

—*Selected.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

IN the year 1882, under the constantly increasing influence of the Ohio W. C. T. U., the public mind began to be generally agitated on the question of how to deal with the liquor traffic. It was recognized to be too vast and growing an evil to be allowed to go on longer unchecked. Three different methods of restraining it were proposed, viz.: to tax it, to license it, or to prohibit it. But taxation and license are practically the same. Senator John Sherman proved himself a logician on August 31, 1882, when

he said: "I cannot see how you can have a taxlaw without its operating as a license law. A license is a permit by a legal grant. A tax on a trade or occupation implies a permission to follow that trade or occupation. We do not tax a crime. We prohibit and punish it. We do not share in the profits of a larceny, but by a tax we do share in the profits of liquor selling, and therefore allow or license it. What Ohio wants is a good tax law."

The Pond-bill taxlaw referred to by Senator Sherman, was declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

In the autumn of 1882 the Ohio W. C. T. U., under the leadership of Mrs. Woodbridge, began to agitate for a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. She was backed by a number of wealthy men in the state, who furnished her at first in abundance the sinews of war. This was the beginning of the most fiercely contested moral battle ever decided at the ballot-box. It was a fit field for the exhibition of unequalled executive ability and consummate generalship; and never did a leader rise more grandly to the occasion. Fenelon once wrote his king, "It is no trifling matter to change the opinions of a whole people." But "they conquer who think they can." A more courageous body of mortals led by a more hopeful, faith-inspired and heroic leader, never entered a moral conflict.

*Early in October preparations were begun at the union's headquarters in Cleveland for circulating a petition for the amendment. The place soon presented a scene of intense activity. After the state election in October, the people of Ohio were informed through the public press that the movement had begun. Immediately everybody opened their eyes and asked: "What is the matter?" Liquor dealers of the state raised \$100,000 to defeat the project. Less than a week after Mrs. Woodbridge's pronouncement, three thousand copies of the

*Condensed from Mrs. Emma Adams' narrative in New York *Witness*.

petition, bound in firm covers, and bearing specific directions for the canvass, were started out to their work. Ministers of all denominations and the temperance women were requested, by letter, to push the circulation. From a thousand points came back answers of assent. Able pastors and lecturers of known ability were put into the field to arouse interest in all towns and cities, discussing the advantages of Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment. For many weeks the speakers were moved rapidly from place to place, speaking daily. This preliminary campaign occupied four months. During that time one hundred thousand general letters and two hundred and twenty-five thousand special documents, treating of license, taxation, prohibition and Constitutional Amendment, were prepared by the union and mailed to one thousand three hundred towns in the state. The correspondence of this brief campaign exceeded twenty thousand personal letters, besides postal cards innumerable; two thousand standard volumes touching every phase of the temperance question, were sent to ministers, teachers, and the presidents of local unions.

The officers of the seventy-one lines of railway in Ohio, and of all the colleges, as well as of the mining and manufacturing corporations were addressed by special letter. Clergymen were appealed to for labor at critical points. Thousands of public addresses were delivered, all to make people think and to produce public sentiment.

The result of all this effort exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The petitions came back with one hundred and fifty-seven thousand signatures of people over twenty-one years of age, seventy-six thousand of them being voters. During that single four months the W. C. T. Unions of the state had increased from two hundred and thirty to six hundred, making Ohio the banner state in the nation.

This campaign was conducted with such signal ability that men looked on in amazement. At the outset four

women could transact all the business at headquarters. Soon double that number were needed ; in six weeks eighteen were employed. And how they worked !—ten hours a day until into February, conducting correspondence, writing campaign documents, laying out routes for speakers, superintending printing, forming unions, finding out the sentiment and needs of every little hamlet in the entire state.

Men qualified to judge often declared that no campaign had been conducted with sounder judgment or with more unerring foresight, and never with so great economy, so little taint of evil, so bountiful of blessing to all classes of the community.

When the petitions were finally presented to the legislature, a Democratic member of the house rose in his seat, and holding a volume of the petition, said : " This petition, as presented to this house, is in more intelligible form than any ever submitted to the Ohio Assembly. Most petitions introduced here are a mere jumble of names. Often, to learn from them the desire of the petitioners is most difficult. But this work is definite, wholly to the purpose. A glance will show each member just where his constituents stand in relation to this question."

But this was only the preliminary skirmish. The women and their leader, Mrs. Woodbridge, well understood that the real battle was yet before them. After a little pause to study conditions and take bearings, the final struggle began. The saloon-dominated politicians did not dare to offend the rapidly rising temperance sentiment by refusing to grant the petition ; they were equally afraid to offend their masters. Although the Supreme Court had decided that the Pond tax law was unconstitutional, with satanic adroitness the politicians passed another tax law, " The Scott Law," mildly taxing saloons, and shoved it before the people ahead of the amendment called for, say-

ing: "Fix the tax law upon the people; let them clearly see that a definite sum *per capita* is taken from the yearly tax, and it will be indorsed, and we will risk prohibition." To still further confuse and complicate the matter, two amendments were laid before the people instead of one, the first proposing to license the liquor traffic, the second, prohibiting it. It gave, and was meant to give, a world of opportunity for misunderstanding and confusion of thought and misprint and miscount of ballots.

Mrs. Woodbridge foresaw the difficulties and the complications of the struggle, but undismayed by these hindrances planned with rare adroitness and energy. Feeling that it was her one chance of a lifetime to rid her beloved Ohio of its greatest curse, in humble reliance upon God, she appointed a day for fasting and prayer. Then, like a very Deborah, she rose up and girded her soul for battle. Long before the great political parties had begun their campaigns, she was in the field mustering her hosts. She had twenty-five chosen speakers to meet the vast assemblies in cities, at camp-meetings, and in parks, and open air gatherings. Every minister or lawyer or public speaker that could speak was pressed into service. The keynote of public address was struck by Hon. John B. Finch, of Nebraska, who of all of us twenty-five general speakers, was easily the chief of the debaters. We followed as we severally could.

The headquarters was again a bee-hive of industry. From ten to twenty secretaries were once more at work arranging places for speakers, appointing meetings innumerable, at first in the cities, later in the towns and villages, and before the close, in every ward of the cities, and in every township center and even in every school district throughout the state. So accurately was this work done that the writer, who spoke in sixty towns, never reached but

two where preparations were not complete, and that was due to imperfect mail service.

The politicians who voted to submit the amendment to the people did not dare to work for it. No leading newspaper in Cleveland, Columbus or Cincinnati favored it, or gave fair opportunity for discussion in its columns. Mrs. Woodbridge had to found and edit a paper of her own in order to fairly get her views before the people. We will reserve for another chapter the story of her wonderful newspaper work which is almost incredible; it is enough to remark here that before the campaign was over, her own paper had a greater circulation than any other in the state, and that more people read some of her editorials than the combined circulation of all the dailies in the state.

The politicians looked on in silence, simply dumb with amazement. Few of them had any calls to speak anywhere. The popular thought all flowed in the "Second Amendment" channel. In Cleveland, there were eighty-five meetings a week, in the great tabernacle, in churches, in halls, in the open air. Gen. Ed S. Meyer, of Cleveland, surpassed all his fellow citizens, speaking nightly with great ability, and the night before election addressing in the park, five thousand people. Second amendment wagons strikingly decorated with such sentences as, "Destroy that which destroys men," and "Give freedom to the slaves of Alcohol," were sent through the streets with bands of musicians. Each wagon contained a speaker's stand so arranged as to be quickly adjusted at the rear of the wagon. From these wagons, driven from ward to ward, immense audiences were addressed nightly. In Cincinnati there were from thirty to fifty meetings a night. And so the hot fight was waged over the state.

"The entire direction of this amendment work," says a newspaper, "centered in Mrs. Woodbridge, and with singular clearness of method, and comprehensiveness of

grasp, she led the forces forward to the magnificent result." One of the general speakers wrote to a newspaper in another state: "A million tickets are now being printed under the direction of Mrs. Woodbridge. Without any exception I believe her to be the brainiest woman in the United States. Her executive ability is something wonderful, and Grant or Napoleon never more wisely planned a campaign than she has this. There are on an average one thousand speeches daily on the Amendment; millions of pages of literature have been sown broadcast. You hear nothing but constitutional amendments on trains, at public gatherings, everywhere; and it is averred that wives wake their husbands at night to inquire, 'How is so and so on the Amendment?'"

In Cleveland alone one million three hundred and seventy-two thousand three hundred and seventy pages of Amendment literature were given out by the Cleveland W. C. T. U. in a most painstaking manner. Sixty-eight thousand *Amendment Heralds* were distributed. Ten thousand posters were placed on bill boards and fences and barns. The state was sown with temperance literature like the falling of the leaves of the forest.

Who can measure the opposition that confronted Mrs. Woodbridge and the difficulties she faced? Who can tell what dastardly deeds the Liquor Association's gold can bribe men to do? Be it said to their shame, the politicians of both parties so printed their tickets as to count against the Amendments relating to the liquor traffic it put into the ballot box unchanged by the voters; although the word *Yes* appeared after another Amendment called the Judicial Amendment. This forced the women to print tickets of both parties and send over the state with the word *Yes* after their amendment. The first tickets were printed correctly according to the requirements of the law. Thousands were sent out and distributed. Late Saturday

afternoon it was discovered that many of the tickets then being printed were imperfect. Near the lower end they were cut off at the side so as not to be wide enough for legal requirement. In some instances the Yes after the Second Amendment was partially or wholly missing. The final letter of the name of a certain candidate was frequently omitted. Investigation proved that the electrotype plates had been tampered with, causing the omission of letters. Tickets, too, had been carelessly cut, making them too narrow to comply with the law.

Late that Saturday night new tickets had to be printed, sent out and circulated, and the other tickets recalled between then and Monday night. Heroic energy was equal to the emergency and the wicked scheme was defeated. But this was not all. Quite frequently during those last days of the contest telegrams were retained, letters mis-carried and mail was stacked up in a city postoffice, till it seemed as if men in places of public trust were in league with the powers of darkness to defeat the cause of temperance and righteousness. In one ward in Cleveland for a square in either direction from the polling place, a continuous line of saloon-keepers and those working in their interests could be seen on each side of the walk on both sides of the street, so that the vote of every man was solicited again and again, by those opposed to the Second Amendment. There were but three men who had the needed courage to face that motley crowd and work for it. But godly women were there with ballots in their hands, asking men to vote for God and home.

Mrs. Woodbridge and other officers went from one voting-place to another, encouraging the women. She had learned before this with what desperate and determined forces she was contending. Within three days she got word from five chairmen of county committees that orders had been telegraphed from the state headquarters: "Crush

the Amendment ; we are sure of the election and we do not want it on our hands for enforcement." She saw three of the telegrams. She knew that ambitious, depraved and selfish men were willing to resort to any measures, however unhallowed, to defeat her cause. But she quietly rested in God, doing her own duty and leaving results with Him.

Mrs. Woodbridge and the friends of her cause repaired to the great Cleveland tabernacle to receive the election news. Telegraphic communication had been arranged. With her characteristic piety the meeting was opened by prayer and the singing of Gospel hymns ; in marked contrast with the drunken, howling mob enveloped in tobacco smoke that usually gathers in the cities to hear election news. It was a beautiful prophecy of the good time coming when our best women, our mothers and sisters, shall have a hand in politics.

In the early part of the evening the most encouraging reports came from every voting precinct heard from in Cincinnati. All at once, those reports stopped coming, and not another one was received, though message after message was sent asking for them. They were simply being held back after the fashion of the Tammany gang in New York.

Here are a few facts. In a ward of one of the small cities, a man was hired to stand at the polls and count the Second Amendment ballots ; he counted one hundred and thirty-nine actually cast ; the judges reported thirty. There was a careful recount of the votes in Trumbull County. The reported vote was three thousand ; the actual vote was five thousand three hundred and twenty-three. Gen. Ed S. Meyer, an able lawyer of Cleveland, said : " In Lucas and in other counties in the state, the Republican ticket was printed with these words at the bottom :

“Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes.

“Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—No.

“Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes.

“Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—No.

“And men were told that to vote the straight ticket was to vote for the Second Amendment and the first as well. All such tickets were counted as against the Second Amendment.

“The resolution of the legislature made no provision for a negative ballot whatever, as the Constitution requires a majority of affirmative votes in order to carry the Amendment. Each of these tickets so counted against the Second Amendment, having had upon it: ‘Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes,’ must be counted under the law for the Second Amendment, and all other words thereon be regarded as surplusage. We have been the victims of considerable frauds in the way of illegal tickets. The Republicans of Lucas County put up a detestable job on us in the way of a fraudulent ticket. We have just heard from Bucyrus, that we are entitled to three hundred more votes there than were accorded to us. Heretofore the returns from the counties having the four large cities have always been in first, and it has been customary to say: ‘Wait till we hear from the back counties.’ It looks very ominous now that we cannot hear from the city counties. It was at first reported that the Second Amendment had received thirty-one thousand votes in Hamilton County. Now it is said that forty-one thousand votes were cast against it. The number would be fixed at sixty thousand if that number were needed to defeat the Amendment.”

Some of these illegal tickets were submitted to Judge Day of Ravenna, a member of the Supreme Court of the state, and he pronounced them illegal in their make-up and a shameful imposition upon the people. Let it be remembered that both Judge Day and General Meyer were

Republicans. The writer, too, was a Republican ; so that what is being recorded here, is not colored by party prejudice.

Mrs. Woodbridge was afterward met on a train by a *Voice* reporter who said to her : "Can you give the *Voice* an interview on the counting of the Second Amendment?"

"Yes, I will give you three reasons for holding that the Amendment was not lost by fair means.

"1. The tickets printed under the State Committee of both parties were printed *not* according to the forms required by law. To this there was but one exception—that of Ashtabula County.

"2. When the count was being made reports were regularly wired us at headquarters until the returns were in sufficient numbers to warrant the conclusion that the Amendment had carried, when suddenly communications ceased, and by no effort of ours could they be resumed. Two weeks passed. The vote of Hamilton County that the day after election was reported as over thirty-one thousand for the Amendment, had mysteriously dwindled down to eight thousand. The vote was reported and the Amendment was declared lost.

"3. We have at headquarters nine hundred letters received from different parts of the state on the matter of the re-count. Whenever the count was examined it was found to have been carelessly done, and in many cases falsely returned. It was carried far enough to convince all parties interested in the matter that the Amendment was *carried* at the ballot box, and *lost* by falsifying the returns. But there was no way provided by law for enforcing a re-count or correcting the result."

"All aboard," said the conductor.

"Good-morning," said the clearest-headed, stoutest-hearted woman of the Buckeye State.

G. W. Bain of Kentucky, next to John B. Finch, Mrs. Woodbridge's most winning orator, wrote :

"It was the best run campaign, so far as temperance work was concerned, I have ever known. Neither party committee handled forces with such generalship as did Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, nor were there ever better division commanders than Miss Duty and Mrs. Prather of Cleveland, or Mrs. Leiter of Mansfield."

A Baltimore paper said : "One of the brainiest women in America is Mary A. Woodbridge. She organized and led the Second Amendment forces in the late struggle in the Buckeye State. It was the testimony of all who fought under her that the campaign could not have been managed with more skill. It is simply wonderful how she did so well when we remember that every leading politician opposed her ; and men in official positions tried to thwart her plans. Telegrams were retained, and letters went astray and money was poured out like water."

The expense of that ever-memorable campaign on the part of Mrs. Woodbridge was \$30,000. She had ten times as many speakers in the field as all other interested parties and circulated ten times as much literature. Yet it was computed that others expended in that campaign \$500,000. The query is, What was all that money used for ?

A letter from the president of the South Carolina W. C. T. U. will illustrate how the struggle was watched from the outside, and with what feeling the news of the result was received :

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 11, 1883.

MRS. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE :

I am weeping with you, dear friend, over your disappointment. We prayed for you throughout our state, and my faith was so strong. I am almost sick over it, but

Delay with God is not denial,
Though He His answer long withhold ;
'Tis His appointed furnace trial
To separate the dross from gold.

"We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom," I am convinced. I have not taken one day's holiday this summer, and I feel, as I am sure you must, a little the worse for wear. However,

When I tell Him I am weary and fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing for a home upon His breast,
He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love,
I am coming soon to take thee to thy loved ones now above.

So I am working and waiting, sometimes discouraged, and then taking heart, but fully resolved to die fighting for "God, and Home and Native Land."

Again accept my heartfelt sympathy, but be not cast down, for has not God promised that "He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him?" and "No weapon that is formed against them shall prosper." There must be light somewhere, though like Job we are saying, "Oh, that we might find Him" in this disappointment.

God bless you,

SALLIE F. CHAPIN.

The result as reported by ballot was: Whole number of votes cast, seven hundred twenty-one thousand three hundred and ten; for first amendment, ninety-nine thousand eight hundred and forty-nine; for second amendment, three hundred twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-nine. Thirty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven more favorable votes would have carried the state for prohibition. They were certainly cast.

After the contest was over, Mrs. Woodbridge stated the cold, naked truth about the fraud as follows in her own paper, the *Amendment Herald*:

THE FALSE PROPHETS.

The False Prophet has been making a temporary headway in Egypt. The False Prophets have also been given a temporary chance in Ohio. They said, "You will not have prohibition in Ohio this year," and now they point to the result and say, "We told you so." They are having their justification, apparently, but by no means in reality. The great thing, the mighty thing, the thing to ponder upon

and consider is that more than one-half of the votes of Ohio were in favor of prohibition, that more than one-half meant to vote for prohibition, and that more than one-half really did vote for prohibition. They were outwitted, sold out, cheated, and swindled by the politicians—that is all. The managers who had the matter in official control were tricksters, and did by underhanded means what they could not do by an open show of hands. When the legislature submitted the second amendment to the people it was expressly declared that "Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquors—Yes" should go on the tickets, and no provision was made for a "no" anywhere about it. "This," says an exchange, "was published in almost every paper of note in Ohio for six months. There was not a politician in the state who was not familiar with the form prescribed by law, yet the managers of the dominant parties had the cheek to boldly violate the law, and perpetrate a trick to defeat the will of the people by printing 'Yes—No' after the second amendment, knowing that it would confuse the judges and in haste be counted 'no' instead of 'yes' as it should be according to law and justice." This is plain talk, and it also has the merit of soundness. It was not through mere haste but by deliberation that many of the judges of election of both parties counted these ballots against the amendment, when they knew that they had been cast in its support. Enough boxes have already been looked into to show that a fair count would have given the amendment a total vote nearer four hundred thousand than three hundred thousand. The False Prophets are none the less false because a mean trick and a slippery chance have given apparent justification to their malign prophecies.

This is an awful arraignment of the muddy, slimy politics of a great state when a moral question was the issue. Whoever else was false; whoever else sold out his birth-right honor for a mess of pottage, and covered himself with shame by helping to perpetuate a great vice among a people, one name that came out of that campaign radiant with imperishable lustre was Mary A. Woodbridge.

Although she felt that her cause was counted out, yet, overjoyed at the wonderful endorsement of the principle of

prohibition at the polls, she called upon her followers for a special thanksgiving service in these words :

It would seem that no state has so great reason for thanksgiving as Ohio. Here was first heard the call to women, as that given to the apostles by our Saviour. Here, where the liquor traffic has its strongest hold upon commercial and political circles, has been given the largest vote for prohibition known to history.

The interest which culminated in that vote can be steadily traced from the day when the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of power was granted to woman.

In return for the goodness of God in making Ohio His chosen place for this work, and His continual blessing, even to the present hour, we believe her thankoffering will exceed that of any other state, and to both state and national societies will be furnished "sinews of war" for the coming victorious battle.

May the Lord grant to one and all a renewal of Pentecostal grace, that with consecration and sacrifice we may joyfully bring unto Him our offerings, and in obedience to His word, "Go Forward."

In her annual address before the National W. C. T. U., a few weeks later, Miss Frances Willard paid this deserved tribute to her ever loyal friend : "Who dared to dream at our first convention in Cleveland, that nine years later this wondrous battle autumn would in these magnificent states find the white plume of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the front ranks, like the Henry of Navarre? Subtract the prayers and work of woman from the long struggle in Iowa, and how much would be left? While a more heroic fight and better planned than Mrs. Woodbridge led in the glorious Crusade state is unknown to history's annals. When, before, was there a vote in whose presence politicians on both sides were dumb, and the 'vest-pocket' ballot with which men were fitted out at home was the leading feature of the day! Whatever the 'count' may finally reveal, we point to the *admitted* 323,189 votes for prohibition as the grandest result of woman's work ever seen."

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

Looking over the books of devotion which Mrs. Woodbridge had with her in Chicago upon which she fed her soul, the writer found a redline-edition volume of poetry by an English lady. The fly-leaf had this inscription :

"To my beloved Friend and Comrade, Mary A. Woodbridge, with deep appreciation of her love and loyalty. From Frances E. Willard. Christmas, 1893."

Her last Christmas gift to her "beloved"!

The title page reads :

"Verses by Christina G. Rossetti."

Underneath this Frances Willard wrote : "Who ought to be Poet Laureate, and would be if she were a man!"

Here is a window through which we may look in and read the inmost thoughts of the most gifted women of our day. They feel and know that they are not yet rated at their true worth. Alas! that it should be so. The Son of God was born of a woman. His infant head was pillowed on her mother-breast. This is woman's century. The most illustrious sovereign living is a woman. And yet this most gifted singer in all her realm must be denied her meed of honor, because, forsooth, it pleased God to have her born a noble-souled—woman!

Saints are like roses when they blush rarest,
Saints are like lilies when they bloom fairest,
Saints are like violets, sweetest of their kind.

Bear in mind

This to-day. Then to-morrow;—
All like roses rarer than the rarest,
All like lilies fairer than the fairest,
All like violets sweeter than we know.

Be it so.

To-morrow blots out sorrow.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

WE have already observed that during the great Amendment Campaign, Mrs. Woodbridge launched into journalism. It was not the result of any ambitious plan of hers to pose as an editor in the newspaper world. It was a grave necessity which pushed her out into this

untried field of effort, where she achieved at once a brilliant and unparalleled success. Speaking to a friend of her paper, the *Amendment Herald*, she called it "My gift from God."

She would gladly have used the columns of newspapers already in existence, but they were all with one accord against her and her cause. Not one newspaper of any considerable circulation in the state was friendly to the Amendment campaign; on the contrary, their attacks upon the cause that was dearer to her than her life, were bitter and persistent; and, further, the friends of the liquor traffic could get space in any of the dailies for the publication of the rankest falsehoods, the stupidest arguments, the weakest drivel, while the truth could get no space for arguments on the other side without paying advertising rates—fifty cents or a dollar a line. We do not pretend to explain these things, or to know the inside mysteries of these great "blanket sheets"—noble expounders of morality, and exponents of Christian civilization! Perhaps the explanation is that men are not in the newspaper business either for pleasure or health! Be that as it may, Mrs. Woodbridge saw at once that she must have some medium for communication with the general public in which her cause could be advocated and defended, and her own views could have free and ample expression. She said of the situation: "We greatly felt our need. Not a general officer, however, had known anything of the conduct of newspapers; none of us had written for them directly, but we believed it a necessity for the furtherance of our work that a paper be established. No editor could be found, and though I would have been perfectly conscientious six weeks before in answering 'no' had I been asked to do such work, I did what I could, and the Lord blessed all the way, until before the campaign closed we had 100,000 *bona fide* subscribers and a circulation of 200,000 papers

weekly. Even then we did not think of its continuance, but the demand had been so great that we dared not stop. I have learned one lesson — that I have no right to say 'I cannot,' and profess to be in the Lord's hands for His unrestricted use."

Such was Mrs. Woodbridge's modest account of her work to a friend in private conversation. This would have brought fame enough to anybody as an intellectual achievement. As Dr. Josiah Strong says: "What man ever founded a newspaper without a dollar's capital, which every week paid its own way and in less than three months reached a circulation of 100,000 copies?"

But this is not nearly all that may be said of her editorial work. Her cleverness as a paragrapher, her skill in argument, her clearness in dissecting and exposing the sophistries and fallacies of her opponents, and the strength and brilliancy of her longer articles, made her easily first among all the contributors to her paper. Its most striking feature was her own editorials. So great was the call for them that it became necessary to have every paper electrotyped in order to supply the ever increasing demand. One of her pungent editorials struck off as an extra by itself reached a circulation of half a million.

During that campaign Joseph Cook visited her office as she was editing her paper, dictating to secretaries, and making appointments for scores of speakers throughout the state, and he declared that she was doing enough work to tax the mental and physical resources of any three men in Ohio. Most of her editorials were written between ten o'clock and one o'clock at night. After a long, hard day at the headquarters, spent in performing prodigious tasks, she would go to her room and write those striking productions that would electrify the people of the state like a bugle blast.

Mrs. Woodbridge has not only written in her own paper, but has been a most generous and prolific contributor to

other reform publications. About her home we have found articles of hers in *The New York Witness*, *The American Reformer*, *The Christian Statesman*, *The Christian Nation*, *The Union Signal*, *The Delaware Signal*, *The Commonwealth*, *The Public Good*, *The Sixteenth Amendment*, *The New Era* and *The Pioneer*. For how many others she wrote we cannot tell, but when we remember that for some of these papers she was responsible for one or two columns a week, for long periods of time, it will be seen that her labors were most abundant in this direction alone.

It will no doubt be delightful to her friends, and withal instructive to some who may possess her "Life," to have some specimens of her newspaper articles given here, and we will gratify them.

The first we select was contributed to *The Public Good* of Boston, entitled :

CAN WE KEEP SWEET?

EDITOR PUBLIC GOOD :

Michigan's disgraceful amendment fiasco has brought freely to mind Ohio's count-out, and aroused my indignation to an unparalleled degree. It has fired me with new determination "to do with my might what my hands find to do"; to lay the lash of facts upon evil doers who rob God, curse the American home, and undermine the American Republic. In this indignant mood I read this morning Mr. A. A. Hopkins' letter to *The Public Good*, of the 18th inst., in which, among other good things, he advises his Michigan friends to "*keep sweet.*"

With full appreciation of Mr. Hopkins' meaning, and admiration of his ability; with delight in his correspondence, private and public, and more in his personal friendship, I cried out: "Yes, keep sweet; sweet as the Christ we love, for whom we labor, who drove the changers from the temple with a 'scourge of cords' made by His own hands! who with His own lips declared: 'Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees,—hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers but are within full of dead

men's bones and all uncleanness. Ye serpents ; ye generation of vipers ; how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

True, there is a certain sweetness required in the presentation of truth that it may gain listening ears, and convince minds open to conviction, but even God, who hates sin and loves the sinner, tells us of a limit to His endurance. We have, as workers for prohibition, not only to fight the liquor enemy, but his abettors ; men of position in society, in the nation and in the church, and "vice is the most dangerous when it puts on the garb of virtue."

'Tis an old adage that "if the best man's faults were written upon his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes," but when a man boldly proclaims against the good ; when a man uses his position to make himself the center of a great force of evil, or to strengthen such force, surely righteous wrath should be poured out upon him.

Such power has developed in the late temperance campaigns—Robert Graham, an importation from across the water ; (you remember such were sent during our earlier struggle for freedom) ; Howard Crosby, of New York ; D. Bethune Duffield, of Michigan, and others. *These* speak freely their views of persons and things, and thoughts with them are poisoned arrows sent straight to the heart of avarice, appetite and ambition, and quicken every evil passion.

Writing of these reminds me of an incident which occurred during the remonstrance against Crosby's high license bill, made before the temperance committee of the New York legislature, by the National Temperance Society, the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the W. C. T. U., and the Prohibition party. The representative of the latter organization, Frederick F. Wheeler, chairman of the state committee, said with great suavity, "We are all looking toward the same goal, but would reach it by different roads. We are all working for the prohibition of the liquor traffic." Mr. Graham, of the Church of England Temperance Society, seated at the table with the committee, turned quickly toward him and said with much acerbity, "We have declared nothing of the kind. How do you know this?" After the W. C. T. U. was represented, Mr. Graham arose and standing before the lady, insisted

that she had "no right here," and added, "I care nothing for these men, but for you women to come in here is outrageous." A little later he remarked, "If you Prohibitionists defeat this bill, you will be obliged to endure more than you have dreamed of." Such as these, we are told by the *New York Tribune*, have accomplished the defeat of the Amendment in Michigan and secured the enactment of the high license law in New York. What lover of his country will not rejoice that "the wrath of man" (Governor Hill) has praised God in its defeat?

Can we treat such with sweetness? Yes, as the loving parent weeps before God ere he punishes his child, but in the fear of God administers the punishment. As the mother bird, having in vain coaxed the fledgelings to leave the nest, and soar aloft, shakes and rolls and pushes, until they are dislodged and rise in their full bird nature, so these must be met and routed. Effective bullets can never be made of sugar plums.

When those few young men at Williamsport formed the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, they deemed it wise to keep their act a secret, lest they meet opposition which would defeat their project. When George Stevenson calculated the average speed of a railway train at ten miles an hour, he dared not estimate it higher, thinking practical men would turn a deaf ear to him, believing him to be an enthusiast or a visionary. We have kept our silence; we have made our low estimates. We now want promptitude of action in all emergencies, capacity for simplifying work and organizing the labors of multitudes for aggressive action against this most dangerous enemy. They who succeed must, with all possible sweetness, have an iron will, and recognize in a difficulty only a thing to be overcome. They must be willing to yield even so great a price as their own servitude for the establishment of the right in the victory over wrong.

These against whom we stand "have consented together with one consent; they are confederates against God." Let us therefore with equal surety, perseverance, intrepidity and sweetness fight for the right, pleading as the Psalmist:

"O my God, make them as a wheel: as the stubble before the wind.

"As the fire burneth the wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains on fire.

"So persecute them with thy tempest and make them afraid with thy storms.

"Fill their faces with shame ; that they may seek thy name, O Lord.

"Let them be confounded and troubled forever ; yea, let them be put to shame and perish ;

"That men may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth."

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Ravenna, O.

These burning words were written with the spirit of an anointed Hebrew prophetess. She had studied this awful iniquity that is ravaging the nation, until her aroused soul glowed with fiery indignation. She had looked at the sorrow and woe it occasions with steady eye until her heart melted and dissolved in tears. From the depths of her soul she believed her cause was the cause of purity and righteousness, in short, the cause of God, and she had little patience with those who served His enemies, and helped to fasten a great crime upon the nation, by a method that made it an accomplice in and a sharer of the profits of iniquity. When in that frame of mind, even the imprecatory Psalms had a meaning which she could appreciate.

When Mrs. Woodbridge started her paper, she was criticised on the trivial and childish plea that "an organization of women could be in better business than the publishing of a newspaper."

To this she answered as follows :

Were we disposed to advocate here the advent of women into practical politics we might press forward the natural retort that as men have lamentably failed in suppressing the liquor traffic, it might be well for them to retire and see what women can do. But we feel that the subject has legitimate claim to a higher ground than this. We feel that the cobwebs of sophistry and the puny shafts of ridicule which have been allotted to some phases of this "woman question" belong to the past rather than the present. When you can divorce woman from the sorrows and the sympathies of life, then you can rightly ask her

to keep hands and heart away from these questions of moral reform. When you can prove that she has no father or husband or brother or son in danger from the saloon, then you can ask her to leave the liquor question alone—and not until then. When you can show that the shadow of this curse falls on man and man alone; that there is no mother-heart to wound and no children to be maimed in soul and body; that there is no immortal soul needing her counsel and her tears, then and not until then can you ask her to hush her voice to the circle of the fireside, and to speak to no ear except that into which her soul is poured in the silence of the closet. And if she has a right to be heard at all in the world, she has a right to be heard by all. The newspaper is the forum of this age, and from that the words of truth must now be spoken. We have sent forth this *Herald* to announce the truth as we have heard it revealed; and if its messages are not suited to the ears of all, we are consoled in the thought that there are some to whom the truth is never welcome.

In one of her lecturing tours, Mrs. Woodbridge came to a town whose pastor had been hung in effigy for voting the Prohibition ticket. May these words fall under his eye and gladden his heart—her touching tribute to him in the New York *Witness*, September 9, 1886:

STRAWS THAT SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

From time to time there are circumstances that call for special gratitude. Rarely has this been more keenly realized than last evening, when permitted to speak in a simple, capacious M. E. church in southern Illinois. The audience was large and intelligent, but the man of note, akin to God, in whose presence I felt like "taking the shoes from off my feet," was he who, for three years, had broken the "Bread of Life" from that pulpit.

As I strove to proclaim political truth as God has given to the women of Crusade call to understand that truth, and response was heard on every side, "his face with joy did glow and every lineament beamed with light and hope." A few days more and the ties that have bound him to that people must be severed, and ere he left, to

have another proclaim that truth for which he had suffered, was answer to his prayer.

Two years ago he stood among the men who cast the ballot for "God and Home and Native Land," bearing the name of the hero, St. John. The spirit of anarchy is not confined to cities, nor to foreigners, nor to the ignorant, nor to the people of the world, but is found even among some called Christian.

For this act, hands in which he had placed emblems of the dying love of Christ, suspended him in effigy from the steeple of the church he served. The wife who taught the little ones in Band of Hope, was told "she might retire"; but these two went their way.

To eye of man they heeded not, though hosannas and palm branches were exchanged for Gethsemane and Calvary. They went in and out before the people performing the duties which God had laid upon them, and He who sees and notes and rewards faithfulness poured out His blessings on their souls.

They sowed their seed by morning light and raised a mighty harvest for the Lord. Young men were born again, and looking upon their pastor as he walked politically as spiritually with God, they followed where he trod.

Can greater hero live than such a man? Can nobler monument be reared than a full score just stepping into manhood who declare: "Because of his pure life we stand redeemed in Christ, with ballot pledged to total prohibition, that we in turn may do our part in redeeming the nation from the curse of the liquor traffic"? I think it honor enough for a lifetime to take the hand of such a man; to stand where he has stood and view his work well done. With such as these the Prohibition party is widening its borders, making firm its stakes, and building everlasting foundations of righteousness for a true Republic.

While speaking through Kansas in March, 1887, she wrote the following correspondence to the *Pioneer* of New York:

NO PARTY BEHIND THE LAW.

"Hosannas and palm branches" to-day, Gethsemane and Calvary to-morrow, is the experience of the ages! Reforms and reformers are hated of men!

John P. St. John *was* the honored of Kansas. He was the Prohibitionist whom Republicans exalted; his name was upon their lips and his praises were their song. The Republican party of Kansas once endorsed prohibition, and the prohibition leader remained true to the principle, while the party ignored it, declaring, "Prohibition is not a party measure, but was adopted by the people, regardless of party." Anything to get this man who utters the truth out of the way—the TRUTH that is marching on and gathers advocates on every hand.

The following headlines are found in the *Kansas City Journal*, and their counterpart throughout the press of Kansas: "The Kansas Legislature—The Bill to Change the Name of St. John County Passes the House—Receives the Governor's Signature and Becomes a Law."

The vote stood sixty-four ayes; fifty-six nays. A meaner, more pusillanimous act was never performed. That "aye" will stigmatize every man who cast it, as the Salary Grab Vote has marked the grabbers, while they who stood for the right will increasingly receive the honor of true men and women.

"From God and our record we can never be separated." The pure and unselfish love of prohibition hereby manifest, was earlier seen in the election of J. J. Ingalls to the United States Senate. An Anti-Prohibitionist representing prohibition Kansas! and this man elected by a Republican legislature!

Leavenworth, under Republican government, is a hot-bed of anti-prohibition sentiment. D. R. Anthony, brother of Susan B., editor of the *Leavenworth Times*, not a third party man, has held the law-defying element before the people, without fear or favor, and is meeting the fate of all such radicals. A "Meeting of Citizens" was called at which, by resolutions, this factor pledged itself to the boycott; to ignore his paper altogether; to appeal to the Associated Press authorities to withdraw from him all privileges granted, and practically made declaration of their intent to ruin his character and his exchequer. The name of Mayor Neely appears among these citizens. An Anti-Prohibitionist Mayor of the city of Leavenworth!

Who outside of a political ring will not see the necessity of a Prohibition party in Kansas, to enforce the pro-

hibitory laws, which the Republicans claim to have enacted! The foregoing so aroused Senator Blue (surely of Connecticut ancestry) the author of a bill against "Bucket Shops," making such speculation a "Crime punishable with a fine of not less than \$500, nor more than \$1,500, or by imprisonment of not less than six months," that he immediately pressed another bill creating a Criminal Court for Leavenworth County. When it appeared on the calendar for third reading, subject to amendment and debate, Senator Blue spoke at some length in its support. He declared a necessity existed for a criminal court, in Leavenworth County, on account of the numerous violations of law in that city, and in particular the prohibitory liquor law. As an evidence of this he cited the action of recent mobs. He also read from the morning paper a report of the "citizens' meeting" held in Leavenworth and denounced it as "a gathering of saloon-keepers and their sympathizers," and declared a criminal court necessary for just such law-breakers. The bill became a law by a vote of twenty-nine ayes; eight nays; three being absent.

The "Murray Drug Bill" has aroused much interest throughout the state. The liquor traffic of Kansas is carried on by unscrupulous druggists. I am told by a leading business man that in the city of Wichita, beautiful and wonderful beyond description, there are more than forty drug stores, while a dozen would supply all need of drugs and medicines. The great number are supported by the clandestine sale of intoxicants. But while sobriety is a marked feature (I have not seen an intoxicated person since coming into the state, or smelled the odor of alcohol but once upon the breath of an Ohio man) the people are aroused concerning the danger that threatens them. The new law requires a druggist to secure the signature of twenty-five men and of twenty-five reputable women before he can be granted the liberty of selling liquors for any purpose; and it is to be hoped that this, with other provisions, will hold dealers somewhat more closely within boundaries, though the law is not considered perfect.

Women are rejoicing over their enfranchisement, the ballot and liberty to hold office having been granted them on equal terms with men in all municipalities. May each woman waken, not alone to her privilege, but to her ac-

countability therefor, and recognizing the brotherhood of humanity accept the responsibility and fulfill its obligations!

One can see from this last article the striking bent of her mind. She was traveling about the country and corresponding with a dozen papers. She did not write fanciful little nothings; she saw trees and skies and flowers and streams (for she was a lover of nature) but did not write about them. Albeit a woman, she was a statesman in brain and heart, and saw what a wise statesman might see—what transpired in legislative halls, what mayors did in company with their saloon followers and how the laws were obeyed.

Great in intellect, great in soul—planned by God for great things! A person said to the writer a few weeks ago, one who had labored with her and knew her intimately: "Had she lived a little later in the world's history she might have been Secretary of State in Washington; for she had the intellectual breadth and strength and astuteness sufficient for the highest statesmanship."

Yet she was never masculine or unwomanly; only a sweet-souled, prayerful, holy woman, as the following contribution to *The Union Signal* will show. The "elect women" of the W. C. T. U. were asked to tell what their work had done for them. She gave this to the

WHITE-RIBBON LOVE FEAST.

As I read the questions sent me by the editors of *The Union Signal*, quickly the long ago, the past and the present were before me. The long ago when the hope of eternal life was mine, but it seemed afar off; a boon to be received when things of time had passed; to be taught to the little ones that they, too, might enter heaven at last. Of the past when we heard of the wonderful crusade against sin in the southern part of our state; when Mrs. Thompson at Hillsboro, Mrs. Carpenter at Washington Court House, Mrs. Monroe at Xenia, and Mrs. Leavitt at Cincinnati, be-

came my sisters, for whom I prayed, the while wondering if the Lord would come to me as He had come to them; wondering if I could endure His presence and fearing I should fail. Of that hour when I heard His footsteps, nearer and nearer, until I stood in His very presence; when I heard His voice as clearly as did Mary in the olden time, and scarcely daring to lift my eyes, He gave me grace and strength to answer as did she, and filled my soul with joy and peace and wondrous love.

Changed myself, I did not know that all else must change to me; but faith was tested, and sacrifice demanded. The Lord said, "Go work in my vineyard *to-day*." No time to spare; the King's work required haste; and in utter weakness there was obedience.

Standing for the first time before a great company as leader, as I opened the Bible to read the words selected, I had lost the place, and my eyes rested upon the Chronicles of God's people. Then, lost to self, a mighty cry for help reached the ear of the loving Father, who quickly answered with the thirty-seventh Psalm, in reading which all was forgotten but the yearning love of God for dying souls, the sacrifice of Christ for their salvation, and the unction of the Holy Ghost who had come down, until, closing the Book, the soul found utterance in the words of the apostle, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." How sacred from that moment His Word! What wonderful things have been seen in His Law! How fully have we learned that the law of man must be as His if blessing shall be ours.

What days since then! How women have known the indwelling Christ! How all things have been counted loss for the excellency of the knowledge of our Lord! How the Holy Spirit has lighted the pages of God's word, while home has been sweeter and country dearer! "Heaven has come down our souls to bless," not the promised heaven beyond, but heaven within, the present joy of the Lord! And not for us alone; for to-day we look into homes once dark and imbruted, where now is life as sweet and pure as that within our own, where the white ribbon tells the same story of a new being, of hope and love; where little ones are trained "for God and Home and Native Land," who in

the near glad future will lay their hands on the lever of power in this glorious Republic and fulfill the promise of our Lord.

Thanks be unto God, we see His eternal luster in the saving and the cleansing, and with faith, fearing not, we believe "It is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom to His little ones."

The following bugle call was written for *The Union Signal* from her sick bed last June, as if, though sick, she had no time for idleness :

STRONG WORDS FROM THE SHUT-IN SECRETARY.

Last week, had I been able to write, I should have given you in our own column that magnificent telegram from the secretary of the state prohibition committee of Virginia, announcing the complete prohibition victory achieved at Norfolk,—the capital of the state—a note of which was found among first page items. It was a trial to be laid aside, but while I have lain in my bed looking straight up the words have sunk deeper and deeper into my heart, and I have "thanked God and taken courage." "There is more and more to follow," *if* the W. C. T. U. will stand with unbroken front against every form of compromise, even though it be the specious Gothenburg system of tax, license, local option, high license to include brandy and lighter drinks, etc., his honor, the governor, being the final referee. Anti-saloon, anti-license are in the same category, and "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

CHAPTER IX.

JOINING THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

We are slowly, but surely, attaining to the grandest mastership in all the world — mastership over our own spirits. The noblest figure of contemporary history is Gladstone, England's governmental chief, because with the people ready to mob him one day and worship him the next, he holds on his way quietly and patiently, but dauntlessly true to his convictions. God has set the W. C. T. U. for a grander confession and defense of the faith than we have dreamed as yet ; one which would blanch our cheeks, perhaps, and make our hearts heavy with fear, could we to-day know all that it involves. But if we are true and tender-hearted, holding fast the hand of Christ, we shall be equal to the consequences as they arise, no matter how perilous or great. Let me give you De Tocqueville's words for a motto in 1884 : "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain. It is a serious business to be entered on with courage and in a spirit of self-sacrifice."—*Frances E. Willard.*

DOUBTLESS the reader has already noticed from the brief newspaper articles quoted in the last chapter that in her later years Mrs. Woodbridge affiliated with the "Third" or Prohibition Party. It is the aim of the writer to set forth in this chapter the causes which brought about her changed attitude toward political parties. What is recorded here is not written to excite animosity or to antagonize any person or party, but simply to truthfully represent Mrs. Woodbridge as she actually lived among

us. She was not a rash and impetuous person; whatever position she occupied on these great public questions was taken after calm, deliberate, careful investigation. It is certainly due to this thoughtful, prayerful, conscientious soul to present her life to the world as she lived it, in the fear of God and for the good of men. Of her motives there can be no question. As to the wisdom of her course there are now divided opinions; but of this, the future rather than the present, will be the more accurate judge.

Mrs. Woodbridge's father,—Hon. Isaac Brayton—was one of the founders of the Republican party; her husband joined it at the time of its organization. She was in the fullest sympathy with them and with that party all through the years until the latter part of the year 1883. Her change of party allegiance was gradual, a compound resultant of three influences, her associations, her studies, and her experiences.

Her work to secure the Amendment was wholly non-partisan. No audience ever knew to what party any of her leading speakers belonged. But her chief reliance was upon the constituency of the Republican party, which, it was admitted, actually did furnish from two-thirds to three-fourths of the votes cast for prohibition.

But all the leading politicians and newspapers of both the old parties set themselves "like a flint" against her. When to the natural force of their hostile influence was added political trickery,—such as the putting of the Scott tax-law ahead of the Amendment, specially championed by the Republican party, the submission of two amendments, the misprinting of the ballots, the mutual agreement to crush and count out the Amendment,—it gave a rude shock to her faith in her own dear party that filled her alike with pain and disgust.

But her intimate associates were also passing through a similar mental strain and anguish. Miss Frances Willard,

three weeks after the election, had the following passage in her annual address before the National W. C. T. U.:

“ ‘Prohibition, immediate and unconditional,’ is our watchword all along the lines. We have seen that the principle of prohibition must be grounded in organic law, beyond the reach of demagogues, and that this must be done through non-partisan methods by means of a constitutional amendment. We have seen, however, that enforcement can only be secured by the election of officers who will enforce; hence, this involves a party committed by its hopes and ambitions hardly less than by its principles to the successful working of the law. We have seen that such a party must be recruited from the moral elements of society, and that these cannot include the majority save as the women of the land become its devoted and practical adherents. Hence we have perceived ourselves to be the natural allies of those courageous men, who, in states where prohibition is repudiated from the platforms of both Republican and Democratic parties, with the balance of opinion turned against them, and the partisan press vituperative in its contempt, still plant their votes for prohibition, looking for a harvest in the ‘sweet by and by.’ We have beheld the germination of this harvest in half a dozen states where the ‘divine right of bolting has been exercised,’ finding by curious coincidence that recognition of the prohibition principle in caucus and legislature has followed, not preceded said bolt.”

Caroline B. Buell, then corresponding secretary, had this passage in her annual report at the same convention:

“The old lines which once were so closely drawn are giving way. Political party promises are the husks upon which the temperance people in the past have been gradually but surely starving. Their aim has been to put into office ‘good temperance men,’ and they have been slow to learn that the man must be subservient to the majority

that has elected him. It is not the man or what he personally believes, but the power behind the throne, the great aggregate of sentiment which we in this country call party.

"How, then, must we attain our ends? Simply and only by making the party what it should be, and this is not effected by the best man method. The leopard does not easily change his spots, nor is it easier for old parties to clothe themselves with new issues. Observation, natural law, history, in fact, every voice that can speak on this subject, tells us that there is one way, and only one, by which great moral questions can be treated, viz: by an aggregation, the units of which were drawn together by the magnet of principle."

At the same convention, in a still stronger strain, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster said:

"It has been a very general belief among politicians of all parties that this question does not come within the domain of political action; the Prohibition party in state and nation more clearly set forth that the whole question is the proper subject of political action. . . . Every temperance woman ought to oppose, by voice and influence, the action of any party in which it ignores or refuses to submit this question to the votes of the people. She ought also to support the action of any party wherein it commands its representatives to thus aid the people in the expression of their will. In some instances this will lead women contrary to their otherwise political preferences; but since we believe the prohibition of the liquor traffic to be the subject of paramount importance, we are justified in so doing. We do not thus give ourselves to the support of any party as a party, but we follow wherever we see the white banner of prohibition.

"Do not be afraid of the charge of partisanship. A grand manifesto of principle will be of no avail unless

the living personality of human effort makes it effective. The grand chorus of majorities, as in unison they cry, 'The saloon must go,' shall possess no coercive force unless that unison, merged into legislative, judicial, executive harmony, and guided by the baton of a political party, shall take up the strain and still sing on, 'The saloon must go, the saloon shall go, and by our hand its power is broken.' God forbid that any temperance woman should with doubt or discord weaken the strain or cause the time to drag."

It surely did not keep Mrs. Woodbridge back from the logical conclusions to which her bitter experiences were bringing her, to listen to such words as the above from her sisters and co-workers. They did not shape her convictions; for she always reached her conclusions through independent processes of reasoning: they may, however, have helped to make her conclusion more swift and certain.

The comments of the press, also, must have helped to confirm her conclusion. The Republican press universally blamed the prohibition movement and Mrs. Woodbridge for the defeat of the Republican party in Ohio;—blame utterly undeserved, for she expressly charged every one of her speakers to be absolutely non-partisan.

But the reform press of the country, with perfect unanimity, told the naked truth. The following from *The American Reformer*, of New York, is a fair specimen of their comments:

"WHO WAS TO BLAME?"

"The Republicans were beaten in Ohio, and some one was to blame. Who? By the party press at large, Prohibitionists are held responsible. But what did they do to cause Republican defeat? Let us look facts squarely in the face. The Republican party, in response to the petitions of the people, submitted prohibition to popular vote.

"By simply doing as desired, it could have relegated the matter absolutely to the people and relieved itself wholly

from partisan relation to the temperance issue, and been rid of it. Before taking such action, however, the Republican party, either fearing the popular choice, and eager to control it, or anxious to demonstrate superior statesmanship, devised and enacted the Scott law, for which it must stand sponsor before the people and at the polls. Having through its leaders and its representatives declared the best and only wise treatment of temperance to be in taxation, it entered on a campaign to defend it. Its standard-bearer (Mr. Foraker) accepted the situation bravely, if not wisely, with the distinct anti-prohibition utterance that 'the principles of regulation and taxation are unending and eternal, and to them the Republican party is unalterably committed.'

"What followed? Leading party journals and orators attacked the Amendment with bitter vehemence and daily repetition. From choice or from seeming necessity, the Republican party had become the avowed champion of taxation and the open enemy of prohibitory law. Were the Prohibitionists to blame for this when they had not asked the party to take sides at all? Were they responsible for a stupid blunder in party management which made it impossible for the party to be neutral, and arrayed it in large measure squarely against them?

"In former years the Republican policy had not been avowed so boldly, and a belief that Republicanism meant good order and Prohibition by gradual steps, had held thousands of Prohibitionists true to old party lines. Now they were outraged and ready for rupture. But radical leaders were temperate and took no advantage. Under great provocation the Prohibitionists remained almost entirely neutral as to party and worked only for principle. The Prohibition party polled one-third less than the vote of last year. *The Republican defeat in Ohio, then, was the result of Republican stupidity or blind regard on the part of Republican leaders for the liquor traffic and its perpetuation.*"

Mrs. Woodbridge copied that article in her own paper. It shows to what conclusions she was coming.

One other event deepened her impression that all hope of help from either of the old parties was vain. The Ohio W. C. T. U. after their defeat hastily circulated petitions for a resubmission of their question by itself to the people. The new legislature spurned it with contemptuous neglect—though two hundred thousand persons asked for temperance legislation. A beggarly three hundred and thirty-five persons asked for saloon legislation and their request was heeded. This called out a ringing, scathing editorial April 17, 1884, from Mrs. Woodbridge, worthy of any masculine pen and brain in America, which probably decided her political attitude forever. It was as follows :

DISHONOR! DISGRACE!

No intelligent person in Ohio (and none can be intelligent in these days of a nation's danger, who do not study carefully the daily record of events) can read the above words without immediate recognition of their meaning.

The closing days of the first session of the Sixty-sixth General Assembly have been equaled in shame and disgrace only by the council of the nation, when fifteen or more United States senators held high carnival of sin in drunken debauch upon the floor of the senate; and when upon the close of a session of the United States house of representatives, "there were not sober men enough upon the floor to transact the business of the body; when, could the hand not have been laid upon a member of color, who was not drunken as the white, there would have been national disaster."

Who can feel Ohio's dishonor more than Ohio women? More than those women who through heat and cold have labored to secure from that body an action which would bring prospect of relief from the evils of the liquor traffic?

Who have more right to cry out against the iniquity which has been wrought by omission and commission, by activity and inactivity in the State Assembly? And who can say that these women who have plead and prayed, and

wept and labored are not justified in adding to all their condemnation of the late action? Who can doubt their call to renewed effort for the removal of such men from all official positions, or the attainment of office by men who are controlled by the powers of evil, or who heed such influence more than that of good? who for personal or party aggrandizement will openly conspire against all religion and all law, except the law of sin and death?

What has been the legislative record during the few past years of aggressive effort of the temperance people of the state? 1st, A tax law, pronounced unconstitutional by the supreme court, because through it such desperate effort had been made to secure the liquor dealers' desire, LICENSE! 2d, The defeat of a bill requiring the examination of teachers in "the properties of alcohol, and its physiological effects on the human character, brain and tissues." 3d, The submission of a double-headed amendment, in which action no man was called upon to express his opinion upon the propositions contained therein, but relegated such right to electors; and 4th, The enactment of another tax law, ere the authority to whom the whole question had been submitted, had expressed its desire.

Scarcely had the present legislature assembled before the dictum of liquor dealers was heard. There seemed but little hope that any effort for temperance would be successful with the body, but the fear that inactivity might be construed as acquiescence in the present or proposed status, led the W. C. T. U. to the circulation of petitions asking a re-submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment, and enactment of a statutory law, "requiring the study of physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system, in all schools under state control, or supported by public money."

For the former, notwithstanding the floods which rendered their circulation in the southern part of the state almost impossible, there were secured 121,335, and for the latter 84,906, aggregating more than 200,000 names of persons who desired some decided temperance action.

Upon our first visit to Columbus, which was reported by the corresponding secretary in our last issue, the chairman

of the Temperance Committee, Hon. Frank Cunningham, voluntarily and courteously said, "If such resolutions or bills as you desire were prepared, presented and referred to the Temperance Committee, they shall receive due consideration." A most satisfactory educational bill was presented by Mr. Wilson of Lawrence county (almost a duplicate of that lately enacted by the New York legislature), which was referred to the Temperance Committee and ordered printed.

A resolution for prohibitory amendment was prepared and left in the hands of a Republican member, who promised its presentation. No record of the fulfillment of such promise being found in the report of legislative proceedings, we again visited the capital on Tuesday of last week, and was told by the member that "upon counseling with his associates, he was advised not to offer it," the reason given being that "the majority were unfavorable, and would lay it upon the table."

Judge ye, one and all who signed those petitions, which the Republican members most feared, the liquor or the temperance factor of the state, as they stood face to face before a Presidential election? Last year more than 200,000 of the party voted for prohibition. What think such voters of this omission? this fearful, fearing, time-serving inactivity? Will ye, too, be as silent as these Representatives? God forbid! Had they not the power to force the other party to record itself, and would it not have been the record of the true and the false, of the friends and the foes of humanity? Is it wonderful that having no opposition, the representatives of the liquor element ignored 200,000 petitioners, and as the Cleveland *Leader* informs us in the following item, listened to the plea of 335? "Mr. Cogan, of Hamilton county, presented a petition for the passage of a bill for a graded liquor tax, the minimum being \$50 and the maximum \$200. It is signed by 45 persons of Crouthers, 60 of Ashtabula, 55 of Nobleville, 50 of Youngstown, 30 of Franklin Square, 45 of Orangeville, and 50 of Coalbridge, making a total of 335."

One hundred thousand Democrats voted for prohibition. Have they no reckoning to make with these men who have misrepresented them? Read the words of Mr. Ellsworth, of Michigan, spoken in the National House of Representa-

tives when the sale of liquor in the Capitol was under consideration in 1880, and answer, does it not meet the present case? May it not be said of each, "Thou art the man"? You say you will not meddle with their business. Why not? Why not meddle with their business? Because men love to drink; that is why. Then be manly enough to proclaim the fact to the people at home and not work a fraud on them.

It is petty larceny; petty larceny of the confidence and opinion of the constituency you represent; petty larceny of the meanest sort known to men. Say to the people you approve the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Capitol. Say it bravely and boldly, like honest and honorable men. Say you want the ruby wine, the sparkling champagne and the fuddling whisky close at hand, and that you will not drive it out. Say that you came to have a good time, a jolly season, and you propose to allow no disturbance of your plans. Say you are not to be influenced or turned aside from your program of pleasure by the wishes, the prayers, nor even by the tears of the suffering ones at home. Dare you say so much in plain truth-telling words? You say the same by the want of action in the premises. You say every day by your winking at the violation of the rules of the House and the revenue laws of the land by these sellers of whisky and venders of champagne, that you are satisfied with the course they are pursuing.

But the day of reckoning is at hand. By tax and by license there is compromise with sin, and the judgments of the Lord are upon us—by flood, by fire, and by riot the hoarded treasures are taken. Will ye still tempt the Lord?

Again the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" speaks, and every true soul must heed:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where His grapes of wrath are
stored ;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

At the National W. C. T. U. annual meeting the following resolution was adopted :

We will lend our influence to that party, by whatever name called, which shall furnish the best embodiment of prohibition principles, and will most surely protect our homes.

It was not difficult to foresee to what political camp this path would lead. All the national parties were waited upon by a committee as they met in their great conventions prior to the presidential contest of 1884. The two great parties spurned the memorial of these pleading women. The Prohibition party embodied their principles. The leaders of the National W. C. T. U. crossed the Rubicon and marched into the Prohibition camp. Mrs. Woodbridge was among them. The die was cast ; bridges were burned in the rear. It was henceforth war to the end, for prohibition, with the Prohibition party.

Had this noble woman and her cause been treated with chivalry and courtesy how different might have been our history ! Had the politicians of her own party merely remained neutral and deferential, letting the people have their own way, and abiding by their will, instead of forestalling their action in favor of the saloon power ; had they not vied with their rivals, and fairly tumbled over each other in their haste to bow to saloon mandates and to dance, like so many clowns, at the snap of the liquor association's lash, how different might have been the story of the last decade. From what jangled politics, financial depressions and panics, national debauchery, riots and crimes the nation might have been spared ! As it was, a great moral force left the Republican army. Mr. Foraker was defeated in 1883, and James G. Blaine, the greatest Republican statesman then living, was defeated in 1884 ; and the end is not yet. A leading Republican said to George W. Bain, " We made a great mistake in 1883, and found it out when it was too late to mend."

Let us hope that the time has come or will speedily come when no political party, ambitious for power, will venture again to despise the wishes of the wisest and holiest American women.

In the late autumn of 1884, the writer, in a letter, criticised Mrs. Woodbridge for her political action that year. In a reply she justified her course as follows :

You refer to my non-partisan position during the Amendment campaign. It was the result of that campaign that began to open my eyes to the impossibility of success through non-partisan action. When I saw that the will of the people, the power of majority, was a farce in the hands of unprincipled leaders, opponents to the cause advocated, it came to me with mighty power that no moral reform, that must be settled at the ballot box, could be enforced when no party advocated it; therefore there must be an enforcing party behind it. As this conviction came I studied speeches on the pro and con of the anti-slavery question, by the best minds of that day; I could see by comparison that, although the rank and file desired prohibition, and declared it at the ballot box, the one party to this hour has advocated tax as a party measure and the other license. Had the Amendment been permitted to become a part of our organic law there would have been no enforcing power. I went East in the summer and conscientiously studied the enforcement of prohibitory laws in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. I found commonly when nothing but local or state interests were at stake, the Republican party advocated prohibition. But when a United States representative was to be elected, an outspoken endorsement of the principle could not be secured. Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, as you know, has been specially prominent in the advocacy of prohibition. Because of this he was made United States senator. But Republicans told me (who professed deep regret) "There is no possibility of his re-election on account of his strong temperance principles." "But," I would say, "did you not put him there for that very reason?" "Yes, but the liquor power has grown in these years and we cannot do it now." Why has the liquor power grown? Because the party that

elected him has not maintained the principle of prohibition, and has been overpowered by the enemy. I went to Maine and worked on a non-partisan basis, as all amendments to constitutions must be worked, not being submitted to parties but to electors. While I heard some of the grandest pleas to which I ever listened from Republicans, as I did from Democrats, the Democratic press was silent concerning it, and the Republican press in the larger places said very little. But on Thursday before the election the Republican papers of Portland and Augusta came out against it. Mrs. Stevens, state W. C. T. U. president, lives three miles out of town, and the fact was telephoned to her before daylight. On Friday the Democratic papers said, "The Republicans have gone back on Prohibition," but Democrats knew too well its value to the state to take such action and rallied their forces to its support. On Saturday the Republicans, being frightened, declared, "The articles of Thursday were not official, but only the opinions of individual editors." At the polls at Portland, where I visited every precinct, I repeatedly heard the argument: "The amendment must be defeated or Mr. Blaine will lose." While Democrats undoubtedly hoping that very result, endorsed it and voted for it; and it is generally conceded that the amendment was carried largely by the vote of the Democrats. We all know they are not in favor of the principle; the Republicans are not pledged to it, and there is not an enforcing power in the state. Unless there should be such a prohibition uprising in the country as to create a strong sentiment I believe Maine is already turned backward and will go downward.

I have written all this, not because I feel it necessary to defend my position, or because you demand it, for I would gladly have written it all the way; but I am glad to have you know how continuous and straightforward have been my processes of thought. And I can say to you what I could not say to another, that each time a new light or conviction seemed to come to me, I took it to the Lord. I have been blessed with wonderful nearness to Him, and He has, I believe, marvelously revealed Himself. I have sometimes waited before Him pleading promise after promise given to His children who know nothing, who can do nothing of themselves, and His very glory has appeared to

be in my soul. Then I have gone forth into the world (for I have surely known what it is to be apart with none but God) and proclaimed the truth with unwonted power and without a doubt.

Again, I have prayed as earnestly, but have suddenly found myself praying, it may be for you or some other person or thing, without a special thought of that for which I came, and I have said it is not God's will. I have nothing to do with it. Praise be to His holy name! Another experience has been that no conclusion would be reached at the throne, and having the thought I would arrange for its presentation in prayer and it would not come to my mind; and not understanding for a while I tried the experiment two or three times with the same result, until now, after presenting a wish to the Lord and having no assurance I do not attempt to speak it again until He brings it to my mind; and sometimes He does not and I am perfectly satisfied.

Since the campaign has closed I have not made a partisan reference. I never spoke as last fall and since. At the close of my Sabbath speech at Chickering Hall, Rev. Dr. Brown, chairman of the General Assembly temperance committee, came to the platform with his wife and thanked me over and over. Dr. Graves, of Newark, Dr. Honeyman, of Plainfield, where I spoke twice on the Sabbath, and Dr. Cuyler—all Presbyterians, also Dr. Thompson, Baptist, of New York, have much encouraged and sustained me by their words; yet they all know that when a campaign is on us again I am likely to do as I did during the last.

Have I done right? And am I right when praying for you never to ask that the Lord will bring you where He has brought me? I have not been able to do it; I have said: He is thy servant; thou hast ordained that thy praise shall be perfected through him. I bring him to Thee in the arms of faith for Thy blessing, which I pray may be full and never ceasing.

This letter has thus been quoted at length because it gives such a rare insight into the mental and spiritual processes of this wonderful woman.

The writer once heard a lawyer say in a public speech that Mary A. Woodbridge could draft a better temperance

law in fifteen minutes than the state of Ohio has ever passed. She studied the question thoroughly in its every phase. There is probably not an American statesman in public life to-day who has so complete a mastery of this greatest question of government as she had. She knew the past and present laws, the financial and social and moral bearings of every kind of legislation, being as minutely acquainted with everything pertaining to the question as James G. Blaine was with the tariff question. Yet she took her wealth of information and her strength of intellect and laid all before God in prayer like a little child and humbly sought divine guidance. She did not lean to her own understanding. No Hebrew priest or seer or ruler ever sought wisdom and direction from God more reverently and truly than did she.

President Finney once said to the writer: "I did not get my theology from books and commentaries but from the Bible, and on my knees." This great woman literally studied her civic questions and came to her conclusions on her knees! Who shall say that she and her companions were not right? If our statesmen, so called, had her strength, her thoroughness and her methods, this nation would soon be purged of its giant iniquities, and we should be the redeemed of the Lord.

CHAPTER X.

GIVING UP HER PAPER—SPEECH AT CHICKERING HALL, NEW YORK—INTERVIEWED—CONFLICT— DIVISION—PAIN.

M. Renan says: "The multitude has no voice; it knows but to feel and to stammer; it needs an interpreter, a prophet, who shall speak for it. Who will be this prophet? Who will tell of its suffering, denied by those whose interest it is to be blind to them." To you, dear timid ones, has come this honor, to voice the sobs of little children, the heart-breaks of women, the groans of drunkards; to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves; to show that the Christian system finds its fullest scope, its most perfect development, under a popular form of government; that a popular form of government is only possible under the peaceable rule of the Lord Jesus Christ in human hearts. What a mission! what a dignity! Let every woman, with Mary, answer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."—*J. Ellen Foster.*

"But," some one objects, "we are a 'Christian' Temperance Union. Let us not descend to politics." Yea, verily! Because we are Christians let us lift politics to a higher level. Reflect that upon Christ's shoulder the government should be; and remember that we live in a country where the majority rules by ballots rather than bayonets. To my thought this line of reflection leads irresistibly to the conclusion that Christians, in proportion as they are such, should be a constant factor in politics.

Beloved sisters, we belong to a national movement; one that shall bring North and South side by side. We must put away old issues and battle-cries outworn. We must have a great unifying party along the lines of longitude. We must rally side by side with the lovely women of the South, who fight for "God and Home and Native Land." The women of the Crusade must lead in this movement. It never was their call to follow. May you speak once more unto the children of Israel that they may go forward.—*Frances E. Willard.*

IT is no flowery path which the reformer treads. It is not an easy task to oppose the iniquities and cure the vices of a people. Moses was opposed, Jeremiah was imprisoned, Paul was mobbed and stoned, and the Son of God

was crucified. "If they have persecuted me they will persecute you also." Mary A. Woodbridge found it true. She could not lag; she was born to lead. She marched faster than some would follow, and so was stoned alike by friend and foe.

All the recognized National leaders of the National W. C. T. U., with one exception, and an overwhelming majority of the membership went over to the Prohibition party in that crucial year, 1884. It was a time that tested women's souls. Mrs. Woodbridge threw off every hindrance that might trammel her perfect freedom of action, or impede her race in the path conscience marked out. Conscious of the delicacy of her situation as state president and editor, and unwilling to compromise or misrepresent any who had not yet come up to her position, she refused election to the presidency of the Ohio W. C. T. U., and resigned her position on the *Amendment Herald*. The following statement, printed in that paper September 25, 1884, explains itself. The firmness of its moral principle and the sweetness of its Christian spirit are unsurpassed :

FROM MRS. WOODBRIDGE.

To the Executive Committee of the Ohio W. C. T. U.:

DEAR SISTERS:—I have carefully considered your proposition yesterday made through Mrs. E. J. Phinney, our loved president, viz.: "my continuance as editor of the *Amendment Herald* with liberty of full and free expression of thought."

Had such offer been made at an earlier date, I would gladly have accepted, but two months having intervened since my resignation was forwarded to headquarters (as found below) during which time the only proposition made me was accompanied by such provisos that I could not withdraw it, engagements have been made that cover several months. This fact, with impaired health, renders it imperative that I decline added labor.

Though no longer holding official position in the union,

our relations have been so close and so tender that I feel our heart bond is in Christ our Beloved, and is eternal.

In this crucial hour, may we all live above the fear of men, and the fear of God, and may our wisdom be born of that fear. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, amen."

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Ravenna, O., Sept. 24, 1884.

LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

RAVENNA, O., July 26, 1884.

DEAR READERS :—The arrangement made with me by the committee appointed at our late convention was published in the *Herald* of the 17th of July. After the proposition there mentioned was received and duly considered, I wrote Mrs. Bateham, chairman of the committee, that I could not accept, giving as one reason therefor the declaration which I understood to have been made at the annual meeting that the "union was non-partisan," and as the "*Herald* was to be an exponent of the views of the union," I was not a true representative. I was a partisan. As clear as God's voice in the day of the Crusade was the utterance that had fallen upon my ear, bidding me turn aside, keep aloof from all parties or organizations that refuse to grant protection to our homes to the full measure of their ability.

In reply, I was requested to meet the committee in Cleveland, and there being assured "no such declaration was made, no such action had been taken and that I would not be thus bound," I withdrew my refusal and consented to meet the desire. Upon my return from the Prohibition nominating convention held at Pittsburg, my early thought was of the paper. Taking in hand the *Herald* of the 24th, preparatory to the fulfillment of my duty for the coming week, I eagerly perused it. An article was soon found entitled, "Politics of the W. C. T. U.," being a letter of inquiry from a subscriber and a reply from our state officers. In the letter occur these words, "In reply to the first question we would say, that to prohibition principles we are, and have been unalterably committed, but to no party do we owe allegiance. That some of our workers sympathize with the third party is unquestionably true and some will attend the Prohibition convention at Pittsburg, to participate in the proceedings, others to look on, but in neither case will they compromise the non-partisan attitude of the Ohio W. C. T. U." In proof of this I need only say that a resolution was offered at our recent State Convention

at Cincinnati, asking that five delegates be appointed to the National Prohibition Convention at Pittsburg, which, after some discussion, was laid upon the table."

I make no issue with the union, but you will readily see that I cannot with honesty to myself and to you, longer continue my work. I was a participant in the Prohibition Convention. The general officers of the National W. C. T. U., Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Miss Esther Pugh and myself were made vice-presidents of the organization. All but Mrs. Stevens were in attendance and by word, or action in convention, accepted the honor conferred upon us. The members of that convention pledged themselves to do all in their power to further the interest of the cause through the party organization. Upon none can this be more binding than upon the members of the W. C. T. U. who were present. At the last annual meeting of the National W. C. T. U. held at Detroit, it was resolved, almost, if not quite unanimously, that, "We would lend our influence to that party by whatever name called which shall furnish the best embodiment of prohibition principles and will most surely protect our homes." That the leading parties with which our women through family affiliations have been more or less allied, might have knowledge of our action and opportunity if they wished to meet the condition, a full statement of our intent was prominently set before the public. In fulfillment of the convention's commission the following memorial was prepared:

MEMORIAL

TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

We, the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, herein represented by the signatures of our officers, believe that while the poison habits of the nation can be largely restrained by an appeal to the intellect through argument, to the heart through sympathy, and to the conscience through the motive of religion, the traffic in these poisons will be best controlled by prohibitory law. We believe the teachings of science, experience and the "golden rule" combine to testify against the traffic in alcoholic liquor as a drink, and that the homes of America, which are the citadels of patriotism, purity and happiness, have no enemy so relentless as the American saloon. Therefore, as citizens of the United States, irrespective of sect or section, but having deeply at heart the protection of our homes, we do hereby respectfully and earnestly petition you to advocate and adopt such measures as are requisite to the end that prohibition of the importation, exportation, manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages may become an integral part of the National Constitution, and that your party candidate shall be by character and public pledge committed to a National Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment.

Copies were sent to each state and territory and to the District of Columbia, for the signatures of the officers of such unions, and a copy of each, with another, signed by the officers of the National W. C. T. U. have been presented to the Republican, Democratic, Greenback, and the Prohibition Conventions. The first passed it by in silent contempt. The second reiterated their antagonism to "sumptuary laws that vex the citizen." The third gave slight endorsement of the submission to the vote of the people, by the United States Congress, of a Prohibitory Amendment to the National Constitution. But when as Miss Willard has said, "after wandering as Noah's dove and finding no resting place, it came to the last, a hand was put forth and it was drawn into the ark of prohibition." The convention received the memorial, endorsed it by a rising vote, and granted its request. Do we not then owe allegiance to the Prohibition party? Are we not pledged to its support by our action at Detroit? also by the action of the convention and our own union therewith? Can we do our full duty with closed mouths? if at one place, at one time, we espouse the cause (when it will not offend or will not affect our interests) and in another place and other time and circumstances we are silent?

True, we were non-partisan during the amendment campaign. An amendment is never submitted to a party but to electors. Our eyes were upon the issue of prohibition and license, I might say of life and death, and most faithfully we kept ourselves aloof from parties, pointing out as far as we were able, the evils of all, touching the question under consideration, but never asking any man for a special party vote or for any form of bargain or compromise. Indeed, our fence posters in every part of the state exhorted Republicans, Democrats, vote your own party ticket, and vote Prohibition of the liquor traffic, Yes! "Neither politicians, nor the press of either party aided us, but in their united power deprived us of our well earned victory. Amendments were placed upon the tickets of all the parties and our duty in such a case was clear, to bring every possible, honorable influence to bear upon every man, in whatever party, to achieve victory for the right.

There is no amendment before us to-day, but a political campaign which involves all national issues. We are assured that the old parties will do nothing whatever to protect our homes from their worst enemy, and mothers may plead in vain, but the liquor power which debauches and degrades our people to the level of ruffianism and communism, which robs our homes of their brightest jewels, which

fills the hearts of women with an agony too deep for words, *receives attention*, and as the politicians are "taken up into a high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," which for a consideration are promised them, they bow at the shrine of Bacchus and Gambrius. Would that it were not so; would that the old parties would say we do, and not "we have done." A record of deeds however just and noble, is as naught if hidden beneath injustice and wrong. In the presence of these facts, does not love to God and our homes and to the Republic demand that we turn from them and unite in the upbuilding of a party whose every effort is to secure and maintain "righteousness that exalteth a nation"?

I think all will pronounce my resignation right; but ere I bid adieu to my readers whose interests I have earnestly sought to further, whose needs I have striven to meet, and more than all turn from the *Amendment Herald*, the child of my heart and brain and prayer, I pray you, my Christian brothers, permit me to ask that you look on the one hand upon your first-born, who it may be has wandered far away into the paths of sin, or your best beloved daughter who sits broken-hearted in a drunkard's home, or upon the fairer younger, "whom God hath graciously given you," and on the other hand, view your party, through the action of which it will be almost impossible for those younger children to reach their majority clean and pure, and answer to your own soul and to God (not counting political consequences, for the Christian should leave the result of right action with the Lord) for the salvation of which should you labor? For your children, whom you have promised to train for God, for whom the son of God has died, or your party, which is of man and will perish as the grass?

Christian sisters, will heaven be home to us, if "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh" be cast out because we have not stood in the fear and courage of the Lord, and proclaimed the whole truth? When we render our account for the "deeds done in the body," will it comfort us that these children are not with God because the party preferences, the ambition of friends, or the thought of what we may lose financially or socially, has bound us in silence? I know if "you withstand, and having done all, stand," your joy may be turned into sorrow, your riches into poverty; the world may change its honor for you into contempt, but sorrow and contempt and poverty and God, are better than joy and honor and riches, with the world. Though the hosannas and the strewn palms of to-day may be followed by a Gethsemane and a Calvary, soon will come the en-

trance into glory, and the "forever with the Lord," before whom you shall lay down your sheaves, and from whom you shall receive the "well done," and the crown of glory.

Farewell,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

On Sabbath evening, Dec. 7, 1884, Mrs. Woodbridge delivered an address at Chickering Hall, New York. We find in an old note book the first rough outline of that address, unfinished and ending abruptly in the middle of a sentence. We find no printed report and must depend on this incomplete first draft of the speech as the substance of her

ADDRESS.

Not long ago I looked from a car window at an early morning hour. A faint shimmer of light was seen upon the low mountains in the foreground on the opposite side of the Hudson. On and on it crept until it flashed from a window pane. Suddenly the whole low mountain seemed kindled as with fire, and not a single pane but the whole hillside and valley reflected the morning. The high background of mountains seemed frowning on all the beauty below; but the king of day rose higher and higher, until their cloud-wrapped summits were bathed in his light, and the clouds in the heavens and their images in the waters beneath reflected his glory.

While with others I looked upon that scene with delight, it seemed to vanish from me, and my mind's eye was fixed upon a memory picture. I saw a woman in the southern part of Ohio, as the spirit of God entered her being, and sped on and on without measure of time or space, until not alone the women of Ohio, but of all the land and across the water had reflected the heavenly radiance that will never grow dim while the Author of light sits upon the throne.

In the midst of those women was the high, frowning mountain of the liquor traffic. Their eyes were fixed upon it, and with undaunted souls they listened to the words of Jehovah, spoken of other sin, as they came ringing through the centuries to them: "I am against thee, O destroying mountain, that destroyest all the earth. I

will stretch out mine hand upon thee and roll thee down from the rocks, and thou shalt be a burnt mountain. They shall not take of thee a stone for a corner or stones for foundations but thou shalt be desolate forever." And clearer still were the words of command: "Blow ye the trumpet among the nations with the kings thereof, the captains and all the rulers, and the land of their dominion: for the land shall sorrow and tremble, and every purpose of the Lord shall be performed."

Obedient to the command, women went forth, and meeting co-laborers on every hand, men and women alike cried mightily unto God, that He would fix the eyes of the people upon the destroying mountain of the liquor traffic; that He would open their ears to hear its record, and give them understanding how it should be destroyed. The Lord heard and answered; and to-day in the length and breadth of the land, there is an interest concerning the liquor traffic alike in defender and opposer thereof, and it is the Omnipotent God within us quickening conscience, the great moral nerve of our being, which on this subject has long seemed paralyzed. As I looked, my vision seemed to reach on and on until I saw the earth not as now, but in the light of fulfilled prophecy. The valleys had been exalted, the mountains made low; the crooked places were straight and the dark places light. On the mountain of holiness, shrouded in His glory, sat the King of Kings, who had trodden the liquor traffic beneath His feet, and about Him were gathered the peoples who sang: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," for the kingdoms of this world were the "kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ." But a clear voice fell upon my ear saying: "This is not yet; this generation has much service to perform ere this shall be accomplished." "Up, sanctify the people against to-morrow: for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, there is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel. Ye can not stand before your enemies until ye take away the accursed thing from among you, neither will I be with you any more until ye destroy the accursed thing from among you." And turning from that which is to be, to that which is, the question pressed more deeply, How shall this mountain be destroyed? To consider the ways and means, we are gathered here.

By the logic of events certain axioms have been presented to the people which we believe in time all candid, thoughtful minds will receive :

1st. The suppression of the liquor traffic is the paramount issue before the American people.

2d. It is an issue of such great importance that none can be long indifferent to it.

3d. It is an issue of such great importance that it can not be set aside, and they who press it will not be satisfied with restriction, or regulation of the traffic.

4th. It is an issue of such great importance that law in harmony with those enacted against murder, theft, burglary, highway robbery,—the pronunciamiento “*thou shalt not*,” and attachment of penalty to a violation of the law proportionate to the crime, must be enacted against this traffic, which is the foundation on which is built the great pyramid of crimes, against which our legislation is directed.

The continuation of the liquor traffic is proof that the great majority of the people have not accepted these propositions, which to many of us are self-evident truths. For unity of thought and action we labor ; and to attain such condition four things are necessary : agitation, education, concentration and consecration.

John C. Calhoun insisted, “*To save the nation the government must stop the anti-slavery agitation.*” National responsibility and national action in a republic cannot be separate from the individual. By agitation, in which Mr. Calhoun saw danger to the Union, individual conscience was aroused. And as it was under the touch of God and concerning His people, it could but eventuate in the arousal of the government ; for we, the people, are to an important degree the government.

Those old agitators were wont to present their cause at all times and in all proper places. Literature was diligently circulated ; the condition and sufferings of slaves were vividly portrayed, by which means interest was aroused in the race, and consequent indignation because of their bondage. North nor South, nor both combined could stop the agitation, for there was a natural antagonism between slavery and freedom. Can any one think the antagonism between the bondage or freedom of the body

can compare with the bondage of body and soul to the drink habit or freedom therefrom ; or the bondage of this nation to the drink traffic and that freedom in which there would be liberty to do right ?

What constitutes a national issue ? In the olden time it was an evil resting upon a single race, in a single locality. At the present time it is an evil that rests directly or indirectly upon every man, woman and child in this great Republic. Can such an issue be confined to the states ? What is a state's power touching this traffic ? To incorporate prohibition into its organic law and to enact statutory laws of enforcement. What is the power of the United States ? To put an end to license in the District of Columbia, in the territories and all property belonging to the government within the states, where may be forts, arsenals, national homes, etc. To-day, if New York had both organic and statutory laws of prohibition, the United States could license the sale of intoxicating liquors on Governor's Island, in your very harbor. The United States has power to stop the sale of liquors on interstate lakes and rivers and railroads ; on the high seas, and enter its prohibition into treaties with other nations ; to withhold intoxicants from the army and navy, and to submit to state legislatures an amendment to the national constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale and importation of intoxicants.

Maine has lately secured organic prohibition which interested temperance people everywhere ; but prohibition enacted by the national government in any of the lines within its power, would affect equally all states and reach all citizens. This national issue is before the American people, and the golden calf is enthroned in the midst of an enslaved and war-fed public opinion. What is to be done ? Go in among the worshipers and bow the knee with them in the name of expediency, or in the hope of a far-away good ? No, never ; to the gate rather, with the cry of separation, if need be. We must agitate, agitate, and call out so loudly that none will fail to hear,—“Who is on the Lord's side ? Let him come !” That cry is in the land, and God is in it ; let all the brave remember, after that call in Israel the calf was ground to powder.

Prohibition agitation cannot be stopped in a Christian

nation in this nineteenth century, and the sooner liquor men and their abettors recognize the fact the better for all. The fundamental laws of civil society do not owe their authority to the consent of the governed. To be a *man*—a good citizen, one must be a member of society, and subject to law. As it is the duty of states and nation to secure justice to their citizens, they are certainly under obligation to use the means best adapted to accomplish that end.

To determine the restraint that should be put upon the liquor traffic we have but to consider what evil it has wrought, and what evil it is working. Toleration should be allowed only to the extent of its usefulness. It is a correct principle in law as well as ethics that no man may use his own property to the injury of others. On this principle laws are made for the prevention and the punishment of crime. A man may be restrained from committing a breach of the peace or injuring his neighbor as readily as he may be punished for a wrong already committed. To whatever extent the liquor business promotes crime or tends to injuring it should be restrained, though no overt act could be charged to it.

We are also unjust in legislating against the *evils* of intemperance without equally strong enactments against its *cause*. No city would support a fire department, and then tolerate and license an incendiary; but this is the way we have always treated the liquor traffic. We cannot build a good social structure on perishable foundations. We all know the strongest appeals to our moral nature may be thwarted by influences affecting our baser passions. The cause and the effect should both be subjects for legislation. The government punishes smugglers and counterfeiters and always confiscates the property with which their crime is committed. Much is said of sumptuary laws, as if restraining a man from doing wrong was restricting his liberty. But the question is not what a man shall eat or drink, but whether he may use his liberty to the injury of another. No one may set fire to his own house, or commit a nuisance upon his own property which shall endanger the comfort or safety of his neighbor. Parents may correct but not abuse their children, under the protection of law. Even cruelty to animals is prohibited and punished by law.

If laws are really made for the greater good of the greater number, what right has any assembly to legislate for the lesser number to the injury of the greater? And has not the greater number right to demand protection, not alone from the results of such laws, but from their enactment?

Sir James McIntosh's definition of liberty was "Security against wrong." A perfectly wise and just system of laws would forbid everything that is unjust in society, everything socially wrong; permit everything just in society, everything socially right. If such a system were carried into perfect execution it would furnish perfect security against wrong, and perfect liberty to do right. Hence, perfection of law would secure perfection of liberty.

Are we protected from the evil effects of the liquor traffic by the laws found upon our statute books? We all know two states have organic prohibition. Three others have prohibitory statutes; beyond this, except what we call local option, and excise laws (and you can judge in this city of their success), the laws touching this traffic are not even claimed to be protection. Have you or I, has any man or woman a right to sit still beneath this condition and quietly acquiesce, or fail to labor for its change because individually we cannot overthrow it, or because some power may declare against sumptuary laws, or another may oppose the reform because it cuts through the greed of appetite, avarice and ambition? It cannot be! We must agitate or this sin will be ours; agitate until the aggregate of individuals will be the majority of the people, when the reform will be accomplished. Government will not have reached the limit of its power or its duty against that organized evil which threatens its moral and political life till it has put all the power of organic law squarely and solidly down, not upon its excesses, but upon its existence. Men may talk as they will of the impracticability, the unconstitutionality, or even the wrong of prohibition, if honest in their statements. I have never known an unprejudiced man to listen to the calm, thoughtful arguments in its favor without conviction that it was perfectly compatible with rational liberty and all the claims of justice; and that it would be highly con-

ducive to the development of morality and progressive civilization.

All these things must be brought to the public, and will inevitably lead to an agitation which will result in deep conviction. Momentary action or temporary excitement will not suffice; agitation must lead to intelligent, persistent effort.

A wave of sentiment may be lifted so high by a temporary excitement that it can never recede to its former level; but we must depend upon education to render permanent and effective that for which we agitate. Then let education be pressed. Let it be in every possible form, didactic, descriptive, pictorial, for the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, the young and the old. Let science, which is continually bringing its tribute to the shrine of total abstinence, and thus deductively to total prohibition, prove to those men of Websterian brain, who have made fame their goal, who are reaching out for its attainment with all their powers, that the glass of wine which may kindle to ready wit or sarcasm, or even logic, is weakening the will, deadening the sensibilities, dulling the perceptions,—all faculties required to attain intellectual greatness.

Let science point out to every medical association that alcohol is evil and only evil, if possible, by some scientist, who, like Dr. Richardson, has wrought out the proofs, not from a total abstinence basis, but from a life practice of moderate drinking.

Such truths presented to such men, to such bodies, in which are many of our wisest and best, will certainly stimulate thought, and lead to questioning and research. Thus error will be found and truth established. Press every educational institution to the study of the science of alcohol and hygiene, and urge that it be made a topic of discussion at teachers' institutes, that when it shall be taught under compulsory law, pupils may receive the truth clearly and effectively.

Children must be trained to lives of total abstinence, and to accomplish this mothers must better understand the laws of their being, and the science of heredity and of hygiene. And it will not be enough that all this be communicated to their own children. These women must gather

together the thousands who are not found in our secular or Sunday schools. With the touch of humanity and of God they must train them for a pure life, and into the ear of the thousands who cannot be gathered must be dropped the kindly word which under the fostering spirit of God may spring up to bear fruit to His glory in the salvation of the nation.

Be not satisfied with understanding the physical effects of alcohol. We must reach out to its moral and its spiritual results. Charles Lamb, one of the brightest of gentle spirits ever lost in the fires of alcoholism, wrote: "Would that the youth to whom the flavor of his first glass of wine is delicious, could know my desolation. Would that he could understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will, to see his destruction and to have no power to stop it; and yet to feel it all the way, emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him and yet never to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise—to bear about the piteous spectacle of self-ruin!"

Convince the young men of the land, in whose hands will shortly be the government, that the gift of poetry or power of logic, wealth, position, education and refinement are not barriers to the attacks of this enemy.

The tintinnabulation of the bells as they ring, or chant, or toll, remind us of that brilliant genius whose body lies in a Baltimore churchyard, and from whose grave seems to come to us his piteous "Nevermore."

When the National W. C. T. U. held its annual meeting at Louisville, we were told that Sam Houston Jr., when about to take his father's place in journalism, came to that city to see his ideal journalist, George D. Prentice, that from him he might gather inspiration for his life work. At four o'clock in the afternoon he accompanied Mr. Prentice's partner to the office. Mr. Casseday threw open the door of the editorial sanctum, and there, with his arms outstretched upon a table, his face in his hands, with hair disheveled, and clothing disarranged, lay George D. Prentice in a state of intoxication! "There," said Mr. Casseday, "is your ideal journalist! and to that must every

man of genius come who allows himself to use intoxicants."

Two years from that time not George D. Prentice alone, but his partner also filled a drunkard's grave.

And yet to the families of these men had never come the thought that the wine cup at dinner might have led to this end. There was education, there was Christianity in one of these homes ; but they followed the ways of their social life to which had never come these truths. But it pleased God here to raise up the rarest of His little ones, whose heart is burdened for dying humanity, whose hand is laden with beauty of truth which she bestows upon the suffering everywhere.

As this evil comes not to the individual alone, we must study and teach the relation of the traffic to the state and to the nation in all their interests. No matter how startling the facts given ; no matter who may deny them, if they are incontrovertible.

Do you not think when capitalists and business men realize as given us with the seal of the government, that in 1870 there were paid by this people for intoxicating liquors, \$715,575,000, and that in a single decade after there were paid \$900,000,000, being an average annual increase of \$18,442,500, and that in but four years afterward, the year closing June 30, 1884, the amount had increased to \$1,043,000,000, not an annual increase of eighteen, but of over thirty-five millions, nearly double that of the last census decade,—it will be clear to them that the finance of the nation cannot withstand such depletion? They will utter a dictum which will be heard and heeded by political parties.

How quickly, too, will comparison be instituted between this expenditure and that for education. One billion for intoxicants ; eighty-five millions for education. Twelve times as much to ruin as to save.

A nation defrauded of this great sum annually, and this robbery accompanied with a moral degeneracy which more and more complicates the maintenance of the Republic and the effort made by the abettors of the traffic to quiet the people by the return through license and taxation of seventy or eighty millions, without the least reduction of the baneful efforts, must and will arouse. Think of four saloons to one church ! of six saloonists to one minister of God ! of

thirty dollars for intoxicants to one dollar for the conversion of the world! Robert West has well said: "This cannot last. The broad common sense of average men must revolt. The laws of the mind are against it; the government of God is against it. This great moral issue is like the stone cut out of the mountain without hands; the man or the party who falls upon it may be broken; but the party or man upon which it falls will be ground to powder."

All of these things are of unspeakable importance in their relation to the immigration of foreigners to our shores, a danger I fear estimated by few.

During the ninety years preceding 1880, ten millions of foreigners have made the United States their home. If the rate of increase from 1871 to 1881 be sustained to the close of the century,* 28,800,000 more will have come when the new century opens. In 1830 the number of immigrants was 8,000; in 1880, it was 800,000. The census in 1880 shows us that of the 43,000,000 white inhabitants of the states, 21,600,000 were born on foreign soil, or were the children of foreign born parents.

In 1880 one-fifth of the population of New England was foreign and furnished three-fourths of the criminals. Do we understand? Twenty per cent foreign furnished three-fourths of the criminals; eighty per cent native population furnished but one-fourth of the criminals.

Seventy-five per cent of immigration pushes into the new West; and in the territories, where the population is being determined by immigration, thirty-two per cent is already foreign. And what is its character? Utah and New Mexico and Arizona too clearly reveal. All the conditions of Europe are such as will bring to us a constant tide of immigration; and of their character we learn from the New England statistics.

Matthew Arnold said upon the lecture platform at Cleveland last winter: "You are sowing to the wind, and you will reap the whirlwind. It is not our educated, our refined, our honorable people of whom you are making citizens; it is our paupers, our criminal, our ignorant and ungovernable classes."

*Thank God, it has not been sustained.—AUTHOR.

As we have opened wide our arms to receive such, are we not bound to protect them, and by the prohibition of the liquor traffic, remove from them the temptations which it now presents to them? I do not for a moment suggest that foreigners *per se* are better or worse than Americans; but they are ignorant of Republican forms. They come from monarchies where all the power, vested in the hands of one person, has been exercised over them, to a land in which they soon have equal share in the government with our own people. Is it not clear that we are constantly adding to the ignorance of the nation, and by the liquor traffic stimulating the worst passions of their being, which require intelligent control for the maintenance of good citizenship?

Almost the only idea of freedom possessed by these people was gained through their social life in their fatherland, and it is not surprising that they should desire its continuance with the newly gained freedom of their adopted country; but every consideration, intellectual, moral, and political, demands their protection. Yes, patriotism and philanthropy should move us to make of this country an asylum, entering which they shall be taught that all good requires them to cast aside the hindrances of the past, and to press forward to a new manhood. About them should be thrown every influence "to make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong." Each foreign child reaching our shores should meet a law of compulsory education.

Ex-Governor Vest of Missouri startled the United States Senate when he said: "I call the attention of the senator from Ohio to the fact that he represents a city (Cincinnati) the property in which is not worth the taxation paid upon it, or life the paper upon which is printed or written the laws purporting to be for its safety. Fifty-one thousand of the children of Cincinnati are not recorded upon the public school lists. It may be possible ten thousand are in private schools. But over forty thousand are wandering her streets in an ignorance as dense as the jungles of Africa, and yet are submitted to the influences of the sharpened culture of civilized vice."

Could this be done for our foreigners they would come into a new understanding, enter a new life, and unite with us in the creation and maintenance of law, which would be for the upbuilding of the Republic.

We Americans are at fault. Think you such liberty would be granted us on foreign soil? Never: and unless we turn about quickly; if we permit the millions more to come within the next sixteen years under the present régime, we shall be outnumbered, overruled. We shall not be a nation of Americans, but of foreigners, and disintegration will be as inevitable with us as with Germany. A wise man said: "England must destroy the liquor traffic or the liquor traffic will destroy England." This truth will apply with equal force wherever the liquor traffic exists. A free popular government must crush it or be crushed by it. To license, thus lifting barriers behind which the criminal may hide, or to tax, which is recognition of its existence and permission for its continuance in the interest of revenue,—is too immoral to bear the test of the light of God, or an educated Christian sentiment.

But if license or taxation would lessen the evil or were in harmony with God's laws of prohibition of all sin, we might consider them; but experience has proven their utter worthlessness. Judge Pitman has said: "License has had its century in the courts, and over and against it all has been written failure and disgust. The traffic has been under some form of restriction and regulation in every state at some time during its existence, and with three exceptions is so to-day. Thus it is under these conditions that we have attained our present status, and what reason have we to believe that a continuance will work a different result? It is true that it has caused a lessening of the sales in a certain direction, but not a lessening of the amount sold." Mr. Duffield, author of the Michigan law, wrote: "The number of so called drinking saloons has lessened under the tax law, but the number of drug stores selling liquor for drink has greatly increased until the number of places where it is sold is greater than before the enactment of the law. The liquor oligarchy has also been strengthened and officials disregard the enforcement of the law."

The love of money is the root of all evil; and when a nation receives a revenue from such a source its mouth is closed against it, and through avarice it is led to its support and perpetuation. We must, I think, clearly see there can be no stopping place on half-way ground. As we really believe that it is neither right nor politic for the

state or nation to afford legal protection or sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste our revenues, to corrupt social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of our people, we must act with the liquor traffic as we do with other evils,—place it beneath the ban of prohibition. To this end there must be concentration. The National W. C. T. U. has thirty-four departments of work, in lines of organization, prevention, education, social, religious and legal. Other temperance organizations have these and their equivalents, and all should be made to concentrate on the one issue of prohibition of intoxicants and the maintenance of an enforcing power. Let us press forward in solid phalanx, remembering that, as surely as the soul that sinneth must die, will a Republic of dying souls perish also.

Let us concentrate our efforts, bringing all to bear upon the salvation of the individual from this drink habit through total abstinence, and the salvation of the nation from the drink habit through prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of alcoholics; and place the government upon His shoulders who is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

And even this will not be enough. A consecration such as we have never known will be required; a trust in God as unwavering as was that of Luther and of Cromwell. The Lord is calling to His people to go forward. A bitter cry is heard; a wailing fills the land, a cry for help, a wailing of the oppressed. From the gallows, from every prison and poorhouse, from homes made desolate by strong drink, from men and women enslaved by a perverted appetite. Surely this sad appeal of unnumbered thousands should move every generous nature, and urge to untiring, united effort to turn back this fearfully increasing tide of woe. Can a Christian soul refuse? Does some one say: "Such action would ostracize me from society; it would bring contumely"?

What of the Christ whose followers we are? Was He not charged with casting out devils in the name of Beelzebub—the prince of devils? Is the servant better than his Master? Have we not prayed, lead us in thy footsteps, O Lord? And is He not doing it? Can we refuse to walk therein? —

Here the notes of the address stopped with an unfinished sentence. We shall never know how this noble speech closed. It is safe to say, the audience gathered that night in Chickering Hall never went home from a Sunday night service with more to think about. No thoughtful reader could fail to notice the calm, stately march of the argument to resistless conclusions. It was not an attempt at brilliant oratory. But there are passages as lucid and free from superfluous words as Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg; and the clear-cut, cogent legal argument, in the steady advance of its relentless logic, reminds one of Webster's plea before the United States Supreme Court on the Dartmouth Will case. If we mistake not it will be ranked as one of the classic orations in the temperance literature of our country.

Toward the close of this same year the *Boston Herald* sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Woodbridge as to the attitude of the W. C. T. U. toward political parties, and its support of the Prohibition party. To show how absolutely it was a matter of conscientious conviction with those great women we condense the published interview, which was as follows :

"Mrs. Woodbridge, will you tell the *Herald* why your President, Miss Frances E. Willard, has declared for St. John and Daniel?" asked the reporter.

"Miss Willard is loyal to her principles and organization," she replied. "She does not say one thing to-day and another to-morrow. She has but one guiding star, viz., principle. And she will not sacrifice principle for public applause, money, or official favors bestowed on friends. The reason why the W. C. T. U. support St. John and Daniel is that at the last annual meeting of the National Union, held at Detroit, in 1883, it was determined that in each nominating convention of 1884 there be presented a

memorial asking for a plank in its platform, indorsing the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the United States constitution, and the nomination of candidates committed by character and public pledge to such action.

"It was resolved that, 'we will lend our influence to that party, by whatever name called, which shall furnish the best embodiment of prohibition principles, and will most surely protect our homes.' These recommendations were in the reports of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, and Mrs. Mary B. Willard, of Illinois.

"These memorials were presented to each political party. The Greenback party indifferently endorsed the memorial. The Republican party treated it with silent contempt. The Democratic party reiterated its utterance of 'opposition to sumptuary laws that vex the citizen.' The Prohibition party received the memorial, indorsed it by rising vote, and nominated candidates committed by character and public pledge to constitutional prohibition.

"Seven months elapsed between the public announcement of the intent of the National W. C. T. U. and the conventions. It must, therefore, have been carefully considered by the party leaders, and their action was the result of mature deliberation. Are we not then pledged to the support of the Prohibition party and its nominees? The silence and defiance of the old parties is the expression of the liquor element within them, to which they are subservient. So long as these parties are assured of the vote of temperance men (by which the temperance and liquor element mutually strengthen the liquor traffic) they have no reason to grant our desire, and they will be subservient to the wishes of the enemy, who will vote for that party and those men who will do their bidding. Is it not, then, our duty, in this crucial issue, to throw all our power on the side of right, and righteous leaders who will protect our homes from their most bitter enemy? Shall we escape the

condemnation of God if, as Christian women, we permit education, prejudice, social position or personal ambition to withhold us from right action?

"It is also the only party that has espoused the cause of woman suffrage, and those to whom the necessity of the ballot in the hands of woman has become a conviction will be bound in gratitude to its support."

In the following year, 1885, her heart was pained by divisions that came into both the state and National unions, a few seceding from each. It would be a pleasure to omit any mention of these facts; and it is not to probe any wounds of the past, that it is done. The record of this precious life cannot be given to the world without at least a brief mention of these divisions and struggles in which she was a most unwilling participant, and the firm but dignified Christian spirit she exhibited, the rare grace of character that shines forth in her conduct, is worthy of a place in these pages. The following open letter to the Ohio W. C. T. Unions will explain itself:

HEADQUARTERS OHIO W. C. T. U.,
NO. 55 N. HIGH STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

TO THE LOCAL W. C. T. UNIONS OF OHIO:—In the questioning that will naturally come to your minds, as you read that the Cleveland W. C. T. U. has withdrawn from the State and National Unions, because of the adoption of a resolution at the National Convention at St. Louis, and the state at Kenton, promising our influence to that party which has given us the best embodiment of prohibition principles in its platform, we desire to commend a careful, dispassionate thought of the following:

We have so long been of one mind and one heart that it does not seem possible there can be division, without disaster; but this is by no means a sequence. There is not a church or a party and rarely an organization where diversity of opinion does not exist, but it is usual for the minority to yield to the will of the majority, and a two-thirds affirmative vote is a parliamentary settlement of test ques-

tions. Such vote was taken in both conventions after free exchange of thought and discussion of the question. A minority has, however, a right to protest, by usual form at a convention or by separation from the body from whose action it dissents.

The latter course has been taken by the Cleveland W. C. T. U., and if time shall prove "it can do better work as an independent organization," than in its old connection, we shall add to the "Godspeed" we now give it, our gratitude that they have been wisely led.

Do not, however, be deceived by the representation that the union is an entirety in this action. Though it was a public meeting, held in a leading church, and the following invitation had been sent out, less than fifty persons were present when the action was taken, including the members of the union, the Advisory Board, ministers and visitors.

INVITATION.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 10, 1885.

The present crisis in the affairs of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union demands the attention of all its members and of every person interested in its work. You are urged therefore to attend a meeting to be held at the First Baptist Church, Monday, 13th inst., at 3:30 p. m. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, will address the meeting.

MRS. J. S. PRATHER, *President*.

JENNIE DUTY, *Secretary*.

All but three who did not approve the object of the meeting absented themselves, and when one asked "how, with so small a number present, a fair expression could be secured," reply was made, "absentees will be written to." The Cleveland union has not been identified with the state union more than five or six years, and a portion now returns to the former independence. It has not conducted its work strictly in line with our methods, many of its members belonging to various churches, having paid dues without special identification with the work. Hence, meetings have not been as elsewhere of the complete membership, but all work has been planned and prosecuted by the executive committee, except when special work has pressed, as in the Amendment campaign, in the circulation of petitions, etc., when others have been called into service by the committee. The membership at large therefore knows but little of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and

nothing whatever of the question at issue, except from hearsay and through journals of opposing parties. The union has also had an advisory board of men.

Unless lately established it has not held prayer-meetings regularly, and the bond of the Spirit has not reached beyond the Executive Committee, in consequence of which they have not been bound to the state and National union as have others, and it has not been difficult to sever the tie. They have done much good work, and no doubt will continue therein, and having been richly endowed by their advisory board and friends, have been generous in their gifts to both organizations.

Many loyal women numbered with them in the past, have not withdrawn from the state union. The Saturday before the secession, a telegram was received at headquarters, bearing several signatures, asking that "Mrs. Woodbridge or Miss Willard be with them on Monday to represent them," and many letters since received expressed the utmost loyalty.

Other local unions in the county, the county organizations, and still other unions, to be organized in response to requests received, will be in harmony with State and National Unions and the regular departments of the W. C. T. U. work will be prosecuted.

We believe God has led us on step by step since the day He called us to the work. While in "green pastures and beside still waters," He has permitted us to gain strength and experience, we cannot doubt His power to sustain us, though "passing through the rivers," or "walking through the fire," neither can we believe He would have us turn our face from the storm through which He will bring the victory. "We wrestle against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Wherefore let us take the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand—and having done *all to stand*, and standing, ever be ready to give "reason for the hope that is within us." To convince the world of our God-given mission, we must show forth the fruits of the Spirit under all provocation, and in that spirit which is so sweetly exemplified in the letter of our friend, seek to make our calling and election sure.

While every nerve of our being may quiver under the misrepresentation and detraction by which we are assailed,

even though it come from those we have loved and honored, let us remember, "we are children of the King," and our royal lineage forbids that we descend to unworthy things.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, *President.*

ESTHER PUGH, *Corresponding Secretary.*

It would seem that Mrs. J. Ellen Foster had forgotten her own arguments in her annual address of 1883, or had become frightened at her own logic, or the logic of events. At least some influence or consideration moved her to head a minority that seceded from the National union in 1889, having for four years previous presented an annual protest. Her protest and the National W. C. T. U's reply were as follows :

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION—ITS RELATION TO POLITICS.

The following resolution was adopted at the recent National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in Philadelphia, October 30 to November 3, 1885 :

We refer to the history of ten years of persistent moral suasion work as fully establishing our claim to be called a non-political society, but one which steadily follows the white banner of prohibition wherever it may be displayed. We have, however, as individuals, always allied ourselves in local and state political contests with those voters whose efforts and ballots have been given to the removal of the dram-shop and its attendant evils, and at this time, while recognizing that our action as a national society is not binding upon states or individuals, we reaffirm the position taken by the society at Louisville in 1882, and at Detroit in 1883, and at St. Louis in 1884, and ratified by a large majority of the states and territories in the Annual Conventions of 1885, pledging our influence to that party, by whatever name called, which shall furnish us the best embodiment of prohibition principles, and will most surely protect our homes. And as we now know which National party gives us the desired embodiment of the principles for which our ten years' labor has been expended, we will continue to lend our influence to the National political organization which declares in its platform for National Prohibition and Home Protection. In this, as in all progressive effort, we will endeavor to meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer.

Upon the adoption of this resolution, by a vote of 245 to 30, J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, presented a protest bearing

twenty-six signatures. Mrs. Mary Woodbridge, of Ohio; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, of Michigan, and Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, of Missouri, were appointed a committee to prepare an answer. The protest and the answer will be found in parallel columns below.

PROTEST.

With a deep sense of the grave responsibility resting upon us at this hour, and with a conviction of duty so overmastering that it will not permit us to be silent, we solemnly, and in the presence of Him whose name we bear, protest against the action of this Convention in committing this Christian organization to the aid and support of a political party.

I. This action is wrong in principle. A moral reform association, having as its test of membership a total abstinence pledge, ought not to ally itself with any organization, political or otherwise, having no such test of membership.

II. It is a specific abandonment of that spirit of toleration and of Christian courtesy which has permitted harmony of action with a wide diversity of opinion. It establishes a new test of allegiance, and is a practical refusal on the part of the majority, in the interests of a political party, to recognize that equality of rights which is the sure basis of permanent organized effort.

REPLY.

I. No action which has been, or can be, taken by the National W. C. T. U. will have the effect to make us in reality a component part of any political party.

As women and non-voters, we can only stand in this outside position and express our sympathy with the only party in the country, the central principle and aim of which is identical with our own, viz.: the total prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Being therefore in no full sense members of the Prohibition party, our pledge of total abstinence is not compromised.

II. We deny that our action is an abandonment of the "spirit of toleration and Christian courtesy," unless the triumph of any majority over the minority is intolerance.

A clear division of opinion in any organization where the majority decides new departures in method, or advancement in sentiment, necessarily establishes a new "test of allegiance," for the dissenting members of the society. Woman's Suffrage, Financial Basis, and other debated questions furnish illustrations. A refusal to accede to the will of the majority after fair research and debate, is not only unworthy the spirit of our noble Christian organization but against the very genius of our free institutions.

III. In contravention of this equality of rights, while professing to leave individuals and states free, it uses the collective influence of the union, and its moral power, as an entirety, including that of the opponents of this policy, in the upbuilding and advancement of a political party to which some of our members, as individuals, refuse allegiance. It lends our influence and may appropriate our money to aid a political party over which we have no control.

IV. It circumscribes the grand moral power of this great body of Christian women and wounds the confidence of the Christian public, subjecting our work to party limitations without conferring added political power.

III. Individuals and states are left to free expression of opinion on this, as other questions, and have in the past used such freedom, unrebuked and without loss of official or friendly relations to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This unquestioned right is still accorded, provided, always, that fidelity to the union, its unity, and its officers be sacredly maintained. The fact that the influence of the minority may be compelled into channels against their will, by the fact of their membership, is not sufficient cause for the suppression of the decision of the majority whose right it is to rule.

We also reply that not one dollar from the treasury of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has ever gone for party purposes. When such use of funds shall appear in the report of the Treasurer, proper action can be taken.

IV. In reply to the fourth allegation, we appeal to the history of a year of unprecedented success in every line of our many-sided endeavor for this great reform. In organization, evangelistic and educational work, we have reached more ears, and moved more hearts than in any previous twelve months, and to the temperance question has come such serious and decisive action in legislative halls, as plainly shows that the will of the home is on its way to expression in government. In demonstration that the confidence of the Christian public has not been wounded by our action of last year, more churches have been opened, more pastors, more Christian and philanthropic associations than ever before, have

V. It transforms the broad political work of our organization for the triumph of *prohibition principles*, and will unnecessarily hinder the speedy accomplishment of our purpose.

VI. It makes the official organ of our union a partisan political sheet and tends to lower its high standard of Christian journalism to the level of partisan political controversy.

VII. It is unjust. The partisan political policy of the National Union, so detrimental to Prohibition work in many states, has been made possible by the votes of representatives from states which will not carry out or tolerate that policy in their own states.

come to the National Convention of 1885, offering their greeting, and inviting our co-operation.

V. The action was taken for the transformation of the work from the "broad political" basis of pointless effort to the focus of power, where alone the finality we seek can be secured.

The momentum of the prohibition movement, evidenced by the vote of Kentucky, Ohio, New York and other states, proves the wisdom of our action and the directness of our aim. This success has been secured by the effort of those temperance advocates who are in opposition to the utterances of the protest.

VI. It is the province of an official organ to set forth the convictions and methods of the organization it represents; fairly and impartially to record diverse views of the members thereof, excluding none from the freest, fullest expression of opinion. This has been eminently true of our organ, during the past year. An unprejudiced review of its columns will show that more space proportionately has been given to the arguments and protests of a small minority than to the utterances of the majority.

VII. The allegation that the action was "unjust" because made possible by representatives from states which do not pursue the same policy in their territory, is incorrect, as shown by the recorded vote on the St. Louis resolution. The majority vote which decided the question was from Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Missouri, Nebraska, and other states, which, in their own convention expression, and home prohibi-

VIII. A year of the dominance of this policy has brought confusion of thought concerning *Prohibition* as a *principle* and *party Prohibition* as a *policy*. Its continuance tends to alienation and dissension among our members or the inevitable disintegration of our unions.

In view of these facts, we cannot conscientiously keep silence; but that we may, as far as possible, free ourselves from the responsibility of this action we enter this *our most solemn protest* against this action of the Convention in committing this body and those whom we represent to the support of a political party.

Here we stand ;

We can do no other ;

So help us God. Amen.

J. ELLEN FOSTER,
and twenty-five others.

tion work, have proven that the position taken by their representatives in National Convention one year ago, was sustained by a well-nigh solid constituency at home; and now after a year which has severely tested the wisdom of this policy, these states again take the same position with unbroken line and doubled majorities.

VIII. The debate upon the question at St. Louis resulted in 188 yeas to 48 nays. After one year of calm, prayerful consideration, the result of the vote at Philadelphia was 245 yeas to 30 nays.

Forty states, territories, and the District of Columbia, were represented at the latter convention. A fraction of delegates from five of these entered their protest, viz.: Pennsylvania, 10; Iowa, 8; Vermont, 4; West Virginia, 2; Massachusetts, 2; total, 26. Thirty-five states, territories, and the District of Columbia were almost a unit in its advocacy.

In the interim between these conventions, state unions in the above ratio endorsed the St. Louis action, and by continuous discussion upon the platform and through the public press, the "principle of Prohibition," more clearly understood, has laid hold of the public conscience and its speedy *achievement* through party action has become an assured fact to defenders and opposers of the liquor traffic. As to alienation, dissension or disintegration the number aggrieved has in no degree compared with the number added to our forces, which is a promise for the future. There has been no loss in Maine, Michigan or Indiana, but large gains

have been made in each. These are representative of a large majority of the states.

We reply to the allegations of the protest in the spirit of Christian courtesy which has ever characterized our association one with another, praying the blessing of our God upon each member of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,
MARY T. LATHRAP,
CLARA C. HOFFMAN,
Committee.

A letter lies before me from John B. Finch in which he writes :

DEAR SISTER MARY:

Accept congratulations on your reply. . . . In everything that goes to make a complete answer, it is as near perfect as can be. I am happy that I can call three such women as Mary A. Woodbridge, Mary T. Lathrap and Clara C. Hoffman my friends. . . .

Your friend,

JOHN B. FINCH.

Mrs. Woodbridge was elected to the position of Superintendent of Petitions and Legislation made vacant by the departure of Mrs. Foster from the National W. C. T. U., in 1889.

A letter written by Mrs. Woodbridge to her co-laborers in Iowa, and published in the *Iowa Signal*, May, 1894, concerning the progress of events in Mrs. Foster's own state, may throw some light upon the question of the wisdom of these parties, which each reader may interpret for himself.

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

DEAR CO-LABORERS OF IOWA :—Your editor having kindly given me permission to speak to the Iowa W. C. T. U. constituency through the columns of the *Iowa Signal*, I gratefully avail myself of such courtesy.

The eyes of the world have been upon "prohibition Iowa" during the last session of its legislature. Men and women have been

put upon record during these months, but history that cannot be wiped out dates long before. There have been noble Iowans among men and women, and a dozen years ago these pressed prohibition so forcibly to the front that the ruling party was brought to terms and submitted an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. A second legislature ratified the amendment, and it was adopted by nearly thirty thousand majority. This took politicians by surprise, and a clerical error was found which though frequently made and disregarded, was now considered of sufficient importance to wipe out the *will of the people*, and constitutional prohibition was soon hidden beneath judicial folds. The people would not be pacified and the legislature found it necessary to enact a prohibitory statute. By such means the Republican party posed as a temperance party, and political Prohibitionists returned to Republican ranks, and were (deservedly) deceived. Year by year the national Republican party has laid its hand more and more heavily upon the party of the state. Thus more and more lightly has prohibition been endorsed in the party platform, until the silence of death fell upon it. The past winter funeral obsequies have been observed. "Prohibition Iowa" *was*. License Iowa *is*. The W. C. T. U. also *is*. What will it do? It cannot sit at such a time in inaction, quietly abiding by such legislative decisions on prohibition and on license—on woman suffrage and age of consent. Awake, Deborah, awake, remembering when the "song of Deborah" was heard in the olden time, a woman "put her hand to the nail and her right hand to the workmen's hammer, and the great enemy bowed, he fell, he lay down"; and "where he bowed, he fell down dead." God's power through woman is no less to-day, and His command to each "to do whatsoever her hand finds to do," and His promise "to be with her always," is the same. Stand, beloved, put on the full armor and withstand every temptation of the enemy. Look not to the right nor the left—but up to God and on to victory. Make no league with any man or woman, but remember wherever a W. C. T. U. exists there is a prohibition league that through organization and agitation, has become sturdy in the faith and ready for action, the hour for which has struck. There no other is needed, as regulars are always the trusted power, worth an innumerable force of raw recruits, and not one, we are sure, will at such a crisis, desert the ranks, for every member is enlisted by the Captain of our salvation, and should bear the seal of the Spirit's truth and power. We believe each W. C. T. U. woman of Iowa will do her duty at this crucial time for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and by striving to lead

every other woman within the radius of her influence to do the same. Surely gratitude for life at such a time will lead each woman to prove to the world that her influence will tell for God and Home and Native Land. Shun any proposition of change. What form of league has stood a score of years but our own—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? Stand, beloved, pray and work—work and pray, and endowed with wisdom from on high, may the Lord through you deliver Iowa from its bondage.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

It is evident that these divisions in the ranks of the great sisterhood brought her pain. She said but little, and wrote but little; but her great heart was filled with sorrow at the action of the minority, and the consequent separation of loved co-laborers. She felt that time and events would set their own seal of endorsement upon one side or the other. Conscious of her own integrity, and guided by the light that came, she felt that she could calmly wait.

CHAPTER XI.

NATIONAL REFORM LABORS.

I believed and therefore have I spoken.—*St. Paul.*

The real corrupters of society may be, not the corrupt, but those who have held back the righteous leaven, the salt that has lost its savor, the innocent who have not even the moral courage to show what they think of the effrontery of impurity,—the serious, who yet timidly succumb before some loud-voiced scoffer,—the heart trembling all over with religious sensibilities that yet suffers itself through false shame to be beaten down into outward and practical acquiescence by some rude and worldly nature.—*J. H. Thorn.*

[The above is found in one of Mrs. Woodbridge's books of devotion (the volume presented to her by Martha B. Reynolds, Peoria, Ill.) The leaf was turned down. It no doubt voiced the feeling of her inmost soul.]

FOR several years prior to 1885, Mrs. Woodbridge was a personage of national prominence, and each succeeding year was adding to her reputation and increasing her well-deserved fame. Every reform paper in the land coveted her as a contributor or correspondent. The National Reform Association earnestly requested her help, which she freely granted, as it was directly in line with her own chosen labors. She delivered several addresses for the association at their various National Conventions. We give selections from two,—the Pittsburg address of 1885, and the Chautauqua address of 1886. The thoughtful reader of these speeches cannot help feeling that the distinction between the male and female intellect is some-

times very shadowy. These massive, masculine arguments would do credit to any of our great statesmen.

SHALL THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC BE PERPETUATED?

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NATIONAL REFORM CONVENTION, IN
PITTSBURG, APRIL 22, 1885.

In the discussion of any subject of vital interest it is important that a broad and comprehensive view be taken. An isolated fact may be of small moment, but when compared or grouped with others may become instinct with significance.

The falling of an apple may attract no attention, but when taken in connection with many similar facts enabled Newton to announce to the world the law of gravitation, the value of which we cannot estimate.

In this philosophic spirit would we consider the question, "Shall the American Republic be Perpetuated?" We also desire the discussion to be of such catholicity that no honest sentiment may be antagonized but each may be enabled to rise above personal interest for the good of the whole, while maintaining individuality to the full development of individual power, for the laying of the hand upon any lever of relief that God may ordain.

To this end we implore the divine presence and guidance, that our convictions may be from God; that the Spirit may "help our infirmities," giving us power for the prosecution of such convictions.

We advance as a fundamental proposition that the perpetuity of the American Republic is dependent upon the treatment of the liquor traffic.

By the logic of events certain parallels to this proposition have been presented to the people, which to some seem axiomatic and we believe will in time be accepted by all candid and thoughtful minds.

There may, however, be those before me who do not regard the overthrow of the liquor traffic to be a national issue, or if such, would prefer that it be reached through the channel of states alone.

We are glad that by contact of minds, as of facts, error may be discovered and corrected and truth established. It is the truth we seek, and if to-night any one led by God into clearer light may do such service, none will rejoice more than the speaker; and if our premise is right, as we believe, or it would not be presented, God will surely bless its proclamation. As a relevant question therefore we ask, Should the overthrow of the liquor traffic be an immediate national issue?

What may constitute a national issue?

In the olden time to which we have referred, it was a single evil, resting upon a single race, in a single locality. It has often been a matter affecting a limited portion of our people and territory. The liquor evils rest directly or indirectly upon every man, woman and child within the boundaries north, south, east and west of this great republic. Can such an evil be overcome by states when scarcely two-thirds of our territory and of the area of this sin has reached state organization? But if it were not so, if our domain was thoroughly organized, how long, think you, would it be ere by the action of individual states, in the adoption of prohibitory amendment, we could constitutionally demand of Congress the submission of such amendment to the United States Constitution?

What is the history of such effort?

Maine and Kansas have organic prohibition. Maine under training of statutory prohibition for thirty years secured her amendments through great opposition and by a political maneuvering which cannot elsewhere be executed.

Kansas, born in adversity and matured amid difficulties almost insurmountable, having by national assistance overcome one great evil, laid her hand upon this traffic before overwhelming forces were massed in great cities, to which all else must bow, and thus attained her status.

But what of the older and larger states of Iowa and Ohio?

Ohio spoke in still clearer tones. Alternate propositions were submitted; prohibition on the one hand, license and taxation on the other. By an affirmative vote of less than 100,000, and (as per her constitution) by a negative vote of more than 600,000, she said, we will neither tax nor license the traffic. It is believed that prohibition was

largely adopted, but, by the machination of politics, was not entered into her organic law.

Shall I give you an incident illustrative?

On the evening of election day, thousands of Cleveland's citizens, including nearly all her ministry, were gathered in the Tabernacle, where were brought the telegraphic wires that placed us in connection with the central committees of the leading parties at our state capital. Message followed message rapidly, almost all of victory. At half-past eleven the words were received: "Hamilton county has given thirty thousand votes for prohibition." Could you have heard the "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which rang through the rafters of that building, and reached the ear of Jehovah, you would have gathered some idea of the pent-up agony of desire in the hearts of those people, which had been growing more and more intense during the past months. No other message was received, and in reply to our oft-repeated requests we were told, "We have only received gubernatorial and legislative reports." The morning papers gave the night reports, but when the vote was officially announced, Hamilton county did not give 30,000 votes for prohibition, but 8,000. Twenty-two thousand were swept out of sight and count, and this is representative of all counties containing large cities. The aggregate vote of the state for prohibition was declared to have been 223,188, just short of the requirement for adoption. If these facts are not sufficient proof that the overthrow of the traffic cannot be accomplished by state action alone, we have the testimony of the enemy, Mr. Oothout, president of the New York Brewers' Association, at the last annual meeting held at Albany, who said: "Happily for us, we have but little to fear so long as the question of prohibition remains a state issue."

Why should they fear?

What are the relative powers of state and nation to this traffic? The state has but two. A legislature may submit to the vote of electors an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, which may be adopted and become a part of the organic law. It may also enact a prohibitory statute, which may be repealed, amended, or annulled at the will of any future legislature. But what are the powers of the national gov-

ernment? The Constitution says, "Congress has the right to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever" over the District of Columbia; the territories; on national property within the states, as forts, arsenals, homes, etc.; on the interstate lakes and rivers; on the interstate railroads; on the foreign import and export trade; on the high seas and in international treaties; in the public service; and in the submission of amendments to the national Constitution. Thus in nine directions, and still another to be mentioned, covering a far larger area of territory than the states, Congress has power to prohibit and aid in the prohibition of the traffic.

What has been its legislation?

The granting of permits to more than a thousand men and women in the District of Columbia to sell intoxicants, and to others throughout the territories. Not a floating palace on our lakes and rivers, not a railway dining-car where liquors are sold, that does not receive its permit direct from the United States authorities. It is often said, "Prohibition does not prohibit in Maine." Does any one think it can be a complete success while the government permits a traveling saloon to pass through the state daily? It is believed had New York organic and statutory prohibition these laws could not be enforced, owing to the large number of harbors, forts, homes, railways, lakes, rivers and reservations under government control where liquor is sold.

In the year 1828 Russia asked Christian America to prohibit the exportation of liquors to Alaska, then a Russian possession. It was afterwards ceded to America, and in the report of a commission sent a few years ago by Congress to investigate the conditions and needs of Alaskans, I find these words: "We believe the Greek Church and prohibition to be more conducive to an upright manhood and a good government, than American Christianity and the liquor traffic."

Section 8 of Article I of the Constitution says: "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several states, and with the Indian tribes." In 1834, under General Jackson's administration, a law was enacted prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, including wines, among Indians, and the

importation of the same to them, under very severe penalties. When the Hon. Mr. Medill was Indian Agent, he called the attention of Congress to the non-enforcement of the law, and asked for stringent amendments. The amendments were granted, but the law was not enforced, and still remains among our statutes, a dead letter, officers appointed being in harmony with the traffic and not with the law.

We have the testimony of the late Hon. Samuel Morrill, of Maine, who introduced into the House of Representatives a bill "prohibiting the sale or supply of intoxicants to government employés and officers in the public service," and said in his advocacy of the bill, on the authority of an army general: "More than a hundred thousand Union soldiers were sacrificed during our civil war by the drunkenness and consequent incompetency and corruption of our officers in the civil service, through all its branches, arising from the use of alcoholic liquors; and more than five hundred millions of the public debt should be charged to the same source."

But more than all these, the government through the revenue laws, in the issuing of tax receipts "on the business of liquor-dealing," defies state prohibition. You may say it is not a license, "only a tax on an existing evil." Legally it is not a license, morally it is. It reads: "Received from John Smith the sum of \$25 (or \$100, wholesale or retail, as it may be), for special tax on the business of retail liquor dealer, to be carried on at No. 6 Main street, state of Maine, for the period represented by the coupon or coupons attached." Dated Portland, etc., and signed by the internal revenue collector for the port or district. These are issued in states having prohibitory laws as in others. Morally, is not the United States Government *particeps criminis* with the liquor dealer in breaking the law of his state? What are the possibilities of success through states while the government is multiplying and strengthening the traffic in its larger territory?

My friends, this national issue is before the American people, and "the golden calf is enthroned in the midst of an enslaved and war-fed public opinion. What is to be done? Go in among the worshipers and bow the knee with them in the name of expediency or in the hope of a far away good? God forbid! To the gate, rather, with the

cry of "separation" from this iniquitous traffic. We must *agitate, agitate*, and utter the olden call so loudly that no man shall fail to hear: "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come." Do not, we pray you, O men of God—you at whose feet the women of this nation have sat and listened; you who have been our earthly spiritual guides—charge us with assuming the role of "holier than thou." It is not so. I plead not as one of yourselves, fitted by the training of years, but as a Christian woman, a member of a great organization of Christian women, a very large proportion of whom have been led to this decision; not without struggle, not without full consciousness of the power of education and prejudice; but God spake, we heard His call over and over, and believe He has given us the grace and strength to say: "Behold thy handmaidens!" Our lady of the White House, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, has said: "God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the liquor traffic, and in that cry He makes His argument to men."

I repeat that cry in your presence to-night, because of the commission given us by the Master, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature." We believe this uniting of state and of nation for the immediate overthrow of the liquor traffic, is the gospel of freedom to a dying Republic, and "let all the brave remember when the olden cry had been heard in Israel, the calf was ground to powder."

We praise God prohibition agitation can no more be stopped in this Christian nation in the nineteenth century, than could the anti-slavery agitation in the years gone by.

A dozen years ago an enraged workman kindled a fire in a mine near Wilkesbarre, thinking it could be extinguished at will, but when a stream of water was brought to bear upon it, quickly the heated coals crackled on every side, and the tongues of flame leaped through every crevice. Powder was used, but it opened new channels for the fiery fiend to enter. Dynamite has been tried, but in vain; the fire will burn on and on until the mountain is destroyed. We must have a mighty torrent of public sentiment, with all the powder of state law and the dynamite of national power, to destroy the mountain of the liquor traffic; and to

secure it, we must *educate, educate*, for upon education we depend to make permanent and effective that for which we agitate.

After dwelling upon the vast financial waste of the liquor traffic, and the vast tide of foreigners pouring in upon us like a flood, she said :

As they step upon our shores we meet them with this liquor traffic, which stimulates their passions, weakens their self-control, unfits them for the duties of citizenship and makes of them paupers and criminals. We have opened our arms to receive them, and every consideration of philanthropy and humanity demands that we lift them into a higher manhood, into a nobler womanhood; that we throw about them all reformatory influences. This can only be done through the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic, and the establishment of compulsory education.

Referring to the growing ignorance of the populace in our cities, corrupted by contact with licensed civilized vices, she closed as follows :

Can the Republic be preserved under such conditions? Can such an evil be overcome through the effort of individual states? Nay, though more than *one* were to attain victory each year, the flood tide from abroad would be pouring in, and 1900 with inevitable Communism or Nihilism would be upon us ere all would be reached. How may it be done? Only by the *concentration* of state and national power upon its overthrow, which means the *consecration* of individual power.

It was my privilege a few weeks ago to visit on five consecutive days in the state of New York, churches whose pastors were fully awake to this issue, and whose churches partook largely of their spirit. One minister said to me : " My conversion is recent. I pleaded with a dying soul to come to Christ, when he said : ' I want Christ, I need Him, I know I must be lost without Him, but to-morrow I shall pass my old haunts and the odor of alcohol will make a fiend of me again.' " Said the minister, " The scales were not thicker that fell from Paul's eyes when he

looked upon his Lord, than those which had hidden from me my duty." I met others who did not, and would not, investigate, who held preconceived ideas, who did not desire to listen; but sitting beside one of them, I gave to him the facts I have given to you. Before I left his home, taking my hand, he said: "You are right, right, right; I strike my hand with yours, I bid you tell the truth wherever you go, for through the truth will come freedom." Is it not true when the Christian church throughout the land will stand hand in hand for the overthrow of this iniquity, from the positive pole of God's power will come that current of divine electricity which shall not only quicken His own, but redeem the nation as it shrivels and parches and shatters to atoms this sin? To outstretch the hand may require a consecration such as we have not known since the mothers, wives and sisters, with breaking hearts, bade the loved ones go forth in defense of their country and their homes. God demands such consecration of every Christian to-day; can we refuse? I know the honor of the world may turn into scorn, the hosannas and psalms of to-day may be followed by the Gethsemane and Calvary of to-morrow, but there will surely come the reward, not alone in the perpetuation of the American Republic, but "God will set it on high above all nations of the earth, and all people of the earth shall see that we are called by the name of the Lord, and they shall be afraid."

SHALL THE UNITED STATES ACKNOWLEDGE CHRIST AS
SOVEREIGN?

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CHAUTAUQUA, AUGUST, 1886.

We live in an age of conviction; such as preceded the Cromwellian period, the German Reformation and the late Civil War. It is also an era of activity and of immense responsibility. Professor Austin Phelps has said, "Five hundred years of time in the progress of the world's salvation may depend upon the next twenty years of United States history,"—an utterance which arouses thought and leads us to ask, whether the United States is fulfilling its mission to the world, and its duty to the world's Redeemer?

Born in oppression and nurtured amid difficulties almost insurmountable, the American Republic has grown with

the years and strengthened through the century just closed, until its influence is felt and acknowledged throughout the world.

Mr. Gladstone says we "have a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man." With an area of 3,547,000 square miles of land surface; with a single river, which, with its branches, affords 35,000 miles of navigation; with two rivers conjoined, upon whose waters a steamboat may pass a distance equaling that from New York to Constantinople, we may well believe our *territory* sufficient for all demands.

Our late census accords us 50,000,000 of people; yet in 1879, we not only fed that number, but exported 283,000,000 bushels of grain. Mr. Edward Atkinson, a most reliable authority, estimates that "100,000,000 people could be sustained, without increasing the area of a single farm, or adding one to their number, by merely bringing our product up to our average standard of reasonably good agriculture, and then there might remain for export, twice the quantity we now send abroad to feed the hungry in foreign lands." Yet but one-ninth of our arable land is cultivated.

The bowels of the earth are continually yielding their treasures at our will. In 1880, they brought forth 9,500,000 tons of iron; 55,000,000 tons of coal; 860,000,000 gallons of petroleum, and we have scarcely begun to develop their resources.

With English pluck and Scotch endurance in our veins, climatic influences have so wrought with conditions and circumstances as to produce in three generations a people of clear brain and intellectual activity. We once turned to our ancestors as our superiors in art, science and literature.

From the late "powerful work," entitled "Our Country," by Rev. Josiah Strong of Cincinnati, I learn that at the International Electrical Exposition, in Paris, a few years ago, five gold medals were given for the greatest inventions or discoveries. How many of them, think you, came to the United States? Just *five*. American inventions are more numerous and more valuable than those of other nations, because American mechanics and operatives are the most intelligent of the world. Every honest, industrious man may here make a living and count his surplus. While the manufacturers of France from 1870 to

1880 increased \$230,000,000, those of Germany, \$430,000,000, and those of Great Britain, \$580,000,000, those of the United States increased \$1,030,000,000.

If great area of territory, if rapidly increasing population, if unparalleled development of material wealth and resources, constitute "a basis for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man," Mr. Gladstone's words are indeed true. History, however, teaches us that all these things have tended to the decay of nations and of men; and no thoughtful person can look upon our prosperity and its attendant conditions without alarm.

The United States constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth, and the sovereignty of the people is a conceded axiom. We are called a Christian nation! Surely not because of our freedom from sin, nor from any acknowledgment of Christ in our organic law. The Constitution reads, "We, the *people* of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Nothing suggestive of a divine being is found in the instrument, save the words: "He shall take the following oath or affirmation;" (in whose name it shall be taken, however, it does not state;) the words, "In the year of our Lord," and the exception of the Sabbath from the number of days granted the President for the consideration of a bill.

Dr. Alden, whose writings on the science of government are everywhere accepted, teaches that "Men become members of civil society—of the state—by the act of God." "Government," he says, "is a divine institution—is of divine origin. God is the author of man's nature. Government is the necessary result of that nature. Therefore, government is of God." We distinctly understand that the state is not a sovereign; it is amenable to the national government. Its Constitution must be in harmony with the National Constitution. Is it not equally clear, if "government is of God," He, being "the author of man's nature," that our general government, which is but a compact of states and individuals, is as truly responsible to its Creator,

as the state to the nation? Do not state constitutions harmonize with and declare their allegiance to the National Constitution? Should not the National Constitution as well be in harmony with the law of God, and acknowledge Christ as Sovereign, the United States being part of His universe?

It would seem that Christians need not doubt concerning this, nor wander in any uncertain fields of conjecture. Paul has expressly declared of the second person of the Godhead, "By Him were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible; whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were made by Him and *for* Him." Should not the fundamental law of a nation calling itself Christian so affirm?

It may be said, the Constitution is a document almost sacred to us, and we would have it remain as prepared for us by men whom we honor. True, we revere the men who wrote it, and many associations have made it dear to us; but again and again it has been found necessary to amend it. Its framers were not infallible, and if we with the light of added years, find their work wanting in an essential element, does not the responsibility of its supply rest upon us?

Our forefathers fled from religious oppression and found in this land a home where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. They were true souls, reaching out after God and individual purity; but for years they were stung to the quick by wicked accusations; every power of their being was exercised to maintain physical existence and protect themselves amid bitter persecutions. While true and undefiled religion existed, the logic of events, with victories gained, tended to make them self-reliant, dogmatic, autocratic, and thus their work was of themselves, and for themselves, and they failed to recognize a superior power. We believe none can study their history without coming to this conclusion. Yet, in the providence of God, all things worked together for the establishment of that national independence in which we delight.

Many of us have lately listened to the reading of that wonderful declaration of 1776, and our hearts have offered

their incense of thanksgiving unto Him who inspired its writers. The reference to God in its beginning ; the appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, and the expression of "a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," at its close, are to us an assurance of the Christian character of its authors and of its acceptance and endorsement by God. Its inherent divine power is unconsciously received by us and renders the document immortal.

In 1787 the National Constitution was framed. The Christian may shudder at its godlessness, but cannot wonder, when he remembers that the prayerless element prevailed, and an appeal for God's help was not permitted in the assembly which prepared it. Of that instrument Dr. Horace Bushnell, on the Sabbath after the Bull Run disaster in 1861, said : "Proximately our whole difficulty is an issue forced by slavery ; but if we go back to the deepest root of the trouble, we shall find that it comes of trying to maintain a government without moral ideas, and constitute a loyal feeling around institutions, that, as many reason, are only human compacts, entitled, of course, if that be all, to no feeling of authority, or even of respect. In all these schemings of theory, by which we have been contriving to generate, or have generated, a government without going above humanity, we leave out all moral ideas and take away all true forces necessary to government. Our merely terrene, almost subterranean, always godless fabric, becomes more and more what we have taken it to be in our philosophy." Well may Melville's words addressed to James VI of Scotland, be adapted to us : "Ye are God's silly vassals. There are two kings and two kingdoms in America ; there is king 'people,' the immediate head of the commonwealth, and there is Christ, the king over both the church and the commonwealth : whose *subject* the 'people' is, and of whose kingdom the 'people' is not king, nor lord, nor head, but *subject* only."

The Son of God is upon the throne of the universe, and a just edict has gone forth : "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Him shall perish ; yea, all those kingdoms shall be utterly wasted." Do we stand in danger of punishment ? If so, shall we pursue our evil way unto death ? or shall we bring forth fruit meet for repentance, unto salvation ?

“The religion of a nation is its largest factor.” Jehovah left His throne and sat upon the mount with Moses, not alone to instruct him of the building of the tabernacles, nor of the vestments of the priests, but to write with His own finger upon the tablets of stone, the commandments to which He claims our obedience to-day, and, as well to give him a code of civil law, by which the dealing of friend with friend, brother with brother, was established; and so closely were these interwoven, that they seem as but one to us, and thus Moses spake of them in his farewell to the people: “And it shall come to pass if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all His commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth! And all blessings shall come upon thee and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.”

“The religion of India, a pure pantheism, has produced caste; has influenced the character, fashioned the habits, created the literature and affected the industries of the people. Old Egypt, hoary with antiquity, mother of history, was made by her priests. Only a narrow sea separated Rome and Greece; but their peoples were as unlike as were their religions. Greece, with a religion of culture, produced poets, and artists and philosophers, while Rome, with a religion of law, brought forth lawgivers and warriors. The conception of their deity which these peoples entertained, and of the character of their relation to him, and of their worship, contributed more than all other influences toward making them what they became.” But all these proclaimed to the world their god, his character and their form of religion.

We claim to be a Christian nation, and individuals believe in Christ, who has died for all mankind, but may we not question whether, as a nation, our claim has any foundation? Is not the people our God? Do we not say, this great Republic is the work of our hands? Is it not built by the might of our power, and for the honor of our majesty? If we served Jehovah as our ruler, would not our laws necessarily conform to His decalogue, as do statutory enactments to state and national Constitutions? But alas! our nation has its God! we bow down and worship

it! We take the name of the Lord of heaven and earth in vain! we do not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy! We speak of "Young America" with carelessness, forgetful that often these are they who fail to honor father and mother! Forgetful of divine law, our enactments abet murder, adultery, theft! Our political campaigns are a continual bearing of false witness, and we covet all things for ourselves, even time and place and opportunity to secure our ends! Appetite, avarice and ambition lead us on and when, through all these, one is crowned victor, in political or financial circles, unto him is brought the honor and praise of the people. Is it not so? are not our ears greeted with curses and imprecations as we pass by the way? Have we not sent the Sunday trains whirling through the land? and are not our lakes and rivers made places of Sunday rioting? Are not Sunday mails and Sunday newspapers established facts? In section 525 of the "Postal Laws of the United States" we read, "When the mail arrives on Sunday, he (the postmaster) will keep his post-office open one hour or more after the arrival and assortment thereof, if the public convenience requires it, for the delivery of the same only. If it be received during the time of public worship, the opening of the postoffice will be delayed until the services have closed." Hon. Hiram Price, United States Indian Commissioner, has written that "the Washington office has been kept open all day." Postmaster Pierson, of New York, says, "Half my force are on duty part of the day, and including the branches about seven hundred persons are employed a portion of every Sabbath." Postmaster Palmer, of Chicago, says, "Of my entire number employed, seven hundred and fifty, only thirty-eight are entirely free from Sabbath work." The postmaster of Cleveland, a smaller city, says, "Fifty-nine men are on duty Sabbath forenoons and twenty-three in the afternoons, and mails are received and forwarded the same as on weekdays." On that holy day, baseball, fights of beasts and of men, horse-racing, theatres and evil amusements are common in our cities and at public resorts; while the cars and mails are patronized, newspapers are printed, purchased and read; dinners are given and visiting is frequent among at least nominally Christian people."

A large proportion of Sabbath breakers are intemperate and freely exercise the liberty given them by the government, for a stipulated sum, to sell and to drink intoxicants; for license to sell practically licenses whoever will to drink. A public place of entertainment could not be supported on the Sabbath day without intoxicating liquor. I by no means assert that all attendants use it, but the larger number do thus stimulate their passions to the enjoyment of such occasions, and to entrance into their various features.

Millions of drinking, Sabbath desecrating foreigners come to our shores,—a living stream of humanity, ever flowing through the years. They come utterly ignorant of Republican institutions and with false ideas of human liberty. We meet them with this crime-bleeding liquor traffic, and surround them with every corrupting and vitiating influence.

Yet thus environed, we demand of them obedience to our laws. They soon rebel, considering each man equal to any other in this government of man. They say, Why should one become subservient to his equals? The cry of equality is heard on every hand, a natural result of a political compact without an omnipotent sovereign. During the late strike among iron workers in Cleveland, they frequently marched the streets, with the red flag, bearing the old Robespierrean motto, "Fraternity, Liberty and Equality."

Attempt to hold such within bounds, or talk of restriction by law, and they prate of personal liberty, regardless of its interference with the rights of their neighbors. Under restraint they join hands with their kind, and from this union evolve socialism, anarchy and revolution. All these are fed in turn by legalized liquid fire, and are made factors in the hands of unscrupulous politicians, in turning the scale at elections, in Congress, in state legislatures, in political caucuses and conventions. They are tools in the hands of politicians and monopolists. The nation writhes beneath their inflictions, but is not ready to institute or support measures to change these tools into men, lest it thwart other machinations and crush selfish ambitions. We have been somewhat conscious of this

undercurrent for years, but man being omnipotent in this commonwealth, not until threatened with overthrow so forcibly that none could fail to recognize it, has the alarm been sounded. When the socialists of Chicago, in public meeting, declared, "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as hogs"; "All Chicago can be set ablaze in a minute by electricity"; "Private property must be abolished, if we have to use all the dynamite there is and blow ninety-nine hundredths of the people off the face of the earth," the people trembled.

The conditions are in harmony with the demand of some religionists, that the Bible be excluded from the public schools, and renders compliance with such demand a possibility; for so long as our Constitution remains as it is, the words of Holy Writ read daily in our institutions of learning must be an oft-repeated condemnation. Well do the enemies of truth realize that the Christianity which pervades our individual and home life has its promised relation to our children; and were the question, "What think ye of Christ?" to be presented with secular teaching, their effort to "Away with Him" and His Word would be futile. Is it not true that in ratio with our desire for God's blessing upon our children, will be our effort to insure the Bible a permanent, undisputed, honored place in our educational institutions and the proclamation of its divine authorship and authority in our organic law? We are not dealing to-day with the few, nor with redeemed people, who are seeking for Christian liberty and Christian homes; but with the great hungry masses, who are crying for bread; crying unto us, with whom is not the falling of the rain, nor the coming of the sunshine. We cannot point them to the Lord of the harvest, who hears the ravens when they cry and much more those made in His own image; whom we acknowledge as our national King, and of whose supply of our needs we have promise, because we are His obedient subjects. Do you not think it would be easier and far less expensive to do duty than to neglect it? To meet all this pressure, will it not be wiser to turn unto God and bring unto Him an accepted sacrifice?

In every hour of national sorrow or necessity we reach out our hand to those about us. The bond of humanity

makes itself felt. Think of our pitiful condition! Hand touches hand, but there is no link that binds us to the divine. Let civil war fasten upon us; let the chief officer of our nation be stricken down, and we cry unto God, knowing that from Him alone can come help. Is it not time that this consciousness, which involuntarily leads us, shall have voluntary expression in our fundamental law? Shall we not so amend our national Constitution that the world shall know that we acknowledge Christ as our Ruler, as the head of our nation, and in His name, and for His glory, shall not "We, the people, in order to form a more perfect union," thus "ordain"? While we render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, shall we not render unto God the things that are God's?

"By me," He says, "kings reign and princes decree justice." "By me princes rule and nobles, even all the judges of the earth." And He said of a nation that served Him not, "I will cast thee out and the mother that bare thee, into another country where ye were not born and there ye shall die."

Some may ask, will thus amending the Constitution make us a Christian people? Would that it might; but not then would we be individually saved. It would, however, be the turning of a nation unto God. Who can estimate the result of the lifting of the eyes of the whole people unto Him? An amendment to the national Constitution requires the endorsement of two-thirds of the states, to become law. Although the action must be taken by state legislative bodies, let such an amendment be submitted, and it would become the paramount issue at the election of legislators and thus God would be in the thought, and His name upon the lip of every man. May not this be the way opened to us? How to bring the gospel of Christ to the masses, has been and is, the vexing problem of the church. Would not the problem be solved? Yea, Christ would then be lifted up, even as the serpent in the wilderness, and would we not have right to claim the fulfillment of the promise, that "He will draw all men unto Himself"?

Gog and Magog would be arrayed against it, but, "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves be-

ing judges ;" and hear the word He hath spoken, " I am He, and there is no God with me. I kill and I make alive ; I wound, and I heal ; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand." And in considering the submission of such an amendment, we may use the very argument used by Moses, in his song containing these words of Jehovah, " For it is not a vain thing for you ; because it is your life : and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land." How prayerfulness would be stimulated ! Conscience would press the words, " If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him." Then would there be searching of heart, as David's, of which we learn in the fifty-first Psalm. Prayer would bring faith and the power of the Spirit : and when such power shall rest upon the children of God, there will " be added to the church daily such as shall be saved."

The National Reform Association makes this plea in the name of the Lord and His suffering ones. It asks the prayerful consideration of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, by which if adopted, we, the people, will crown Christ the Lord, as our rightful Sovereign.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, pursuing its work " For God and Home and Native Land," in thirty-nine departments of reform, can but see that were a nation to be thus aroused, were it to make such acknowledgment at the ballot-box, the laws of our land would ere long be truly " founded on the old Mosaic ritual." Then we *could* have no other God. Unto the Lord Jehovah would we bow. Should we take His name in vain, or fail to keep the Sabbath day holy, we would be criminals. No more regulation and restriction only of the liquor traffic, but in harmony with the divine Constitution, which prohibits all things harmful to God's creatures, there would be complete prohibition. Learning of God would lead us to honor father and mother ; while murder and adultery and theft would be heinous in our eyes. Remembering " the pit from whence we were dug," how could we bear false witness against our neighbor, or covet his goods ? Do you ask if I think the millennium is to be hastened by the adoption of such an amendment ? May I not ask, in reply, if we

would not, by such action, turn our back upon the sin of the past and our face toward God, and thus walking do our part toward hastening on that glorious day?

If this Republic is to stand, it must be with feet of granite, planted on everlasting foundations. If it is to stand *secure*, it must be by the fine gold of thought, the silver of purity, the brass of endurance, the iron of solidity, taking the place of the mire and the clay. It must be sound through and through, and the government must be on His shoulders, who is the Christ; and we must crown Him King of kings and Lord of lords.

From an item in the *Christian Statesman* (Nation), we learn that Mrs. Woodbridge was for years one of the executive committee of the National Reform Association, and that her successor was elected December 20, 1894.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We have given hostages, not to fortune but to humanity. We are building better than we know. We stand not only for the cause of temperance, but for the diviner womanhood that shall ere long bring in the era of "sweeter manners, purer laws." We stand for the mighty forces that level up, not down, and which shall draw manhood up to woman's standard of purity in the personal conduct of life. We are the prophets of a time when the present fashionable frivolities of women and moneyworship of men shall find themselves confronted by God's higher law of a complete humanity resulting from :

"Two heads in counsel ; two beside the hearth ;
Two in the noisy business of the world.
Two in the liberal offices of life ;
Two plummets dropped
To sound the abyss of science and the secrets of the mind."

For the world begins to see that

"No lasting links to bind two souls are wrought,
Where passion takes no deeper cast from thought."

In all this wondrous battle let our motto be, "Womanliness first ; afterward what you will." Let us follow with unchanged devotion the gleaming cross of Him "Who is holiest among the mighty, and mightiest among the holy," even that loving Christ whose gospel raises woman up, and with her lifts toward heaven the world !

"The combat deepens ; on, ye braves !
The battle is not yours but God's."

—*Frances E. Willard.*

THIS is a subject on which Mrs. Woodbridge for years never dreamed of publicly expressing an opinion. Her whole nature instinctively shrank from it. Before she ever thought of leaving the privacy of domestic life she had read in a thousand papers and books thrusts at the un-womanliness of the advocates of female suffrage. Whether these criticisms were ever deserved or not made no differ-

ence whatever. Her dignified, queenly soul felt an abhorrence of anything that had the taint of unwomanliness. It is safe to say that no human being ever sat in an audience that Mrs. Woodbridge addressed without being profoundly impressed with her charming and gracious presence, and saying inwardly, "Behold a royal woman!"

No doubt the fact above mentioned deterred her for years, as it does thousands of other women, from a critical study of the subject. Mrs. Woodbridge often discussed the theme in a casual way with the writer. Neither of us had then reached a conclusion. The leaven was at work; but the dread of being other than God would have her be—"pure womanly"—hung like a ghostly shadow over the subject and frightened her away. But the womanly heart, touched with a Christ-like pity for a sin-cursed humanity in a country where the ballot is the expression of wish and will, character and prayer, the final registry of influence and sovereign power, could not always be frightened by a ghost. The exigencies of moral reforms forced her to think long, consecutively, logically, on her knees as usual—think until she reached a conclusion.

There is a photograph of a group of five persons belonging to Mrs. Woodbridge, lying here on her table before me, which mutely but eloquently tells the conclusion to which she came. In the upper lefthand corner is the picture of an idiot; in the upper righthand corner a prisoner in stripes; in the lower lefthand corner an Indian bravely decked in paint and feathers, with a necklace of bear's claws; in the righthand corner, a lunatic with wild eye and disheveled hair, clutching a stick and waving a battered hat in fantastic defiance of an imaginary something; and in the center, Mrs. Woodbridge's honored friend, "the uncrowned queen of America"—Frances E. Willard! Underneath the picture is written the interpretation, "American Woman and her Political Peers."

In other words, the most cultured women of our land are exactly equal, in the eye of the law that regulates American suffrage, to idiots, prisoners, Indians and lunatics. The immortal author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" can not vote, while the black, ignorant freedman who grooms her horse, can. The woman who owns squares of property in the heart of Chicago, covered with granite structures, ten stories high, and has millions of taxable property, can not vote, while the male street-scavenger or rag-picker can. The woman who wears the title of LL.D. after her name, and would be a fit associate of Plato or Aristotle, can not vote, while a male biped, who scarcely knows enough to go in when it rains, is honored with the ballot. The woman whose ancestry for six or eight generations have been making the best history of this country and fathering educational laws in legislative halls, whose shoulders supported a Websterian brain, and whose saintly life would have made her a beloved of the apostle Paul, could not vote ; while foreigners of a few months' residence who cannot read a ballot, and who have formed their characters in the slums and jails and almshouses of Europe, are dignified with the rights of citizenship, and permitted to guide the destinies of the nation ! It is this insult to womanhood, this mockery of reason, this outrage upon justice and travesty of Republican institutions, that sooner or later shocks the thoughtful woman, and opens her eyes to the wisdom, propriety and necessity of woman suffrage. American womanhood is not always going to be frightened by a spook of man's invention.

There lie before me two letters written to Mrs. Woodbridge in the autumn of 1887 by one in authority, asking her to address the coming meeting of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party on "Woman Suffrage, its Relation to the Prohibition Party."

Mrs. Woodbridge answered the first letter, modestly pleading unfamiliarity with the subject which she had never discussed, and suggesting other women who had made the theme a specialty. The answer came back : "The topic is the most difficult before the conference. We can not afford to have the question treated by any other than one whose recognized position commands a hearing. We carefully went over the list and after mature deliberation fixed on you to open the discussion. You may select your own way to open it."

She finally consented and delivered the following address in Chicago, December 1, 1887.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND PROHIBITION.

WHY THE TWO MOVEMENTS ARE MUTUALLY DEPENDENT AND SHOULD KEEP COMPANY.

At this important period of our national and political existence, twenty minutes are few in which to discuss so momentous a topic as "The Proper Attitude of the Prohibition Party Toward Woman Suffrage." Therefore, from the standpoint of justice and righteousness, as God gives me to see it, I present several propositions which I briefly support. I premise there are not many before me who deny the right of woman to franchise ; few who would not say with George William Curtis, "Women have quite as much interest in good government as men, and I have never heard any satisfactory reason for excluding them from the ballot-box." There may, however, be some who have conscientious scruples concerning it ; who really believe a loss of womanliness would be the sequence. What women are more advanced in this line of thought and effort than the leaders of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union ? Is Frances E. Willard, whom you so honored as she stood before you last evening, unwomanly ? and does not she lead the host ? Do you say she has not been at the ballot-box ? She pleads for the privilege !

Are the polls worse than the saloons where she and other women have been ? Have you seen less to admire and love in those women who once sat in their own homes "at the feet of Jesus and learned of Him," but who in the

day of crusade blessing in 1874, realized for the first time the indwelling power of Christ, and entered the very gates of hell to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the dying? In that "the love of Christ constraining," I stand before you to represent the great body of women who ask not alone recognition by the Prohibition party on the basis of constitutional and moral right, but for the handclasp with the forgotten half of the home, which will be the fulfilment of God's order of duality and yet of unity—"the two in one," which will lift this government upon the shoulders of Him who is Wonderful, the Counsellor, that Christ may be crowned our Sovereign, and His law be our rule of governmental as of individual action.

We ask the recognition of women as equal with yourselves in all the functions of government, that politics, now represented by the saloon, through ministers and brewers, Christian laymen and anarchists, who cast their ballots for the licensed perpetuation of the liquor traffic, "may be redeemed from the prince of this world and given into the hands of our Lord."

In so doing we but express the oft-repeated belief of our enemy, that nothing will so successfully antagonize his interest, and build up the cause of righteousness as the ballot in the hands of women. Do you say, "Women are not equal to its exercise?" "A republic," says Guizot, "requires the highest degree of intelligence and virtue." No one denies that the virtue of the nation is largely with its women. Look into the state prisons—forty men to one woman! But more than two-thirds of the church membership are women, and if the law of the land was as that of my state of Massachusetts in its early years, only church members being allowed to vote, this would be a government of women. If the church is to be a power through which the purpose of God for the redemption of the world is to be accomplished, woman, who is so large a factor in that organization, should have every opportunity to impress her personality upon society and government.

But not the virtue alone; the intelligence as well, in a ratio exceeding the increase of our population, is with women. Three times as many girls as boys graduate at our high schools, and so likewise the number of young women entering our higher institutions of learning is more and more.

Some tell us, "men are more willing to grant the ballot than women to accept it." A mistaken thought, we believe, save where the ballot is so restricted that the difficulties attending its use are greater than the good that may be accomplished through it. The municipal ballot was given to women in Kansas scarcely a month before they were called to cast it. Yet Hon. F. G. Adams, secretary of the state historical society, says: "It is no longer a question whether women want to vote. They do want to vote. This is proven by the fact that they have voted at the first opportunity given them. They voted with an intelligent, zealous, earnest interest in the good of the community in which they have their homes. If the issue involved in any town was one affecting merely the local material interest of the community, they voted with good judgment and for the common welfare. If the question was one of better school management, they voted for the best; if it was for street, sanitary or other reforms, they voted prudently for what it would seem the good of all demanded.

"If it was for a change of an administration notoriously involved in speculations with waterworks or other corporations, they voted to deliver the city from such corrupt entanglement. If political parties, controlled by saloon influences, put up candidates with the odor of whisky upon their garments, the women rebuked the party managers, and voted for candidates who would better promote the welfare of the community. In every instance they voted for home and fireside, for the freeing of the community from those demoralizing influences and temptations from which every good woman would deliver those of her own household."

Lifelong opponents of impartial suffrage are won to its advocacy whenever they become eye-witnesses of its exercise and the results therefrom.

The editor of the Rawlins (Wyoming) *Journal* writes: "Woman suffrage has elevated politics, had a beneficial influence in the way of temperance, and makes our elections as quiet as a Sunday-school. If the question of woman suffrage were to-day left to the vote of the people of the territory, four out of five would vote for its continuance: and among the best people there is not one in fifty

who is not in favor of it. Woman suffrage is very popular. There has been no opposition to it since the first year; and the men who opposed it then are among the warmest supporters now, the writer among the number."

"The city election last Monday," says the *Seattle Mirror*, "was for more reasons than one the most important ever held in Seattle. The presence of women at the voting places had the effect of preventing the disgraceful proceedings usually seen. It was the first election in the city where women could vote, and the first where the gambling and liquor fraternity, which had so long controlled the municipal government to an enormous extent, suffered defeat."

The *Olympia Transcript*, which had thrown all its influence against the law, said: "The result shows that all parties must put up good men, if they expect to elect them. They cannot do as they have in the past—nominate any candidate and nominate them by the force of the party lash."

Women who are indifferent, or who do not want the ballot, "have not considered its power to bless the world, what large beneficent measures may be reached, and only reached through it; have not been touched by the heavenly vision of a government based on equal rights and uniform justice." What, think you, would have been Atlanta's verdict last week had women had the right of franchise? Joseph Cook has said: "Voting would increase the intelligence of women, and be a powerful stimulus to female education. It would enable women to protect their own industrial, social, moral and educational rights." Yet, it is not woman's good alone that we seek, but the common good. Mr. Cook has added, "Woman's vote would be to the vices in our great cities what the lightning is to the oak." All injustice works loss, and to-day the nation, yea, all humanity, suffers loss from the domination of the liquor traffic, through the injustice done to woman. We sometimes hear: "Bad women will combine and carry bad measures." Are there not bad men, and do not they combine? But as good women preponderate, would not their union with good men overthrow the evil combination?

In 1883 the women of Ohio prosecuted a campaign in the interest of prohibitory constitutional amendment; but

were not permitted to crystallize their thought and effort into law at the ballot-box. The result you know. By the combination of evil forces their labor was rendered futile. Would it have been thus if the tens of thousands of women who worked and prayed had voted? From that day innumerable women who, with agonized hearts had seen the saloon antagonize the interest of their home, have believed that as queen of her home, each woman should be crowned with the prerogative of citizenship for the protection and safety of her kingdom.

The Prohibition party is the only political organization demanding the annihilation of the liquor traffic. A vast majority of women are in harmony with this demand, and naturally become allies of the party. Women are on its National and executive committees; they are sought for service in all party lines and are acknowledged equal thereto. Is it not, then, strange that after years of party endorsement of her equality, this discussion should be heard? Answer comes clearly: "We believe all you have said, but we seriously doubt the advisability of reuniting the two issues in one great movement, believing that but one great issue can be carried at one time." Does history so attest?

The National Republican party was formed in 1854, for the specific purpose of restricting slavery; but side by side with this issue, they placed in their platform in 1856 their platform planks concerning "Polygamy, the Pacific Railroad, and River and Harbor Appropriations." In 1860, at a crucial period, these so-called "side issues" were doubled in number, there being added declarations on Tariff, Homesteads, and Naturalization. As a matter of political history, while it is true that public thought will be mainly engrossed by one idea, it is not true that but one reform can be or has been carried by a party at one time.

The Republican party elected Abraham Lincoln on its policy of opposition to the extension of slavery. It was soon called to face a totally different issue, that of rebellion. What more natural than that a party composed of men of strong moral convictions on one subject should be adapted to settle other moral questions? So it proved, and the Republican party preserved the Union. It abolished

slavery where it existed under the Constitution, a measure which it had not proposed to carry out. It inaugurated a system of tariff. It created a national currency, and carried other measures of national importance very distinct from each other.

The same is true of the Liberal party in England, of the Puritans in the time of Cromwell, and of every great moral party. Practically it is never true that a great party carries but one reform at a time. Who so well prepared to carry the needed reforms as a party of clear-headed, conscientious people, who are right on the dominant issue of the age? Disaster often attends refusal to accept collateral issues. The very plea we make to-day was made to the Free Soil party in 1848, and Salmon P. Chase and Benjamin F. Wade pleaded earnestly that it be regarded. Mr. Chase said: "I think there will be no end to the good that will come by woman suffrage, on the elected, on the elections, on government and on woman herself." While Mr. Wade's words were: "Every argument that can be adduced to prove that males should have the right to vote applies with equal force to prove that females should have the same right," but *they could not carry two great issues!* That party was of short duration, becoming a part of the great Republican party, upon which was pressed the *temperance* question. They did not refuse to listen, but *could not add another issue*. Indeed, they positively promised future action, but the laws upon our statute books, allowing the use of intoxicants upon the battlefield and in hospitals (which, had the party espoused the cause, could have easily been repealed), multiplied the drunkenness of our people. To satisfy this new and constantly increasing constituency seemed a political necessity, and in 1863, promises to temperance people forgotten, a treaty was made with the enemy by the party then in the control of the government, which has been repeatedly satisfied. Probably there is no one within hearing of my voice who does not believe that this is the rock upon which the Republican ship of state will be forever stranded. If the Prohibition party is to be a great national party, we believe it cannot, if it would, avoid all other issues than the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Therefore we insist that "the attitude of the Prohibition party toward woman suffrage" should be in harmony with

the utterance of Ohio's noble prohibition pioneer, Hon. Gideon T. Stewart. "Where," said he, "is the safety of a Republic which creates a ruling caste, and robs one-half of its citizen sovereigns of all power in the government because they are not of the same sex as the other half? Every such violation of the fundamental law of liberty and equality tends to the rapid ruin of Republican institutions. Woe to us if the despotism of sex is to decide the destinies of the Republic."

We ask this: 1. Because of woman's relation to the temperance reform. Never until the Spirit of God came down upon Ohio women in the Crusade baptism of Pentecostal power, was the question lifted to a level with the eyes of the civilized world. Have women been found wanting in the intervening years, going from one point to another, as men often do from one party to another? Nay, through scorn, through contempt, through misrepresentation, they have stood for God and Home and Native Land. Has not the last election proved that such an unswerving element is needed in the Prohibition party?

2. We do not ask a new departure—that the party will take on a new and possibly diverting issue. The casting out of the woman suffrage plank would be a change of the base upon which the party has won its present position; and, without doubt, more prominence would be given it than by leaving it in its subordinate place in the platform.

3. It is often alleged that certain men will not join the ranks if such indorsement continues! Are they better than their contemporaries? Is it not manifest that their opposition to the enfranchisement of woman is stronger than their hatred of the liquor traffic and their desire for its prohibition? When among the advocates of impartial suffrage we may name John Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Salmon P. Chase, Benjamin F. Wade, Henry W. Blair, Geo. F. Hoar, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Bishop Simpson, Bishop Bowman, Bishop Fowler, Bishop Hurst, Bishop Gilbert Haven, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Cook, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a host of others equally great and good, may we not believe that others will follow? If on the ground of policy

and not because of changed convictions the plank is cast out will there not be attack from two directions? Will not Republicans say, "Look upon the party that talks of convictions, which urges voters to leave victorious ranks and stand alone for conscience' sake! See this party dropping its convictions upon woman suffrage because it finds them unpopular!" And will not southern Democrats, beholding the act, at once say to their brethren, "The northern and controlling wing of the party believes in impartial suffrage, and the plank has been cast from its platform only because it fears that you will not enter its ranks; but when through your aid the power is theirs, they will surely carry their scheme." Will it not be far better to stand, and, when the principle is challenged, join issue with opponents and show that reason, justice, the Declaration of Independence, the theory of Republican government, the Golden Rule, the New Testament and the example of Christ are in its favor? A leading minister, also a leading Prohibitionist and impartial suffragist, has written me: "I can confound opponents and win the people more easily on suffrage than on prohibition. Impartial suffrage is in harmony with American theories of government, and is the necessary outcome of applying principles of government everywhere admitted among us; while prohibition at first seems contrary to our traditions of individual liberty."

4. Most Prohibitionists will admit that woman suffrage must come before prohibition secures its complete triumph. As Prohibitionists come in sight of possible victory in some states, they see that a long, desperate fight is before them after political power is gained. A determined minority, able lawyers, immense financial resources, the habits and inbred appetites of generations, the example of other states not yet won, the collusion of the victim with the seller to shield the victim—all these will make a desperate contest. The lines of battle will waver and sometimes fall back unless, as soon as a legislature is favorable, woman is enfranchised, and thus an overwhelming majority is secured. May not this good time be hastened by a party endorsement of the submission of an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting any distinction of sex by the several states in the enfranchisement of their citizens? The

emancipation of the political power of women is as essential to triumph over the liquor traffic as the emancipation of the slaves was to the triumph of the Union army.

5. Since impartial suffrage is wrapped up in prohibition as a means to an end, is it not more honest to admit it in the party platform and in addresses and win opponents to this reform also, than to gain a legislature of the people by prohibition arguments and then thrust impartial suffrage upon unprepared constituents as a necessary means to an end?

6. This seems to us to be the only honorable course open to the party. In a Prohibition platform may be found these words: "We acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all authority in civil government, and Christ as the King of all nations. We believe that all human enactments should conform to His will." If a party making such declarations violates a principle of justice and right for the sake of expediency, what must be the result? Inevitably a cooling of ardor among its friends, a lessening of enthusiasm, a loss of confidence, until the agonized mother-heart of the nation will join with its manhood standing upon God's eternal truth in unceasing cry to Jehovah for a party, in which there shall be "neither bond nor free, male nor female," but all shall have part in the healing of the nation. God grant that such cry may never be, because this party now is, and its name is Prohibition.

At the close of her address Dr. I. K. Funk, of the *Voice*, said:

"We have had our age of stone and of iron, and our golden age; and now before us, just before us, is the age of the Spirit. In that age woman will be a prophet and priest. It is not the gathering of darkness—the sun has not said good-night; it is the breaking of a new day—the sun is kissing the earth good-morning."

It is needless to say that this lucid argument carried the day, sweeping all opposition before it. It was a surprise to the public; many even of her intimate friends never having heard her express an opinion on the subject.

In the autumn of 1894 Mrs. Woodbridge was asked to

deliver the annual address before the South Dakota W. C. T. U. Convention. Less than a week before she was to start for the convention she received a request to speak on suffrage. She regretted the choice of this subject, as it was not with her a favorite theme, nor one she often discussed. But she complied with the request, and we have found among her papers a sketch in lead pencil of at least a part of that address. She always spoke without notes, and easily added any fresh material which the inspiration of the occasion might suggest. But this is undoubtedly "for substance of doctrine," a portion of this speech, which was one of her last.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Men and women alike are awakening to the necessity of a new political factor to overcome the continually increasing and degrading power of a liquor oligarchy; and in their arrest of thought, they proclaim their convictions to listening ears and thoughtful minds, and neither man nor woman suffers thereby. Lucy Stone has told us that years ago, when about to hold a meeting in Malden, Mass., the pastor of the Congregational church being asked to give notice of the meeting, which was under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips being officers of the society, he held up the notice to hide his face, and said: "I am requested to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the town hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody who wants to have that kind of music will of course attend." The consequence was she had a large meeting; everybody came, for everybody wanted to hear the crow. A better advertisement could not have been given, whatever may have been the minister's intention. Augmenting numbers are now recognizing that, if there be any principle upon which our form of government is founded, and wherein it varies from aristocracies, monarchies and despotisms, that principle is that every human being of mature powers, not disqualified by ignorance, vice or crime, is under the law the equal of any other such individual, and is equally entitled to all rights and privileges of citizenship.

We are told that women are represented by men. I appeal to you all—is there usually council between the adult members of a family, men and women, on the eve of an election concerning the casting of the ballot by the family representatives? I have in mind a friend, a minister of the gospel, who tells how long he stood in just that attitude, and when his wife and daughter expressed their desire for the ballot, that they might the more effectively aid in molding the government policy, he repeatedly replied: "You have a husband and father who represents you." Election morning came, and, about to leave his home, the daughter said, "Just a moment, father; where are you going?" He replied as she expected, "I am going to the polls." She said, "Father, you often tell us that mother and I are represented there by you,—will you please remember that two-thirds of this family are Prohibitionists?" That man went his way, and says he had no thought of voting other than his party ticket, but there was an arrest of thought; conviction that he had not so much as considered the opinions of his wife and daughter seized him, and he walked to and fro, two long hours before prejudice, habit and dread of what others might say were overcome, and he acted as a true representative of wife and daughter. Had the three possessed the ballot, how it would have counted for righteousness!

Woman being made an equal factor with man, the latter is less likely to vote blindly, indifferently a straight party ticket, let the character of the candidates be what it may. The moral influence of woman under such condition would be felt not alone through her ballot but through that of men as well. Twelve municipalities of Illinois at one time gave women the right to vote on temperance under a local option law. Every town was carried for prohibition, though some were river towns, one, of such character that it was not considered safe for boats to remain there over night. As voters entered the polling place, the ballot box for prohibition was appropriately on the right; the license box upon the left. Gentlemen escorting ladies naturally turned upon entrance to the right, and there men and women largely cast their ballot, as proven upon count. It was found that a majority of the votes of men had been thus cast, though license had always before prevailed. In

the largest town, but one woman voted with the rabble for license. A new era dawned. Why? Because of woman's presence. What good man could see his wife voting for a great moral issue (and every election in a republic must present a moral issue) and deliberately cast his vote in opposition to hers?

You may say these are special cases, chosen for illustration. Always, thus far, woman suffrage has proven a success. Most heartily the governors of Wyoming and Washington have endorsed the results of woman's enfranchisement in their states. The municipal ballot of Kansas has, in spite of all party opposition and determination to undermine and overthrow the prohibitory law, maintained it in numberless places. An incident which transpired when I was in the state is proof. In one of their small cities there was high dudgeon among men, because the right of suffrage was given to woman, and they determined not to appear at the caucus. The preliminary was well attended, but mostly by lookers on. Thirty women and twenty men took part. Eight men voted for one candidate, twelve men for another; the thirty women voted for a third, who was a man of unspotted character, for whose consent to run they had labored for days, and whom the people immediately recognized as a nominee whom they gladly made their mayor.

While women are excluded from suffrage the trust of administering justice for all is with men, as a monarch is wont to act under other than republican forms of government. But if it be true that all just government is founded upon the consent of the governed, then the government of woman by man without her consent, all other requirements being met,—is a violation of natural right, and an enforcement of servitude and slavery. The unconsenting subject is *ruled, and not represented.*

It is sometimes claimed that the duties of motherhood disqualify for the act of voting. It cannot be, and I think is not claimed by any one, that the mother who otherwise would be fit to vote, is rendered mentally or morally less fit to exercise this high function in the state because of motherhood. On the contrary, if any woman has a motive more than another person, man or woman, to secure the enactment and the enforcement of good laws, it is the

mother, who, beside her own life, person and property, to the protection of which the ballot is as essential to her as to man, has her little contingent of immortal beings to conduct safely to the portals of active life through all the snares and pitfalls woven around them. Not more than one-half the female population of voting age is liable to this objection. Then why disfranchise the 7,500,000, the other half to whom the objection does not apply at all? and these, too, as a class, the most mature and intelligent and therefore the best qualified to vote of any of their sex. But how much is there in this objection of want of time to vote in its application to women who are bearing and training the coming millions?

That same mother will attend church at least forty times yearly on the average from her cradle to her grave, besides an infinity of other social, religious and industrial obligations, which she performs and assumes to perform, because she is a married woman and mother, rather than for any other reason whatever. Yet it is proposed to deprive women—yes, all women alike—of an inestimable privilege and the chief power which can be exercised by any free individual in the state for the reason that on any given day of election not more than one woman in twenty of voting age will probably *not be able* to reach the polls!

Then, too, we are told that husband and wife will disagree and thus suffrage will destroy the family and ruin society. If a married couple will quarrel at all, they will find the occasion, and it were fortunate indeed if their contention might concern important affairs. There is no peace in the family save where love is, and the same spirit which enables the husband and wife to enforce the toleration act between themselves in religious matters, will keep the peace between them in political discussions. At all events this argument is unworthy of notice at all unless we are to push it to its logical conclusion, and, for the sake of peace in the family, prohibit women absolutely the exercise of freedom of thought and speech. Men live with their countrymen and disagree with them in politics, religion, and ten thousand of the affairs of life, as often the trifling as the important. What harm then if a woman be allowed her vote upon the tariff, education, temperance,

peace and war, and whatever else the suffrage decides, and disagree with her neighbors? Besides, will not the serious, sober consideration of these matters together tend to a wise conclusion on the part of both?

But we are told that no government of which we have authentic history ever gave to woman a share in the sovereignty. This is not true, for the annals of monarchies and despotisms have been rendered illustrious by queens of surpassing brilliance and power. But even if it be true that no republic ever enfranchised woman with the ballot, so until within one hundred years universal or general suffrage was unknown among men. Has the millennium yet dawned? Is all progress at an end? If that which is, should therefore remain, why abolish the slavery of men?

Popular approval of the ballot for woman is constantly increasing. Men and women are demanding that she shall be granted the opportunity to try her case before the American people. Many, who once knew it should not be, are now uncertain. This is one of the most encouraging features of the times. There is a natural opposition to radical changes. Education, prejudice and environment often stand in the way. We realize that reforms often lead to revolution, and revolution means the outgoing of the old and the incoming of the new. Hence, there are many honest doubters who for a time stand still; yet all reforms are made victorious by the increase of their number and their aggregation at the focus of power, wherever and whatever it may be.

Thomas, our Lord's disciple, doubted that his brethren had seen the Lord in his absence, and declared that he would not believe until he had thrust his finger into the prints of the nails in His hands and into the wound of His side. But when he heard this at his following visit, it was enough. His heart leaped for joy as he, too, declared a risen Saviour. Copernicus and Galileo doubted the belief of their age that the earth was flat, and pressed their investigations until its rotundity was proven. Columbus was a target for the scorn and contempt of the people; but by persevering continuance, he won the honor of the world, and America is his monument. Luther, a monk in a German monastery, and Calvin, a parish priest, doubted the right of the Pope to sell indulgences for the building of

St. Peter's, and bursting the bonds of education and prejudice, the one led to the great Reformation, the other to the establishing of the faith of many. John Wesley and William Lloyd Garrison came through doubt to knowledge; and, tell me, what would the world be to-day, if they had not stood through contumely and scorn and persecution, true to their convictions? That honest doubters may reach the light, I proclaim the truth to-night, as God gives me to see the truth. If some entered this house opposed to this great reform and pass from it doubters, we praise the Lord, knowing that from both these classes will come added forces that will hasten the victory.

Mrs. Woodbridge made so profound an impression upon her audience, that on the Sabbath following the suffrage address, she spoke twice to the same people. Sunday evening she was greeted with the largest audience that ever attempted to crowd into the opera house. Every foot of available space was occupied, and hundreds despaired of admission and turned away.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADDRESSES IN BUFFALO ON "THE NATION'S PERIL," AND IN CLEVELAND BEFORE THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

They go from strength to strength.—*Psalmist.*

First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.—
Jesus.

Build thee more stately mausions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service. And, looking higher still, we find those who never wait till their moral work accumulates, and who reward resolution with no rest; with whom, therefore, the alternation is instantaneous and constant; who do the good only to see the better, and see the better only to achieve it; who are too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse, too earnest for repose; whose worship is action, and whose action ceaseless aspiration."*

WE find in her home among the innumerable press notices of Mrs. Woodbridge's speeches, the following report in a Buffalo paper of a speech delivered in that city, some time in February, 1886. This speech was delivered in the afternoon, followed by another in the evening, of which we find no report. These speeches were delivered by her under the auspices of the Woman's Prohibition Alliance.

THE NATION'S PERIL.

The temperance question, in its relation to the life of the nation, is the greatest issue before the American people,

* This also was marked in one of Mrs. Woodbridge's books of devotion. Was ever woman filled with a diviner dissatisfaction with self? Did ever one build higher and faster than did "Our Mary" during her last twenty years?

to the consideration of which men and women are alike called. Joseph Cook has said: "From God and our record we can never separate ourselves." The nation's record of the liquor traffic is fearful to contemplate, from which we would gladly be free were it possible. The interest of all men in this question is constantly increasing; defenders and opposers alike have eyes and thoughts riveted upon this traffic, which is fraught with such peril to every family in the land.

There is an old Indian legend that a morsel of a dwarf once presented himself to a king and asked the gift of all he might cover with three strides. The king looked upon him and seeing his exceeding smallness, granted the request, whereupon that dwarf shot into a monster giant. With one stride he covered the sea, with another the land, and with a third he overthrew the king and sat upon his throne.

With the founding of this government a hideous dwarf gained foothold, whose dimensions to-day exceed our power of measurement. Like that old Indian giant he has strode over sea and land, but unlike him has permitted the king to keep his throne, yet rules him with a rod of iron thrice heated in furnace financial, commercial and political, until the United States, though under other name and nominal rule, is a kingdom over which alcohol holds sovereign sway. To prove the truth of my statement I need only to remind this audience that when the nation's chieftain was laid low by the assassin's bullet, the chosen cortege of death was but a drunken debauch, and so familiar were they with the demoralized condition of the United States congress, they presented the bill for such carnival.

We are wont to believe our republican form of government the best known to man, and all desire its perpetuation. But forms of government are never absolutely, only relatively, good, and that form which is the very best for ourselves may be the very worst for our neighbors, for different degrees of intelligence and virtue fit different peoples for different forms of government. That form is ever the best which couples the greatest personal liberty with the greatest personal security for its citizens. This can never be in a republic except as each man is to a proper degree a law unto himself; that is, there is a high develop-

ment of the individual. Where this does not exist a more centralized form soon becomes a necessity, as in Mexico, where an election is a mere euphemism for revolution. Spain by frequent trial and failure has proven herself incapable of self-government. How long France's present form may endure we cannot tell ; she often seems toppling on the verge of overthrow. That imperialism is the best Russia can possibly sustain, no thinking man or woman will doubt. Guizot, the wise old historian, has said, "republicanism requires the highest degree of intelligence and virtue." If this be true, and probably none questions it, and a republic is sinking in these two requisites and continues to sink, it can be only a question of time when the more centralized form of government will become a necessity.

This American republic is founded on the two pillars named by Guizot "intelligence and virtue," and represented in the concrete by our public schools and churches.

Remove either of these and the republic must fall. Without our schools our rulers and law-makers would be well-meaning blunderers. Without our churches, they would be educated villains, for however honest a man may be, he is not fitted to rule unless he knows ; yet knowledge of the right way does not create desire to walk therein. Knowledge does not transform character, it merely multiplies a man.

Thence when we fall below a certain plane of virtue, whatever our intelligence, or degree of intelligence, whatever our virtue, republican institutions must fall.

Our schools are our guarantee of intelligence, our churches are our schools in virtue ; but besides these, through the years of the republic's existence, we have permitted to grow up and to attain alarming proportions another class of educatory institutions, for that our saloons teach immorality and vice we all agree.

By the late census I learn there were in this nation nearly two hundred and fifty thousand such schools paying tax to the United States government, while with our kindergarten and normal grade there are less than two hundred and twenty thousand schools of intelligence.

The schools of intelligence teach their lessons five or six hours, five or six days in the week ; while the schools

of vice and death dispense instruction fifteen or sixteen hours of every day in the week.

Which of these schools is doing the most work? In which do we find the most effective teaching? We have an answer to both of these questions upon the record to which I have referred, which you may study at your leisure, where we learn "while the children in the public schools increased more than fifty per cent, crime with all our schools, with all our churches, increased more than sixty per cent." Already many of our large cities, under certain pressure, owing to the increase of vicious and ignorant elements, are incapable of self-government. A few years ago I sat in a street car in the city of Chicago one of the hottest summer afternoons and watched a marvelous procession in their streets. I queried of my neighbors in the car what it meant? They could not tell, but from the evening paper I learned "a week before communists in small numbers had marched through the streets of the city at will. While there was an under-current of terror in the hearts of the people, no definite action was taken, which encouraged the riotous element, and the morning light revealed the city filled with placards rallying their comrades to a grand parade on the following Sabbath day." The people were alarmed; they demanded action; the council was called together and an ordinance issued; city officials were armed and volunteers called to add to the force, but it was soon evident this power would not be sufficient to quell the riot that was likely to occur and it became necessary to call the military from without the city and to procure a gatling gun that would sweep great swathes of death as Sisera's chariot swords, and for hours that procession marched to and fro, that it might impress upon the people the police power. We are familiar with the riots of New York and Pittsburg, of Cincinnati and Chicago, of St. Louis and San Francisco, and repeatedly have I been told, the latter city, "having been from time to time in the hands of sand-lotters, would long since have been razed to the face of the earth had it not been for the presence of the military."

Perhaps a citizen of no state should feel more shamefacedness in speaking of this condition than one from Ohio, when in the city of Cincinnati two years ago occurred one

of the most fearful riots of the age. During that time the New York *Tribune* asked: "From whence came the demon that smeared his face in the blood of two hundred dead and wounded, and exulted as the fire destroyed the record of the law courts?" There probably was not a sensible man or woman in the state who could not have answered that question, but the secular press was as silent as death concerning the real cause, while the religious press was softly hinting at it, even in the very city, though it was well known that the mayor's order for the closing of the saloons was obeyed only at the point of the bayonet, or within the range of the muskets of the militia, and a leading minister of the city told me, "beyond, liquor flowed as a river and was furnished by many means, not alone to the rioters, but to men in arms who were there for the protection of the people." Cincinnati with its hundreds of thousands of people and but eighteen thousand church sittings for Protestants, including Germans, and then, as Dr. Leavett has told me, "not more than half filled on the Sabbath day," but with about four thousand saloons and hill-top resorts, where thirty-five thousand tickets have been sold on a single Sabbath for the zoological garden, the most fashionable hill-top resort, where three balloons ascended, and into which, as the same divine has said, "leaving his Sabbath school that he might know the truth or falsity of reports constantly brought him, he entered shoe-deep in the beer mud, when all day long these thirty-five thousand had drunk their beer and tossed the foam upon the soil."

We therefore believe there must be a speedy change in the habits of our people or change in our form of government is inevitable.

Trace a single habit, upon which we often look with complacency, to its effect upon the republic! A leading oculist stated before a science congress, that "by request of the school board of Boston he had examined the eyes of twelve thousand of the boys and eighteen thousand of the girls of the public schools; that he found four per cent of the boys color-blind, while but ten girls were thus afflicted. The boys could tell black from white, but they could not tell blue from green or the various shades of different colors and this he believed to be the result of bad habits; for, said he,

I find the average boy of thirteen in this city with a cigarette in mouth, dipped in nicotine, a single drop of which in its purity would kill a small animal in three minutes and always more or less affects the optic nerve." Notwithstanding the learning of the oculist and the culture of that great audience, they were not willing to receive it, and the oculist asked liberty, then and there, to bring his science test to bear. These were men, not boys; women, not girls, and not four per cent, but ten per cent of these men were color-blind, and not a woman, which the oculist assured "was the increased effect of the increased use of tobacco."

The result of such habits is manifest in the decreased number of boys in our public schools from the fifth grade and upward, and carefully collected statistics show but twenty-five per cent of the boys entering the public schools in the eastern states, pass through the grades and graduate therefrom. Since that time equally careful investigation has been made in Ohio, and but seventeen per cent is the ratio of graduates, while, as in New England, the number of girls remains almost intact. Does not this foreshow the weakening of the politics? The late census shows us that twenty-two per cent of American voters are unable to read and write. You will doubtless say, as have others, this is owing to the addition of the colored votes, but that addition was made before the last decade and the census report has given us an item which should startle every lover of God and humanity. It says, "but one state maintained in 1880 the status of intelligence of 1870." Thus we have the seal of the United States government upon the decadence of the intelligence of the people as a whole.

Yet even under this regime there is hope; our young women are entering life with trained thought and cultured mind, keenly alive to all national issues.

As I go up and down the land I find large numbers of Chautauqua classes and of classes in political economy, with the ratio of man to woman as that of boys to girls in the high schools.

Soon after President Garfield's inauguration he said to a class of teachers who called upon him: "I am delighted to see women puzzling over the questions of political economy, tariff and finance, capital and labor class dissensions and internal strife. I notice their keen observation of pass-

ing events and their wise deductions therefrom and believe the future of this republic is in the hands of its women."

Ages ago the world's Redeemer rose from the grave. His first commission was to a woman, "To tell the brethren I ascend to my Father, and your Father; to my God and your God." All through these ages those have been exceptional cases of obedience, but never until the spirit of God entered into the hearts of women in Ohio in the Crusade days, and deep conviction swept over the entire nation, did they recognize their disobedience. From that hour, inducted into new lines of thought and of action under such conditions as I have represented, perfectly conscious of their weakness; keenly alive to the difficulties which education and prejudice would place in their way, goaded by never-ceasing agony as the companion of their life, or their boy, dearer than their very being, was swallowed in a vortex of the nation's crime, they banded themselves together in the name of Jehovah to cease not to think and to act until there shall be found amendments in constitutions of states and nations prohibiting the manufacture and sale of everything that intoxicates; planks so broad and protective that upon them they may stand in safety with their loved ones.

The boys of whom I have spoken, who turn their backs upon the schools of intelligence, soon enter the schools of vice and death.

Their descent is not often rapid, they almost always enter into business relations, and as inevitably marry the girls with whom they have associated through life, who, though more cultivated than themselves, permit the passion of the hour to overcome judgment.

Almost the first revelation of their marriage is the superiority of the wife, which under such circumstances is ever demoralizing, soon leading the husband in his conscious weakness to treat the wife with indifference, disrespect and neglect. For a time she finds compensation in study and her children, but the little ones often become a counterpart of the father, who without resource, goes deeper and deeper into sin until he becomes abandoned to the drink passion.

With neglect of business comes poverty. The wife reaches out to become the breadwinner, but meager the supply she gathers under such conditions. From necessity

the children are withdrawn from the school, and under the pressure of heredity, circumstances soon add to the mass of debauched, debased humanity.

Thus, through the demoralization of the family, God's own institution, and the multiplication of vicious elements thereby, and the planting of foreign immorality in our midst, which for political ends receives political favor, the church is worldly, the standard of morality is low. We have not so held up Christ that all men have been drawn unto Him, for the Lord ever keeps covenant with the faithful.

The children even of Christian parents are not brought under gospel influences as in the olden time. The time was when every child who could walk to the church of God was expected to be in his place with regularity, even though he might not understand the words spoken by the holy messenger. The Sabbath became sacred to him, and the habit of attendance upon the services of the sanctuary fixed.

Because of all this, the Holy Ghost rests not upon believers. This ministerial influence and power are not upon the church, or His convicting or converting power upon the world in answer to its prayer. The tongue of fire rests upon but few.

Is it not clear that our intelligence and our virtues are diminishing? From whence shall reform come? Who shall be our Saviour? What our salvation?

We are a nation of patriots. Ample proof had we of this when Abraham Lincoln issued the call for 75,000 men, which was answered almost before the sun went down. The same patriotism burns in the hearts of men to-day. Bring to them facts and figures, no matter how startling, if they cannot be controverted. Prove that the liquor traffic will never loosen its hold upon this republic, though it fall, except under compulsion, and they will come to the rescue. They will again be our saviours, but what shall be the salvation? Surely not regulation, restriction of the traffic! God forbid! I need not argue the question before such an audience.

Coleridge, hearing a friend enlarge upon a new scheme of redemption for the world, threw a bit of thistle-down into the air, and said, "The tending of this thistle-down is

toward China, but I know with assured certainty it will never reach there ; nay, it is more than probable that after eddyings and gyrations up and down, backward and forward, it will be found near its starting place. This is but an epitome of every attempt made to regulate the liquor traffic, and under the effort we have attained our present status."

Some will say, "educate your children. Teach them the right way and the wrong, that they may seek the one and shun the other." Never was the motherhood of America so awake to the necessity of education. I find mothers teaching their children of the "thus saith the Lord" in His Word, in science and in nature. This teaching through the W. C. T. U. is in every form and for every grade, but the evil goes on and the children are lost.

Passengers on the deck of a steamer saw in the air a little brown sparrow, weary and worn, just ready to falter and fall, when it spied the rigging. Each heart bounded with joy as they saw the little bird at rest, but suddenly the feathers began to fall upon the deck, and the drops of blood told that the talons of the hawk had fastened in it. So we send our boys and sometimes our girls, out from Christian cultured homes. Boys around whom the arms of the mother have been folded to the last moment of home life ; boys who have been brought to a morning and evening altar, who go out with a fresh baptism of prayer and of tears, but when out upon the sea of life they enter into the temptations about them, which is repeated o'er and o'er until every feather of their manhood is lost, and often to the old home comes the word that their life has gone out in blood drops of crime.

I stood at the death-bed of an aged saint a few years ago. We had known her but a little time, but she had so helped Christians into higher life and sinners into the kingdom, that we watched her in these last moments, as if we might catch a glimpse within the gates ajar, when she was gathered in. We thought life had ceased, when she suddenly looked upon her husband and said, in almost superhuman tones, "The old home is a shadow to him, but he is the life care of my heart. Tell him, tell him." When we had performed the last rites for that woman, and sat with the lonely husband at his fireside, he told us of a boy

who years before had gone out from their old home. For a time he came bringing pleasure, but the interim between his visits grew longer and longer, until he was lost to sight. A friend had met him in Australia and had said, "Go home; your father and mother are going down with gray hairs in sorrow to the grave; go home and cheer the last years of their life." The boy said: "The old home is a shadow to me" but the mother's last words were: "He is the life care of my heart."

I go up and down the land and find numberless women like these holding such life cares to their heart. I enter with such women the closet, where they are wont to tell their sorrow unto God, and kneel with them before the throne and listen, as they pour forth their pleadings for the "salvation of their loved ones, victims of this awful sin," (for never have I heard a woman speak with bitterness of such) but have heard them cry out as perfect furies in their call for God's vengeance to rest upon their destroyers. What can a Christian woman say? Only the words of Jehovah, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

No, my friends, education will never do it, while legally opened on every side are places of temptation and death. But how long can the republic endure such vengeance of God? When shall the salvation be wrought? Whenever men act upon their full knowledge that interests touching humanity, must, in a republic, crystallize at the ballot box, and are ready to cast aside personal interests for the good of humanity, whenever women are obedient to God in the salvation of the people! To this end women should seek by study of every phase of political economy to prepare themselves for any and all emergencies of the age. Do you say it is not womanly? Selfishness is never womanly, weakness is not womanly. It is selfish to tamper with sin; weak to fear what man will say if we boldly declare the truth, "as God gives us to see the truth," but it is womanly to stand alone with God, if all the world be against us. What matters the verdict of men if the soul hears the "well done" of the Master?

Oh, woman, endowed by God for a work which man can never do; with motherhood, sisterhood, throbbing in your veins, God holds you responsible for all that He has given. Nothing can be unwomanly that He calls you to do, and as

your heart beats in sympathy with the suffering on every side, limit not your powers, I pray you, by refusal to try your hand on any lever of relief that He may ordain.

Woman cannot conceive of a nation without law, and to her nothing is law that is not in harmony with God's edicts, and as study reveals to her that almost every law upon our statute book touching the liquor traffic is at variance with the Divine, while lessening not her efforts for the personal salvation of men, she will reach out to the multitude whom her own hand can never touch, but from whom may be taken the temptations which bind them to a life of sin.

In this extension of effort, she will stand in behalf of men, of women, of children, of society, alike outraged, defied, dishonored, destroyed, and will cry out in the name of the law and with the power of the law, "*I will be guiltless before God; my Christian womanhood shall annihilate this evil from our land.*"

My sisters, when this is, then will the word of our Lord run and be glorified; then will the kingdom of this world soon be the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.

Mrs. Woodbridge was commissioned by the National W. C. T. U. to carry its greetings to the Knights of Labor, to be convened in General Assembly, in Cleveland, May 25, 1886. She addressed them in words so appropriate, and with manner so winning and impressive that the Knights were profoundly moved. The *Cleveland Leader* tells us that "the applause that followed her remarks lasted fully five minutes."

ADDRESS.

Brothers, intelligent people read with interest the utterances of public leaders; the messages of the President of the United States, the governors of states—of representative men and women; but rarely has it been their privilege to peruse a document comparable with the circular of your honorable leader, lately addressed to his constituency. Not more gently could the silver-tongued Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., have urged obedience to the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Not more earnestly would she have

pleaded for diligent study of political economy, that no man may be found "who cannot vote intelligently, and will not watch the man for whom he votes, if elected." Who will not rejoice at the utterance, "They will never need the gun or dynamite in this country; if the head, the brain of man, cannot work out the problem now confronting us, his hand alone will never solve it." Because the National W. C. T. U. commends and advocates such principles, believing intelligence and virtue to be pillars of the American republic; because we are workers with you for the uplifting of humanity, we extend to you greeting, and thank your leader for his magnificent appeal to drinking men; words worthy of a Gough:

To our drinking members I extend the hand of kindness. I hate the uses to which rum has been put, but it is my duty to reach down and lift up the man who has fallen a victim to the use of liquor. If there is such a man within the sound of the secretary's voice when this is read, I ask him to stand erect on the floor of his assembly, raise his hand to heaven and repeat with me these words: "I am a Knight of Labor. I believe that every man should be free from the curse of slavery, whether the slavery appears in the shape of monopoly, usury or intemperance. The firmest link in the chain of oppression is the one I forge when I drown my manhood and reason in drink. No man can rob me of the brain my God has given me unless I am a party to the theft. If I drink to drown grief, I bring grief to wife, child, and sorrowing friends. I add not one iota to the sum of human happiness when I invite oblivion over the rim of a glass. If one moment's forgetfulness or inattention to duty while drunk brings defeat to the least of labor's plans, a lifetime of attention to duty alone can repair the loss. I promise never again to put myself in such a position."

I pray you, gentlemen, respond to this appeal and through the resolutions that shall go forth from this assembly repeat the words of your leader, and may God help you to keep your pledge. A man who utters such a sentiment, an organization that shall embody and personify it, will move the world. No longer will its members be wage-workers only, no longer "tools used to further the schemes of individuals, cliques or parties," but men in the image of God, upon whom the nation may depend; brothers having the same standard of purity as the sisters by their side, possessed of the true essence of Christianity, the love of country and the brotherhood of humanity — who with recognition and fulfillment of individual responsibility, will ever defend

the honor of women and the glory of the cross. We invoke the blessing of God upon your convocation, that when you shall have adjourned, the world, whose eyes are upon you, may be able to say as Lord Chatham to the British parliament of the first colonial congress of America, assembled in 1774: "For solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, no body of men could stand in preference." Thus would the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union join hands with the Knights of Labor in placing this "government upon the shoulders of him who is wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the prince of peace," and in crowning Christ, our Lord, as the ruler of nations.

The Toronto *Globe* of the next day, May 26, published the Letter of the National W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Woodbridge's address, with this observation: "A Woman's Eloquent Words on the Temperance Question. Nearly every paper in Canada has published the letter and address, and a hundred thousand workingmen are reading it who never before thought of these things."

Thus, the patient, toiling women of the W. C. T. U. are sending their messages into all lands winged by love and prayer, that gladden countless homes and purify innumerable hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

LABORS FOR PEACE AND INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

War is the statesman's gain, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.

—*Shelley.*

Daughter of God, that sit'st on high
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway,
The planets on their tuneful way ;
Sweet Peace ! Shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing men ?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen !
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day ;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythèd wheels,
And at his horses' bloody heels
Shriek Murder and Dismay !

—*William Tennent.*

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes conquest o'er the wave.
And love lives on, and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

—*Lowell.*

WITH faces turned toward the future and with hearts eager to respond to every inspiration from God, the W. C. T. U. closely scans the present, to read from passing events some new duty and discover some additional line of effort. In thus keeping in touch with God's movements in

history, it has been quick to discern the impulse of the world toward universal peace. The department of Peace and International Arbitration was early added to the various other forms of work. Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, of Winthrop Center, Me., was placed over it, and Mrs. Woodbridge was made the department lecturer for the World's and National W. C. T. U. For several years prior to the last year of her life she did much work in this field of effort, lecturing in hundreds of towns and cities in this country and in Europe.

We find among her papers and notebooks a manuscript of an address to be delivered in Philadelphia, at what time or place is not indicated. Presumably, it is substantially the line of thought she followed in any discussion of the theme. We know a certain famous lecturer in this country who once said to a friend: "I never feel that I have mastered a theme or have a subject well in hand until I have spoken upon it at least fifty times." How well Mrs. Woodbridge spoke her fiftieth time on this great theme we shall never know. The best we can give the reader is this, —perhaps the first unfinished draft of the speech. The vanquished rival of Demosthenes once read Demosthenes' great oration on the "Crown," to an audience, and was rewarded by a storm of applause. "Ah," said he, "but you ought to have heard him deliver it!" However this address may read, we can sincerely say, "Ah, but you ought to have heard her deliver it!"

PEACE AND ARBITRATION IN NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS.

To speak of "Peace" in this city of "Brotherly Love," or to talk of "arbitration" when the Society of Friends has held sway during the Republic's existence, seems but a travesty on reason. Yet from whence could such truth better proceed, than where precept and practice are ever aiming at the fulfillment of that Bethlehem prophecy, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"?

During the present century interest in this subject has been awakened, and has slowly but steadily grown until, under the quickening of conscience, civilized Christian nations are recognizing the fact that individual and national life are so interwoven that what interests one person or one nation, more or less concerns all.

Taking the Scriptures as a standard, we present as a fundamental proposition, that war is contrary to the will and the spirit of Christ; a hindrance to the building of His kingdom upon the earth in withholding "the government from His shoulders." This is not a conviction of the latter day; for history reveals to us the sensitiveness of conscience among early Christians concerning war, military organizations and the entrance therein of those who professed the name of the Lord. In the early centuries of the Christian era, ere the brightness of Christianity was dimmed by the sinful ambitions of Christ's professed followers, all disciples held to the incompatibility of a soldier's life with obedience to the Master's teachings. Justin, the martyr, calls the devil "the author of war," while Tatian and Tertullian held like opinions; the latter asking: "Can a soldier's life be lawful when Christ has said, 'He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword'? Shall he who is not to revenge his own wrongs be instrumental in bringing others into chains, imprisonment, torment and death?"

Chrysostom and Jerome spoke with equal clearness. No well authenticated instance has been found of a Christian's entrance into the army during the first two centuries of the Christian era; though then as now the military profession was considered most honorable, and almost the only calling in which a man of humble origin might hope to rise and achieve glory. Early writers speak of Christians and soldiers as two distinct classes of men, and Clemens of Alexandria expressly says: "Those who were the followers of peace used none of the instruments of war."

Not only did Christians refuse to enter the army, but many instances are recorded in which conversion led men to retire from its ranks. Eusebius tells us that "numbers laid aside a military life and became private persons rather than abjure their religion." Every Christian writer of the second century who mentions the subject, and there are many, regarded it unlawful for Christians to bear arms.

Even to martyrdom were men ready to stand for this principle. Who can fail to admire the spirit of that Maximilian who, when called before Dion, the pro-consul, to be enrolled as a soldier, exclaimed: "I am a Christian; I cannot fight." Dion said: "Bear arms or thou shalt die," and Maximilian answered: "I cannot fight if I die." Refusing to receive the government mark, because he already bore the stamp of Christ, Dion said: "I will quickly send thee to thy Christ." As if he caught a ravishing glimpse of his heavenly home, Maximilian replied: "Thou mayst do so but the glory will be mine."

The sentence was speedily executed and his loving mother buried the body of her son beside that of Cyprian, the martyr, where, but thirteen days after, she too was laid to rest.

Was not the husband and father well named "Victor," who could turn from that spot rejoicing and praising God that he had been permitted to make such offering to his Lord, well knowing he, too, must soon follow?

Thus when the lamp of Christianity burned brightly, when there was singleness of eye and of purpose, men stood; and not until paganism crept in during the third century was there change. But under its influence, this principle seems to have been almost forgotten.

For centuries the pagan view of the subject has been dominant; war has largely been regarded by the nations as the necessary and only honorable method by which insult should be met, or encroachment resisted. If its declaration has been delayed, preparations have been made for strife, armies and fleets equipped, national enmity awakened and inflamed, while forbearance and love have been forgotten, until judgment has been biased and peaceful settlement of difficulties often rendered impossible.

The religious society of Friends has from its organization held as a distinctive tenet that bitterness of spirit, unkind retaliation, military tenure and action are contrary to the gospel of peace, and at variance with the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

As the Prince of Peace has thus been held up, the promise has been fulfilled. He has drawn men unto Himself, and to the advocacy of His principles. And though contumely and martyrdom were their portion in early days,

which they suffered as their Master without opening their mouth, they are now honored by the increasing acceptance throughout Christendom of the principles for which they stood. And not alone their teaching against unrighteous warfare, but their recognition of the position and sphere of woman in the affairs of the church, and the honor they have ever paid to the office of the Holy Spirit, have been of unspeakable blessing to the world. They have accepted heartily in its spirit the Golden Rule which leads directly to a system of arbitration in the settlement of national and international difficulties that cannot be met by negotiations or treaties. The time is fast ripening for its adoption as our rule of action if "the earth shall ever be a paradise and human life a psalm."

There is no doctrine of Scripture more self-evident than that peace is God's will for man; that He has ordained it to be the result of right conduct; that perfect peace is the divine gift of those who are stayed on Him. There is no truth more axiomatic than that our homes should be the abiding place of peace, as the result of virtue and justice within its walls. And as the nations are but the aggregation of homes, can any reason be found why they should not be equally pure and righteous?

Let peace depart from the home, let dissension enter and the home life is banished. If this be confined within four walls there is misery to the family, and often to associates; if it be in the nation, its results reach to the limits of its territory, and if international, to the world.

Cast the eye over our land and count if we can the cost of our civil war. Statisticians tell us that 656,000 fathers, brothers and sons were torn from home and home influences to fall upon the battlefield or die in hospital or prison cell. Men made in the image of God, snatched from every holy association, and returned to the earth from whence they came, without apparent thought of that immortality which God has given to every soul! Numberless thousands returned decrepit and unfit for life's duties, physical or moral wrecks. Four long years these and others were consumers of the nation's wealth; and an enfeebled host and their children are consuming still, none the less a fact because such provision has been made in honor and justice to the nation's defenders. Manufacturing interests were depressed and resources diminished by the withdrawal of

workmen, while three billion seven hundred million dollars were expended, demanding increased taxation for years.*

And these are but few of the many traceable evils resulting from the great war of the rebellion.

"But," you may ask, "what could have been done? Were we not *obliged* to take such action?" Who would not have answered *yes* at the moment of our provocation, under the stupefied moral condition of the people, forgetful of the Golden Rule of Christ? But who can affirm that through arbitration the difficulty might not have been amicably settled, even after the boom of that gun at Sumter that rang through the land? This was the belief of President Lincoln, who, in his message of March 2, 1862, exhorted to a settlement of difficulties on the basis of compensation, which, had there been a willing response by Congress, could doubtless have been done. Do you ask what would have been saved? Six hundred and fifty-six thousand men for God and home and country! a solid South and a solid North! incomputable suffering and sorrow and demoralization, from which the nation cannot be freed for generations!

And what would have been gained? The honor of our God, and that seal of national brotherhood which would have lifted us above all nations of the earth.

From Cooper's American Politics we learn that the valuation set upon the slaves at the request of Mr. Lincoln in 1862, by members of Congress, was \$300 each, man, woman and child. Assuming their number to have been four millions, the value of all the slaves in the United States was but one billion, two hundred million dollars, less than one-third the direct cost of the war.

Suppose we had paid twice that amount, or all the nation expended for the four years of warfare, would it not have been a grand investment? a magnificent lesson in material and moral economics? The foundation cause, or causes that lead to war, are seen and understood by few. War is always the outcome of evil; usually of slow growth; but striking deep root into the national heart. Back of the apparent cause are the unseen passions of men, fostered by

* The direct cost of the war, interest, taxes, pensions, and destroyed property already foot up over eight billions.—THE AUTHOR.

human avarice, appetite and ambition. The almost inevitable result of this upon the people is the kindling of a spirit of excitement and hostility; pride is stimulated, and the computing of one's own strength and the believed weakness of others. One side becomes impatient and eagerly grasps the first provocation for the trial of power.

Why did William Penn live in peace with the aborigines while other early settlers in like condition met with difficulties which often led to bloodshed? He treated them as fellow beings, subject with himself to human frailties, whose judgment could not exceed their knowledge. He considered their displacement by the coming in of a new race, and their sorrow of heart as their homes and their habits were changed by the new environment. He thought of them as well as himself; thus manifesting a Christian sympathy which commanded respect. It is said that Indians, entering his hut, would drop on their knees, and as he laid his hand on their heads they would point upward to the Great Spirit, of whom he was their reminder. In him was found the essence of Christianity;—the recognition of the brotherhood of man on the one hand, and on the other the acceptance of individual responsibility to God.

It is said that Europe began the year 1889 with fifteen million trained soldiers under arms, or on the reserve corps. It is doubtful if any year in the history of the world has had such a showing. For years the nations have been working up to this military climax. As these armies have increased in size the nations have decreased in prosperity. The support of so large an army of non-producers drains their exchequer. Their industrial, educational and moral forces are proportionally weakened, pressing to the alternative of fighting to maintain their life, at the expense of others, or of disbanding their armies that their own life may be preserved.

One of the interesting factors is found in the very heart of this condition. In the center of Russia with her four million soldiers, we find Count Leo Tolstoi advocating with a rare intensity of zeal the friendly theory that violent resistance to evil is never justifiable; that violence as a means of redressing wrong is not only futile, but an aggravation of the original evil, since it is the nature of violence to multiply and reproduce itself.

George Kennan, reporting a visit to the Count, tells us that he went directly from the political exiles in Siberia, where all the belligerent, retaliatory elements of his nature had been aroused, to the home of the Count. He listened to the Count's advocacy of his theory without sympathy, almost with defiance. Then he narrated to him a most heart-rending experience of a woman of education and refinement whom he had met among the exiles, and said: "Suppose that woman had been your daughter; would you have refused to interfere by an act of violence?" The Count was silent. His eyes filled with tears as he pictured in mind the horrors of such a situation. After a moment he asked: "Do you know that was done?" "I did not see it done," was Mr. Kennan's reply, "but I have it from those in whom I have implicit confidence." After another silence the Count again spoke: "Even under such circumstances, violence would not be justifiable. Let us analyze the situation carefully." And the incontrovertible truth set forth in that analysis was in these words: "The whole history of the world is a history of violence; and you can of course cite violence in support of violence. But in human society there is an endless variety of opinions as to what constitutes wrong and oppression; and if you once concede the *right* of any man to resort to violence, to resist what *he* regards as wrong, he being the judge, you authorize every other man to enforce his opinion in the same way; and you have a universal reign of violence. It does not seem to me that is the way to bring about the reign of peace and good-will on earth."

What an arbitrator the Count would make! And there are such in almost every nation. Who would not gladly trust in such hands the settlement of national and international difficulties? Who would not rejoice in the removal of such questions from the political influences of the present day to a general permanent system of arbitration, or to an international court whose decisions would be received by all governments without demur?

As General Grant said, though the decisions might not suit either nation at the time, it would satisfy the conscience of mankind.

And the glad day dawns. The star of hope rises higher year by year. Though the sun still shines on bristling bayonets throughout all Europe, conscience is awake; the

world is coming nearer together. We are neighbors as never before, and men are weary of strife and long for peace.

What an exhibition of fraternal love and Christian brotherhood was the appearance of that committee which presented to Congress a memorial bearing the names of 233 members of the English House of Commons. A memorial asking for a treaty between the United States of America and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, stipulating for a reference to arbitration of all differences between the two countries which could not be settled by diplomacy. The aim of the proposal it was said was "to confirm the friendship and increase the security of each nation." And to this end it was proposed "to substitute the arbitrament of reason for the arbitrament of the sword."

Memorials for peace have been repeatedly presented to Congress from various societies and more than was even hoped has already been done.

Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, on June 14, 1888, introduced into the Senate a bill which provides that the president be, and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasion may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations; that any difficulties or disputes arising between the two governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration and peaceably settled without resort to arms. This was adopted and led directly to the calling and later the meeting of the Pan American Council, consisting of seventeen American nations between which a treaty of peace was established covering nearly the entire territory of the two Americas.

It was a wonderful coincidence that on that same 14th day of June, a committee of the French Assembly passed a resolution petitioning the French government to enter into a permanent treaty of arbitration with the United States. John Bright, then the English Friend in the House of Commons, now the glorified in the Father's Kingdom, said: "I think if the government of the United States were willing, and were in anyway to signify their willingness to become a party to such a treaty, there is force enough of good men with us, to induce our government to consent to it." Every Chamber of Commerce of the United Kingdom has

in the annual meeting of the Association, endorsed such treaty by resolution.

What triumphs over the old war sentiment these are! This dedication of the American continent to perpetual peace is one of the most important forward movements of modern history. The nations included cover a territory four times the size of Europe, or nearly one-third of the dry land of the globe. Their combined population will, in a few years, exceed that of all Europe. The force of such an example must be powerful in the Old World and will give to the friends of peace and arbitration there a leverage which will greatly increase their influence.

But in connection with this great good there comes to us an illustration of the power of evil. It is believed by many that the United States has been unjust toward Chili in the past. Let the truth be as it may, thus regarded by Chili, that nation refused to confirm the treaty of the Pan-American Council, and late conditions, with which we are all familiar, were possible. Had Chili joined the compact, and the like acts had transpired, all would have been referred to arbitration; through which there would undoubtedly have been speedy settlement without ill feeling. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Arbitration is fast becoming a recognized duty. Humanity is loudly calling for its establishment as a permanent and authoritative part of the law of nations. Other forces are also working to the same result. The devotion to material interests which characterizes our age, exerts a powerful opposition to war—the great waster and destroyer of wealth. The growing power of the masses as opposed to the classes, the enlargement of the place and influence of the people in the sphere of government, make it more difficult for sovereigns to array their armies for the settlement of disputes.

The increasing communication between nations, and the establishment of a world's public opinion by which all nations and governments are judged, have thrown a new restraint around the ambitions and resentments of rulers. The glamour which was once over the eyes of men, blinding them to the folly and wickedness of war, is fast passing away.

All these are greatly aided by the quickened forces of

Christianity ; but there is urgent need and room for more resolute action by the church ! Should not the Christian ministry lead public sentiment in this great cause ?

The revelations of science are calling a halt to war. At the centennial celebration of the adoption of the constitution of the United States in September, 1887, the late General Philip H. Sheridan, not a private citizen but commander of the United States army, gave his view of the future in these words : "There is one thing you should appreciate, and that is, that improvement in the material of war, in dynamite and other explosives, and in breech-loading guns, is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will be eliminated from history ; when we can no longer stand up and fight each other, and when we will have to resort to something else. Now what will that something else be ? It will be arbitration. I mean what I say when I express the belief that any of those here present, who may live until the next centennial, will find that arbitration will rule the whole world."

The force of this utterance is seen in the presence of the Maxim gun now coming into general use in Europe, which fires six hundred bullets a minute, automatically, that is, by its own recoil. It needs only to be touched off by an operator, through a telegraphic wire of indefinite length buried in the ground. To send a regiment of soldiers to fight such a machine would be to send them to a shameful, inevitable and useless death. As well order an army over the crater of a volcano in eruption, or send it to resist a cyclone. It would be a wholesale murder without excuse or palliation.

In one of his brilliant essays Macaulay pointed out the improbability that England would again engage in military contention with her neighbors on the ground of her jeopardized wealth, were such a disastrous event to occur. And accordingly that great country has for many years held aloof from such complications as might lead to this result. But what is true of England is true of all other nations, which have made progress in illustrating the advantages of an uninterrupted commerce. Even what is styled "national honor," must everywhere yield in time to national prosperity. Yet this time will not come until the world's traders unite to force its arrival. We know, indeed, that

the most potent factor in the premises is that spirit of our divine religion, the universal prevalence of which shall necessarily be also the prevalence of universal peace. All the same, however, means must be employed for achieving the spread of this spirit throughout all lands. And one of these means is the getting of those men to act in concert who, in addition to their benevolent wish to see the world in perpetual peace, have also the desire to keep in constant movement those wheels of an earth-wide industry which Christianity itself approves.

There are statesmen who talk of the principle of arbitration; journals of influence throughout Christendom give to this principle their occasional advocacy—even congresses and parliaments discuss and resolve it; but after all it will rest largely upon commercial leaders to construct a method for ridding mankind of the cyclonic curse of money-wasting war.

Thus philanthropy, science and commerce join the divine demand for peace, while duty to our fellows and to God renders imperative upon us earnest efforts for its maintenance among men.

General Philip Sheridan put the day of universal peace and arbitration a century ahead. Did he take into consideration the great army of women whom the Lord has steadily added to that band of suppliants in whom He fulfilled the prophecy of Joel in 1873-74? Did he think of the womanhood of America and of the world, who have been called to take their part in the great movements of the ages that will exalt Christ as Sovereign of the whole world? Nay, he could not have remembered that to them has been opened channel after channel of opportunity which they have readily entered for the glory of God and the salvation of suffering mankind. In forty-two such pathways is continually heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the ever increasing host who wage their peaceful war for God and home and humanity. The foundation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was laid in faith and prayer, and as petition for guidance reached the throne and ear of Jehovah, He gave stone after stone for the mighty structure, as precious to Him as the pure gold and the precious stones with which He has made beautiful the walls of His eternal city. On one of these—the peace

department—we find the dove in sombre garb, which to white-ribboners has been so long an emblem of spirit love and calm, with outstretched wings, as if to brood o'er all the weary, battling souls and give them rest. And from its bill depend the words of poet old :

“Peace greatness best becomes, Calm power doth guide
With a far more imperious stateliness,
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.”

From Ohio, where God's first call to woman to enter this great work was heard, this effort came. The spirit moved on in widening sweep of blessing until the nation's heart was stirred. Scarcely had it reached the limits of our own fair land, ere bounding over the deep it went to our sisters on the other side ; and back it comes to us in a manifesto of French women against war. Think you, as children hear these truths in nursery rhymes, from gentle mother lips ; as hosts of maidens shall speak of peace to wooing swains, and as their elders ring the Advent anthem on, that a century will pass ere this bond of humanity will be world-wide? It cannot be. Agitation and education are doing their work mightily in the presentation of the physical-economic and moral features of this great subject. Concentration and consecration are fast hastening the time when practical exercise of this spirit of brotherly love will lead to the consideration of the interests of our fellow-beings as our own.

Plato looked for the ideal state only with the coming of ideal men, saying, “Until then, kings are philosophers, or philosophers kings ; cities will never cease from ill ; no, nor the human race ; nor will our ideal polity ever come into being.”

We believe as one nation and another and another shall come under this reign of peace, toward which the thought and the heart of the people are being rapidly turned, there will be real men and women who will do real work for the extension of the Lord's kingdom through arbitration with those governments where His light has not been so clearly seen. When national action shall be subjugated to this principle, Christianity will become dominant, and good



MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.



will to others will prove that God is Christ and Christ is king.

Yes, it is coming ! It may be that in its progress God will, in His wisdom, lay His hand upon nations that will not serve Him, and they shall not be ; but the wide world is opening to His gospel and the messengers of peace are ushering in millennial glory.

For sustained power and nobility of thought the above plea for peace is worthy of England's great peace advocate, John Bright himself.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN B. FINCH—GIFT FROM THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.—*St. Paul.*

It is a melancholy fact that the religion of many persons is not constantly operative, but is manifested periodically, or at some particular time. It is assumed for instance on the Sabbath, but it is laid aside on the shelf during the week days ; but true holiness, be it remembered, is not a thing to be worn for occasions ; to be put off or put on, with an easy accommodation to circumstances or to one's private convenience. It is meat with which we are fed ; clothing with which we are clothed ; the interior and permanent principle of life, which animates and sustains the whole man.—*T. C. Upham.*

Haste not, rest not, calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Love shall linger at thy side.
Haste not, rest not, conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—*Selected.*

AMONG all the many men who by pen and voice and purse assisted the great campaign for Constitutional Prohibition in Ohio, it is no disparagement to others to say that Mrs. Woodbridge most admired John B. Finch. In strength of intellect, force of inexorable logic, keenness of perception, power of subtle reasoning, all matched by wit and warmed and irradiated by the tenderest spirituality—they were kindred souls. From conversations with both we know that they had an exalted appreciation of each other's character and equipment for the battle of the Lord

which both were fighting with equally holy purpose. They were in council like Deborah and Barak. Both fell in battle and went from us like a flash of light, as Elijah went from earth in a moment to eternal glory. Mr. Finch was translated first, or we should have had his estimate of her.

Fortunately we have the next thing to it—her estimate of him, which we copy from "The Life of John B. Finch."

It throws its own sidelight upon her life and writings and associations, which will be of abiding interest. Mr. Finch, after addressing a great audience in Lynn, Mass., fell dead in a Boston depot, October 3, 1887.

She wrote of him as follows :

I knew John B. Finch when he wrought, as one who thought the welfare of the nation depended upon his able, skillful, honest, upright discharge of the important trust committed to him.

He came to Ohio in June, 1883, and with brief exceptions was in the state until the close of the prohibitory amendment campaign on November 9—more than four months of unceasing labor. During that time he never referred to hardships—of hours early and late; of two or three addresses a day, or of long distances traveled to meet appointments. All seemed to him a part of the service which he gladly performed, though sometimes battling with disease.

After one of his mighty efforts he was suddenly stricken, and while patiently enduring untold agony, his constant fear was that he might fail to meet an important engagement the following day. Under the influence of medicine he rested, but rose with the morning. Friends who ministered to him in the night endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. Firmly he said: "I must be up and doing; it will not be long!" And thus the strong soul marched on! He was never baffled; but when some new phase presented itself, he would diligently study the problem, until reinforced he stood before his opponent a battery of facts and figures, and poured them forth with a power that shattered and shriveled all objections.

He carefully examined his own position, and as keenly

questioned the standing of others. He proclaimed total abstinence for the individual and total prohibition of the liquor traffic for state and nation. The eloquence of his deep conviction and the enthusiasm of his faith encouraged doubting hearts.

One evening in an elegant church, he found no minister of the gospel willing to ask God's blessing to rest upon his service. The president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was troubled, but when the Scriptures had been read, Mr. Finch calmly rose and poured forth his soul in prayer. Those ministers will never forget the words of truth that fell from his lips that evening.

The balance and versatility of his mind were an astonishment to his co-laborers. He was by nature a detective. Nothing that could be made useful in the warfare in which he was engaged escaped him. He was the first to learn of the intrigue by which the amendment was to be crushed. Walking to and fro in the parlors of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Headquarters in Cleveland, he turned suddenly and addressed me :

"Sister Mary, our cause is lost ! Ohio politicians, state and national, have held council in a murderer's den in Cincinnati, and the word has gone forth, 'The amendment must not carry.' Speak it not but work as for life, that we may have done our part, and the curse may not rest upon us as unfaithful servants."

The array of facts I presented, the encouragement I gathered from telegrams and letters, were all in vain. He replied, "You are helpless as children ; the prohibition vote is to be counted out. I have it from one who has already received the command but will not obey it." He first discovered that the amendments were to be printed incorrectly upon the tickets of the old parties, and aroused our overworked women in various places to almost superhuman effort to counteract the effect.

The press bitterly assailed him. When reading the cruel attacks, his thin lips would compress, his matchless eyes would flash, but he would sit in silence until self was conquered, then calmly say, "My work will bear the test of God ; they will not dare to stand before Him with those falsehoods upon their lips." Finding his popularity ever increasing, politicians branded him as a traitor ; and when

it was proclaimed that "as a Democrat he had aided and abetted secession," and he was asked "how shall the charge be met?" he answered, "Give the date of my birth, 1852, and perhaps they will not only recognize the falsity of their charge, but see their contemptible meanness as others see it."

Mr. Finch did not begin his amendment work in Ohio. He had before struck mighty blows for the cause in Kansas and Iowa, and had greatly aided in creating the public sentiment that secured the adoption of constitutional prohibition in those states.

A compilation of his speeches had been published under the title of "The People vs. the Liquor Traffic." Through the generosity of Hon. Ferdinand Schumacher, the Ohio W. C. T. U. was able to send a copy to each minister of the state. Thus Mr. Finch's name became a household word among the people. Before his arrival the demand for his labor was far in excess of the possibility of supply. Frequent appeals were received for his return to fields where he had stirred the people to action, with the assurance that the people would vote right if he could be heard again.

He adapted his addresses to all classes. State officials, legislators, ministers, magistrates, business men, and farmers were alike impressed with his logic, clear, forcible argument and pointed illustrations. He felt his personal responsibility, and endeavored to impress upon others the duty of extirpating the liquor traffic through a vote for prohibition.

Ere he left the state the eyes of the nation were upon him. Drunkard makers and their abettors feared him, and lovers of home and good government rejoiced in him with thanksgiving. Maine and Rhode Island witnessed his heroic labors, and when the battle waged in Michigan he again buckled on his armor and entered the hottest of the fight. His crowning victory was his debate with D. Bethune Duffield, the pro-slavery, anti-prohibition advocate of Detroit.

Temporary victory or defeat were as one to him; he worked for the fulfillment of the prophecy of Bethlehem—glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men, which he saw could not be until the liquor traffic was destroyed.

Ten days before his death, when a similar campaign was

in progress in Dakota, in which we were both engaged, there came to me the request, "Wait until the afternoon train; I will arrive before noon." Never had I seen him look physically better, nor listened to his speech when the radiance of his intellect more impressed me. He told me of his hopes and fears for the crucial year 1888, and seemed as one inspired. As I entered the carriage to go to the station, he said: "I have told you what I believe should be done in the campaign of next year; what I would seek to have accomplished if my hand were on the helm; but it will not be there!"

On the following Wednesday we met for a moment at Yankton, where his hearty handshake, pleasant greeting, and kind farewell cheered and strengthened me. But five days, and then flashed to the civilized world the words, "John B. Finch is dead!" Not a nation only, but a vast host from north, south, east and west stood dumb with sorrow; for their chieftain was gone, and they would not be comforted.

The earthly chrysalis was broken on that memorable night, October 3, 1887, and the wings of the new being, illumined with heavenly light, fluttered in the zephyrs of the eternal morning. He put on the freshness of perpetual prime, and his cheeks were mantled with eternal bloom.

These two unequaled leaders of the temperance hosts, so alike in zeal and courage and a tireless, divine enthusiasm for humanity, have received their crowns and entered upon their reward. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Into the hard, prosaic toil of a reformer's life there comes occasionally some little touches of tenderness. The clouds of abuse and scorn and hate that make their life's day dark are sometimes silvered with gleams of the sunlight of human kindness. Sometimes even here there are grateful recognitions of abundant service, and tender words are spoken to gladden the weary heart. Usually they are stoned while living and honored with chaplets and monuments when dead. Occasionally they have foregleams of the coming glory while still with us.

It was so with Mrs. Woodbridge. After ten years of most laborious service as a National officer, at the annual meeting in New York city in 1888, she was made the recipient of a costly and beautiful onyx clock. She was at her desk busily writing up the minutes when a lady came forward, and began making a speech. When nearly through she used the name "Mary." Mrs. Stevens said to Mrs. Woodbridge, "Mary, they are talking about you." "Oh, I think not," was the reply, and the busy pen kept on. "Yes, they are, and you would better listen!"

She listened: and in one minute the surprised woman was on her feet responding to a speech, little of which she had heard, and accepting happily a present of which she had not dreamed.

The press account of the speeches, and the description of the present we give below. It was one of those gracious deeds that give delight and tender recollections to all concerned.

A PLEASING EPISODE.

A most pleasing episode was the presentation of two beautiful clocks—one to Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, recording secretary of the union; the other to Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Maine—as a slight recognition by the convention of their more than ten years' work as secretaries.

The presentation to Mrs. Woodbridge was made by Miss Henrietta Moore, and that to Mrs. Stevens by Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, both admirably done, and the responses were equally happy.

Miss Moore accompanied the presentation with the following words, expressive of the appreciation of the work which the gifted recipient has accomplished by zealous and eloquent labor and utterance:

Madam President, Sisters, Brothers and Friends:

At one time upon the throne of Russia sat two brothers, Peter and Ivan. Everything that was brought before them was disposed of with wonderful wisdom and judgment. There seemed to be the clear-headedness and mercy of the

Great One on the throne. All suppliants were listened to with that patience and mercy and gentleness that we generally take on after we have lived some time in the world. And so there seemed to be this maturity of thought and this maturity of wisdom in all the judicial decisions and renderings. And it was ever so, for just behind the throne was the Princess Sophia, and she was really on the throne. Her brain was there, her wisdom, her knowledge and her pity were there, and so was everything save her person. She was simply personated in those boys.

Dear sisters and brothers, in the revolutions of the world, and in the revolving of the people with it, woman can no more be kept behind the curtain, can no more be hidden. Justice is beginning to draw aside the curtain of separation, and we find woman with her feet upon the first step that reaches upward to controlling power, and whoever shall wear the crown in the coming time, will be that boy or that girl who is best God-endowed, because best mother-made; will be that boy or that girl whose mother was a queen. And one of the women who has been foremost for years and years in the work of organizing this Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which is doing so much for the making of this future royalty and this royal future, is with us to-night. The highest honor that I can pay her, the grandest that I can speak of her, is to say that she is a woman of my own state of Ohio. I wish I might say that she was a citizen. We will say this some of these days. She has kept pace with the times. I have just said she has been one of the foremost, and she has been one of our most faithful ones. She is a woman of many titles, for this Woman's Christian Temperance Union has called her to many places of trust. But I shall speak of her simply by that name by which we best love to call her, for she has the sweetest name ever given to woman. Her name is Mary. She stands to-night with her foot on this first step. She is here with her two hands reaching upward, and she is here with her brain as clear and strong as the brain of any man, and we want that it should never fail. We want this brain to continue to think, and think quickly; and so we have concluded, we of the W. C. T. U., to give her to-night this clock, which I think is the prettiest clock I ever saw; and it is in agreement

with this organization to keep the best time of any clock in the United States. So we give this to our Mary (but I guess we will be polite, and call her Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge). [Applause.] This is the woman to whom I could make no more honorable mention than by saying she is the queen among women of my own state of Ohio!

Mrs. Woodbridge responded as follows :

I am surprised beyond expression, having no thought, even when the word "Mary" was spoken, that it could be me of whom the previous words had been said.

I looked into the face of this woman [Henrietta Moore] years ago, as I stood before an audience in the city of Cincinnati, and as her eyes were fixed upon me, I felt the earnest, unspeakable reaching out of her heart for the good of humanity, and when that meeting closed, I extended my hand to her and welcomed her as my sister, though I knew not her name. When we went to the restaurant near by, we sat down and talked of what we each hoped might be the future. I saw in her what you have heard to-night, and as I said, "My sister, God hath called you to a service of which you have never dreamed," she put her hand in mine, she reached out her heart to God, and she said to me and to Him, "Here I am, do unto me as seemeth unto thee good." And then the days came when we stood together as officers of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio. Then, teaching all the day long, she waited anxiously for the night time to come that she might do service for the cause she loved so well. A little later, I heard her at one of our state conventions pay the sweetest tribute to the husband of my love and home, to which I have ever listened; and as she told of the flowers that day after day, as I sat in that home, were laid beside my plate at the table, that were placed at my breast, that I might carry with me, step by step, evidence of love and faith, as I was called to go through the nation up and down, I said, "God bless that woman for what she has done for me, and my beloved." I have watched her as she has gone on, standing upon the one step, but going higher and higher, step by step, until she has come near the top of the ladder. I have seen her sometimes when the flesh has grown less, and weariness has come into her face, and I have prayed, "O God, spare

Henrietta Moore." He has spared her, and has given her victory on earth, and it is assured her in the kingdom beyond. And to-night she has stood here, and spoken the words to which we have listened.

Sisters : why have you given unto me this gift, which will be to me verily a time-keeper, as day by day I strive to do service for you, for humanity, and for God? Not alone do I bring you thanksgiving, but reach out to each of you, and ask my Infinite Father, your Father and your God, to bring unto you for this thought, for the many thoughts which you have worked out into such deeds as these, a blessing such as He alone can give. Then, dear sisters, I ask that in His spirit we may work on, until we reach that future which we to-day see with eye of faith ; when regulation of the liquor traffic shall be a thing of the past, for prohibition will have been obtained : and with united hearts we will sing praise, and thanksgiving, and honor, and glory, unto Him who has delivered us from this iniquity forever and forever.

Thanks unto you, my sisters, and [turning to Miss Moore] thanks to you, my beloved.

General Clinton Fisk being upon the platform, and recognizing that neither lady had in her presentation mentioned the fact that these secretaries had patiently worked on from year to year, without a penny of remuneration, came forward and made the statement, and said, "When the women of the organization began to realize this, they sought in some measure to express their regret and their appreciation of such faithful, sacrificing service, and could find no gift so appropriate as a clock, ever holding its hands before its face." The clock is of onyx, and a model of artistic design and finish, fully meriting the reference made to its beauty by Miss Moore in her felicitous presentation, and is one of the most perfect in every detail of completion we have ever had the pleasure of examining.

On the center of the apex is a handsome metallic plate, bearing the following inscription :

"Presented to Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, Recording Secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at the fifteenth annual meeting, held in New York City, October 19-23, 1888."

CHAPTER XVI.

LABORS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN — SPEECH IN PHILADELPHIA.

She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.—*Proverbs 31 : 27.*

And you who wish to remain always joyous, pure and loving, impose upon yourself each day some task. . . . God has given to occupation the mission of the north wind,— that of purifying the miasma of the heart, as the wind purifies the miasma of the atmosphere.—*Golden Sands.*

Eschew the idle life !
Flee, flee from doing naught !
There never was an idle brain
But bred an idle thought.
—*George Turberville.*

Lord, send me work to do for Thee,
Let not a single day
Be spent in waiting on myself,
Or wasted pass away.
—*E. Prentiss.*

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
—*Adelaide Procter.*

THE year 1889 was a very busy and eventful year for Mrs. Woodbridge. Her correspondence was enormously large, and was constantly increasing as her acquaintance enlarged while life lasted. Her husband's record shows that she visited that year in her speaking engagements, twelve different states, journeyed over seventeen thousand miles, and spoke about two hundred and forty times.

An effort was made that year in Pennsylvania to secure a Prohibition amendment to the constitution. The friends of the cause sent for her. After speaking elsewhere through the state she spent over a month in Philadelphia, speaking thirty-nine times in that city alone. We find in *The White Ribbon Herald* of Asbury Park, N. J., July 18, 1889, a five column account of that memorable campaign by Henrietta H. Forrest of the Philadelphia W. C. T. U. She wrote of Mrs. Woodbridge's labors as follows :

Five weeks preceding the election we all felt that we should bring to our aid some one who had had experience along the line of the proposed amendment, one whose counsel, advice and presence would ever be to us a nucleus around which to rally our untried forces. Our selection was Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who so successfully planned the Ohio campaign, but who by strategy and fraud was counted out ; she came to us May 18, and remained one month. Better work was never done by any woman, or man either. She was ever ready and ever willing to do with her might whatever her hands found to do, or whatever was suggested. In the month she was with us she spoke twenty-three times in churches, halls or open air ; she spoke in eight mills at the noon hour, the men giving her a most attentive hearing. The mill owners who so kindly opened their door, always gave the half hour from their time, so the employés received the instruction and were at no pecuniary loss—this meant in some cases more than one hundred dollars to the employer. Their verdict in each case was, "We are glad to have the Woman's Christian Temperance Union come with their speaker and literature," as we always carried thousands of leaflets for distribution.

In the first mill visited, May 24, during noon hour there were fourteen converts made and these men began to work so that on election day we were informed that the result of that talk would be one hundred votes for the amendment. At the close of an evening meeting, a gentleman said to Mrs. Woodbridge, "I was present and heard you talk at a certain mill—your arguments and appeal have not been

without results ; a few hours after you had left an employé came to my office door, and said, 'Dusey went upstairs and knocked a hole in his tomato-can,' not long after another said, 'Dusey went upstairs and knocked four holes in his growler,' " this was a man by the name of Dusenbury but called Dusey for short, who kept this tomato can or growler, and each day procured his beer from the nearest saloon. Each Monday afternoon for five weeks we held an informal conference (Mrs. Woodbridge presiding); to this conference, men and women were cordially invited, the exchange of plans and hopes were always preceded by devotional exercises, asking of Him whose we were, and whom we served that He would direct our every act that we should make no mistake, and that every act should be done to His glory.

We have found among her papers a draft of a speech which she delivered in Allegheny and many other cities during this campaign. We give it to the readers of this book because the struggles with the liquor traffic have only begun in earnest. The workers in the cause will find here facts and arguments for future use. Her speech no doubt was substantially as follows :

CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

This audience is gathered to consider the duty of citizens concerning that amendment to the state constitution, submitted to the electors by the General Assembly. After many years of legislation relating to the liquor traffic with various reverses and successes, the law-makers of the state have proposed that the people of this commonwealth embody in the constitution a provision which will lift the question of the liquor traffic far beyond the reach of party or sect. Two consecutive assemblies have carefully considered the question and have submitted its decision to the people, thus investing it with dignity and solemnity which will not admit of cavil or silence, but demands careful, serious consideration, followed by conscientious action at the ballot-box.

Dr. Hargreaves, of Philadelphia, has said: "It is of vital importance that a people encourage only those trades and habits that will tend to promote industry, sobriety and

virtue ; for a community is only safe when its members are virtuous." This axiomatic utterance commends itself to our reason, and we have but to measure the traffic by this test to determine the citizen's duty at this time. Individuality must be merged in the patriot and citizen. Each owes it to his manhood and to truth to weigh carefully every argument that may be brought on both sides. To take the liquor traffic and all the good it may claim to have done and put into one side of the scales of his mature judgment ; in the other scale to place all the evil that can with certainty be charged against it, is the duty of the hour. If the traffic is proven to be a blessing to the individual, the home, the church and the Republic ; if it makes better citizens ; increases morality and intelligence ; discourages crime and illegal voting and false-swearing, every patriot owes it to his citizenship to uphold and to support it. Every Christian should pray for it, and every minister proclaim its merits from the pulpit.

If, on the contrary, it is made clear that the traffic is an enemy to our institutions, that it desolates homes, debases manhood, degrades womanhood and brings suffering to childhood ; if it is opposed to law and order and good government, then no good reason can be found why it should be permitted to live, and the inevitable conclusion must be that it is the privilege and the duty of every upright man to cast his ballot for its extermination. In this trial, as in any other, the verdict must be based on the weight of evidence presented.

Why did the General Assembly submit the amendment ? The question may be answered in general terms. Because of the pressure of the people. But why did the people make such pressure ? I am told that they charged the traffic with the crime of treason against the state and nation, and brought voluminous and, as they believe, indisputable proof of the truth of the charge.

It is not necessary that I largely repeat the evidence relating to the evil effects upon the individual. We are all familiar with it. No close observer has come a long distance to this house or will return to the home without seeing it. With some of us the enemy sits at our fireside and holds sway in our home ; and if the blood upon the lintel and door-posts has kept the angel of death without, no

thoughtful Christian mother can open the door to send her children forth to be fitted for the duties of life without fear that this enemy may be met upon the very doorstep. I presume there are women before me to-night who, returning to their homes, will listen for the coming of their loved ones. If the step be firm and manly their hearts will beat with joy, as fear is dispelled; but if heavy and unsteady, deeper and deeper will grow the agony which during many days has been gathering about the heartstrings of the mother or the wife.

So largely does it reach out into every ramification of society that George W. Bain, standing a little time ago upon the platform at Ocean Grove and looking out over that audience of 7,000 people, asked: "Is there one here who can say 'I am free from this evil to the very limits of my family relationship?'" For a moment no one arose; then a solitary man stood up afar off. Mr. Bain said in his cheery tone,—“Can you tell us that?” He answered: “May I tell you why? My father fills a drunkard's grave. My mother died of a broken heart and lies by his side. My twin brother with whom I walked in my early years has followed the footsteps of my father; while the sister who has been the companion of the later days has fallen beneath that disease consequent upon the use of intoxicants which we scarcely dare to mention in such audiences as this. Yes! I am free to the very limits of my relationship! I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, not one in all the wide, wide world that I can call my own; but am I free? Look at me—a poor, wretched, scathed soul, bearing about with me continually the awful appetite which, were it not for the grace of God, would soon place me beside my loved and lost.”

The effect upon the state and nation are not less appalling. Salmon P. Chase in 1856, when for the second time inaugurated governor of the state of Ohio, said: “It is well authenticated that of crimes of violence nearly one-half have their immediate origin in intemperance and more than four-fifths of the public offenses are due to the same cause. It is also the abundant source of pauperism, lunacy and disease. Its cost to society is beyond the power of computation, and its multiform influences for evil exceed our power of estimate.

Ten years afterward Judge Hale of New York said: "Three-fourths of all crime is committed under the influence of intoxicating drink." Three years later Gov. John A. Dix said: "Four-fifths of the crime of the country must be attributed to the liquor traffic." Judge Noah Davis has lately declared that an experience of more than twenty years on the bench has taught him that more than seven-eighths of the crimes of violence are directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, and besides that a very large proportion of every other class of crime.

Nearly one-half in 1856! In 1866, three-fourths! In 1869, four-fifths, and to-day seven-eighths of the crimes of violence and a large proportion of other crimes is by these authorities to be charged to the liquor traffic! Thirty years of steadily increasing liquor traffic, and thirty years of steadily increasing crime! Knowing as we all do somewhat of the past, what may we expect of the coming thirty years if this cause of crime is perpetuated?

But not more certainly is crime the legitimate offspring of the liquor traffic than is pauperism. Dr. Bowditch, chairman of the Board of Charities of Massachusetts, in preparing a late annual report, sent two inquiries through the state, and received replies from two hundred and eighty-two towns and cities. He asked: "What proportion of the inmates of your almshouses are such from intemperance? What proportion of children are there from the same cause? He expresses surprise at the unanimity of estimate,—not one computing less than seven-eighths, while the superintendent of the largest institution of the state replied: "I would answer both questions unqualifiedly ninety per cent." The authorities of Springfield also reported the feeding of eight thousand tramps, nine-tenths of whom were drunkards.

Paupers beget paupers. Pauperism descends as surely as disease; and thus in determining the duty of citizens to the amendment we cannot confine our thought to the present generation.

Doubtless some will remember the verified statistics of the outgrowth of a single life of misery and neglect, presented by Dr. Harris, registrar of the Board of Health of New York, at an annual meeting of the society of charities of that state. "One Margaret," he said, "was left adrift

upon the upper Hudson—a solitary soul without family or home or friends. But that little unregarded being lived her animal life, grew, met others of her kind, and perpetuated that life. She died, and dying left a long line of descendants, criminals and paupers. Shooting down through six generations, two hundred years of time, the county record clearly shows more than seven hundred of these descendants of this one abandoned life, all of whom have been, or are, drunkards, lunatics, imbeciles, idiots, paupers or prostitutes, two hundred of them having been convicted of crime and punished in the prisons of that state. The total cost to the state in arrests, trials, imprisonment, relief, property stolen and destroyed, and loss in productive energy was found to have been over a million and a quarter of dollars."

All such persons and many others dependent upon them are thus thrown upon the community for support, while they render necessary police courts, jails, asylums and penitentiaries. Thus a large number of our people are made consumers instead of producers of wealth and the laboring classes are heavily taxed for their support. That most careful statistician, Dr. Hargreaves, has computed from United States reports that the loss of nearly 600,000 persons employed in liquor trades; of 700,000 drunkards and more than two million moderate drinkers; of grain destroyed in distilleries; cost of support of paupers, criminals, the insane and idiots and of criminal prosecutions is more than nine hundred and twenty-four million dollars annually; while another nine hundred millions are paid for intoxicating drinks. Thus the material wealth of the nation is annually diminished nearly two billion dollars.

It is further believed that one-fifth of our population is changed from producers to consumers, and so every man who labors ten hours a day must toil two of those hours for the support of this class.

But what says the defendant in answer to these charges? Listen. "Ours is a great national industry. We employ a vast number of men who have no other means of support. Indeed, we reach out to every branch of laboring interests; to builders and coopers and lumber dealers; to farmers for horses and grain, to all lines of transportation, to bankers and brokers and money lenders. We own our property

and pay our taxes, while the United States revenue from our trade is nearly one hundred millions annually, and the revenue to the state of Pennsylvania through license is between three and four millions each year. We have immense capital invested which the government is bound to protect."

Cross-examine the witness: "Are there not nine hundred millions spent annually for your products?"

"Yes, have we not said ours is a great national industry?"

"Do you return value received for this expenditure?"

"That is not our lookout. The people make the demand and we furnish the supply."

"Can you bring rebuttal of the facts we have adduced concerning the effect of your traffic on individual, state and national interests?"

"We make no attempt. Temperance people are always unfair,—always fanatics. We make our goods and sell them and we pay the government a share of our profits for non-interference in our business, which is as legal as any other in the land, and we have right to protection."

Has the traffic proven the charge of the people false? Nay, it has failed altogether, falling back on its claim of right to do these very things which they will declare to be resultant from the abuse and not the use of their manufactures. Not one, however, will dare to say that it promotes industry, sobriety and virtue. But, as a community is only safe when its members are industrious, sober and virtuous, it follows logically that this traffic endangers the physical, mental and moral life of this Republic each moment of its existence.

What, then, shall be done with it? Surely there cannot be one within these walls who will utter that shibboleth, "Personal Liberty," which rang out from the liquor dealers' convention at Harrisburg after the submission of the amendment, and long before the temperance forces gathered in state convention.

Neither in law nor equity can there be personal liberty to any man which shall be bondage and ruin to his fellow-men. John B. Finch, the great constitutional amendment advocate, was wont to settle this point by a single illustration. He said, "I stand alone upon a platform. I am a

tall man with long arms which I may use at my pleasure. I may even double my fist and gesticulate at my own sweet will. But if another shall step upon the platform, and in the exercise of my personal liberty I bring my fist against his face, I very soon find that my personal liberty ends where that man's nose begins."

The law that is inherent in every individual, the right of self-defense, is also inherent in the state of which the individual forms a part. The government has the right to defend its own life, not alone against slavery as in past days, but against any enemy; any custom, any trade that tends to destroy by debauching the character of its citizens. The highest courts of the nation have affirmed this again and again, and in no instance more clearly than in the decision of the United States Supreme Court in denying compensation to the liquor manufacturers of Kansas when their property was destroyed.

Shall then this traffic be licensed, and, as we often hear, regulated and restricted? But license is not regulation! license is not restriction! license is permission!

Noah Webster's definition of license is: "License is a formal permission from proper authorities to perform certain acts." And more, "To license is to remove from legal restraint by a grant of permission."

Section I of the Brooks law of Pennsylvania reads: "Be it enacted that it shall be unlawful to keep or maintain any house, room or place, hotel, inn or tavern where any vinous, spirituous, malt, or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof, are sold by retail except a license shall have been obtained." "Unlawful except—a license shall have been obtained." Then it shall be no longer unlawful, for permission has been given to the person who holds the license.

Thus the people, who are the government, bring upon themselves all the fearful conditions presented this evening: and the most awful fact connected with it all is that some within the Christian church are ready to compromise with this iniquity which is debasing the morals of society, breaking down the respect of the masses for law and order and good government, and hastening a day of anarchy and revolution in this free republic. Gerrit Smith said: "If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral then of necessity are

the laws which authorize the traffic immoral." And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral, if we do not protest against them, repeal them and make better ones.

The Brooks law, under the discretionary power of upright judges in Philadelphia and Allegheny, has lessened the number of saloons in those cities. But no one has had the boldness to suggest that the amount of liquor sold has been less. If this were the case we would have heard a wail from every manufacturer of intoxicating drink; but no such has been heard. We are also able to give government proof that it is not the case; for the last United States revenue report tells us that the production of fermented liquors has increased in Pennsylvania in the last year three million, three hundred thousand gallons. The Georgia citizen asks: "Does it make any difference, if all the liquor in a single cask is drawn out, whether the cask is tapped in one, two or ten places, so the liquor is all drawn out? High license proposes to draw all the liquor the people will buy, but to draw it through a few less taps." By such law as a whole a monopoly is established, and a robe of respectability is thrown about the traffic, which is protected against interference with a zeal worthy of a righteous cause. And why? Because by the money paid for the license and received by the government, a partnership is established between the government and the traffic. And never were the partnership funds distributed with more worldly wisdom than in the Brooks law. The enemy has his hand on state, county, city and borough. Each has its interest in the revenue, and thus gives endorsement to the license system, while the mill grinds on, and the never-ending grist of fresh humanity, with capabilities for good, goes into the hopper, and out comes the horrible grist of lunatics, paupers, drunkards and criminals. And all this in face of the positive proof of the failure of the license system.

Statistics bearing the seal of officials in control during the existence of high license laws can alone be accepted as proof of its fraud and deception.

Atlanta, Georgia, was under partial prohibition two years, licenses expiring from time to time during the whole of the first year, while wine rooms were not prohibited. But even in this limited form the benefits under prohibition were so great as to stamp high license in the first four

months of its rule with failure and disgrace. In the last four months of prohibition there were 273 arrests; in the first four of license at \$1,500 there were 818. Everywhere that the system has been tried the verdict is, high license neither regulates nor restricts but promotes drunkenness and crime.

When the brewers of London called upon Mr. Gladstone in the interest of their trade he said: "Gentlemen, I can not permit a question of mere revenue to be considered along side of a question of mere morals; but give me a sober population, not wasting their money in strong drink, and I will know where to get my revenue."

Canon Wilberforce said: "To desire revenue from the bitter suffering and grinding pauperism of the people is a terrible offense."

The Queen of Madagascar's words were: "I cannot consent as your Queen to take revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects." The Emperor of China, whom we call "heathen," declared that "nothing would induce him to derive a revenue from the suffering and degradation of his people."

Are we less kindly and less principled than they across the water?—than even a heathen ruler? Certainly not in Pennsylvania, where for so many years there has been effort for Constitutional prohibition. In 1837 the State Temperance Alliance sent petitions to the General Assembly, asking that "The Constitution should be so revised that the patronage of the state should no longer be given to the liquor traffic for revenue or for any other object, and that public houses should no more be permitted to distribute the deadly poison."

Still earlier in 1817 the Society of Charities asked of license money, "Should these wages of iniquity be put into the treasury? They are the price of blood, and their aggregate would be inadequate to buy fields enough in which to bury the multitudes who are the victims of the dreadful traffic."

Surely there is not less interest in the right, in the morality and virtue of the people, in the prosperity of the government, in her financial status and her standing in the greater Commonwealth of the Republic than in the olden time!

This appeal which has been ringing out from the hearts of Pennsylvania's citizens for more than fifty years will certainly receive affirmative response at the ballot box on the 13th of June. A traffic that wipes out the wealth of a state like Pennsylvania, should surely be prohibited. Does any one doubt it?

Do we not always prohibit crimes that bring us to desperate straits? Does any one think that anything short of prohibition would keep them at their minimum? Has not Judge Noah Davis said: "The liquor traffic is the cause of seven-eighths of the crimes of violence, and a very large proportion of all public offenses"? Shall we prohibit the effect and not the cause? Does some one say: "Prohibition does not prohibit"? I will agree with them. Law does not enforce itself; neither will enforced law utterly exterminate the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink while sin is in the hearts of men. But why not use the same argument touching other crimes, murder, theft, burglary, highway robbery? No man wants to lose his life and would therefore have murder prohibited. No more is he pleased to lose his property, hence, all manner of theft must be prohibited. But this traffic is the crime of all crimes, and certainly no less means than is applied to the extermination of other crimes can be approved. "Thou shalt not" was thundered from Sinai ages ago, and though that prohibitory law has been broken, it has never been repealed; neither has sin been sanctioned nor regulated.

Will prohibition of the drink traffic be enforced, is asked? A question suggestive of two fearful conditions! First, Failure of our Democratic form of government. Second, Treason in the hearts of the people. Constitutional prohibition is proposed. How is it to be secured? By the will of a majority of the people expressed at the ballot box. Is the majority to yield to the minority? How then can there be failure to enforce it? I am reminded of the olden time when Salmon P. Chase, Joshua R. Giddings, Benjamin F. Wade and my own father sat in council concerning the slave traffic in this nation, when one after another would say to the veterans: "Slavery can never be outlawed. It is a great commercial interest. It must be regulated, kept within bounds," but to-day there is not a slave within our domains!

No state seemed a less propitious field for prohibition in 1851 than Maine. But for thirty-eight years the law has obtained, not a complete annihilation of the evil, no one claims it, but not a brewery nor a distillery can be found in the state, where once there were many, and every person selling intoxicating drink is by constitution and statute an outlaw. In 1883 during the Constitutional Amendment campaign of Ohio, Hon. James G. Blaine wrote: "I do not believe there are six hundred and fifty thousand as sober, industrious and honest citizens in the same area of territory in the United States as in Maine, and this is wholly due to our prohibitory law."

Massachusetts with its free rum has wrought mightily to undermine that law, but there it stands in all its constitutional majesty! Look at Kansas! Hear the late governor, John A. Martin, not a Prohibitionist when elected, but becoming one by the logic of events, saying: "Fully nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago have been abolished and I affirm with emphasis and earnestness that this state to-day is the most temperate, orderly and sober community of people in the civilized world." By statistics that may be secured by all, he proves that the population, intelligence, morality and material wealth of the state have increased more rapidly than in any other state in the Union in the same number of years. I have spent two months in Kansas in the last two years, and did not see a drunken man nor a place where I might suppose intoxicating drinks were sold. Church audiences are unprecedentedly large and their most marked features is the large number of young men, who, as a pastor of Topeka told me, are glad to come, there being no places of temptation to lure them away.

Iowa is a notable example of the speedy benefits of prohibition. Time has not been sufficient to overthrow the evil in all large cities; but from a no less reliable authority than Senator Wilson we learn of its magnificent victories. Not as in high license Omaha is there one arrest to each twelve of the population, but one to two thousand, and in forty-eight of the ninety-nine county jails not a person has been confined during the year.

If, indeed, prohibition does not prohibit, why does the trade fear prohibition? Why their combination against it?

Why is such an unparalleled fund raised to defeat it? Has such an attempt ever been made to overthrow or defeat high license? Nay, they fear prohibition with the dread of death; and their own journals are continually rallying the trade, saying they must be asleep or they would see that ruin stares them in the face if prohibition should prevail.

Joseph Cook once said: "Tell me what liquor dealers want, and I will tell you what I do not want." The reverse is equally true. Liquor dealers do not want prohibition, and therefore every good citizen should want it. Is it not pitiful that with all these facts before us there is needed so much pleading for the home, for the church, for the republic? Is it not strange that a man will dare to call himself a Christian and stand with the forces of wickedness?

Think of some of the ministers furnishing by their words and acts liquor dealers' circulars at a critical time like this! Praise God the numbers of such are few. Is it not true that, if this amendment is lost in this state, it may be charged to the failure of the church to stand with God and the forces of truth? Have we not to give account for every deed done in the body? Will any one who thus fails dare to give answer to the question, "Where is thy brother?" knowing that that brother has gone into eternal darkness because he, a professed child of God, refused to take from him the drink temptation?

The adoption of this amendment will be the expression of the will of the people concerning the liquor traffic. The constitution is thoroughly guarded, and when the principle of the prohibition of the drink traffic is embodied in it, there will be ample opportunity to test its value before it could be removed. It will not be subject to judiciary or legislative action; but will remain until the people vote it out of the constitution, as they have voted it in.

If this proposition should be adopted the drink traffic in intoxicating liquors would be absolutely illegal, even without legislation. I do not mean that the constitution thus amended could enforce itself, or that legislation would not be necessary to make it effective in preventing the traffic; but it would have the stamp of constitutional outlawry upon it, and could have no legal standing, whatever might be

the will of the General Assembly. Contracts concerning the manufacture and sale of liquors to be used as a beverage would be illegal, and could not be enforced in the courts of the state. Capital invested in the business would, even without legislation, withdraw from it. But the amendment makes it the absolute duty of the General Assembly to enact an enforcing law, with sufficient penalties, as may be necessary. The members of the General Assembly before entering upon their duties are required to take an oath "to support the Constitution of the United States and the constitution of this state, and faithfully discharge the duties of their office." They cannot disregard this mandate to legislate to carry this provision into effect without absolute and willful perjury. The General Assembly, whether favoring or not favoring this provision, would hardly presume to violate so plain a direction as well as their oaths of office.

This is, also, the only effective means to take this vexed question out of party politics. No party does or will combat constitutional law. They all alike conform their platform of principles to its mandates. The resistance to constitutions is individual, not party.

There will be no danger, should this be adopted, that legislation will not follow for its enforcement, no matter what party may succeed to power. The will of the people, who only are constitution makers, when declared by constitutional enactment, will always be respected. The General Assembly, like constitutions, is elected by the people. It could not, if it would, disregard this will. When it shall have been adopted, each political party will try to be foremost in their adhesion to it, and most outspoken in favor of it. Political parties are wonderful in their devotion to constitutions, and are always first to denounce infractions in other parties.

This amendment will be practically enforced if adopted. The drink traffic, being wholly illegal, its enforcement will not be surrounded with the difficulties that have always attended and ever will attend the enforcement of regulatory laws. The saloons, the great source of crime and wrong, can easily be driven from public gaze. The magnificence and elegance with which they are now built and furnished; the allurements and sports they exhibit to entice the young men, would be a thing of the past. The drink

traffic like all other illegal things, would be driven into darkness and obscure places. Their glory would depart, and they would take their places alongside of all other out-laws, with no party or people for their defenders or advocates.

On the other hand, if you fail to adopt this amendment, if you let the liquor dealers understand their traffic is approved, nothing can hold them within bounds. They will demand and secure their "personal liberty," and no power will be sufficient to prevent it; for they will declare it to be the expressed will of the people at the focus of power—the ballot box.

A refusal to adopt by a state like Pennsylvania will discourage temperance people elsewhere and will be derogatory to every effort made for prohibition. On the eighteenth day of June may the men of Pennsylvania stand for God and home and humanity, meeting the duty of the hour to their honor, and save this great Commonwealth from the ravages of the liquor traffic!

In the year 1889, in addition to her other cares and responsibilities, Mrs. Woodbridge was made by the National union their lecturer to higher educational institutions and colleges. This called her before many of the most learned assemblies of the land. And just such audiences her charming address and calm, thoughtful, logical speeches were calculated to delight. We find a very able address delivered before a college which we would gladly give to the readers; but the superabundance of material and the lack of space prevent.



Frances Ellwood



CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE'S TRIP ABROAD—HER RECEPTION IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND—LADY HENRY SOMERSET AND HER ESTIMATE OF MRS. WOODBRIDGE.

AT the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1890, Mrs. Woodbridge was made a fraternal delegate to the British Women's Temperance Association to meet at London, May 25-27, 1891. She was also a delegate to the London Yearly Meeting of Friends; to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge at Edinburg; to the Social Purity Conference at Geneva; to the Peace and Arbitration Congress at Rome, and to the Congregational Council at London. She playfully wrote to the author: "It is much to put in the hands of one poor woman."

We would be glad to give a more complete and detailed report of her work abroad, her wonderfully successful little speeches at the innumerable receptions given her when she was so happy, and one or more of her more formal public addresses which made such a deep impression. But we are unable to do it. Mrs. Woodbridge lived and acted, utterly unmindful of her reputation and enduring fame. She was not making a biography, much less an autobiography; she was simply living for Jesus day by day, making her life sublime in most efficient service for her Lord. She sent home no newspaper reports, and wrote not a line of what she ever said before the public. With her characteristic hiding of herself in her work, she scarcely referred to her constant addresses even in her letters to her most inti-

mate friends or to her own family. Were it not for a few scattered and very brief references to her receptions and speeches in letters to her husband and to the author, and also the kindness of that noble woman, Lady Henry Somerset, it would be impossible to give any conception of her work abroad.

She wrote almost daily to her husband; her bright and often amusing descriptions of scenes and places of interest we omit as aside from our purpose. This is not a book of travels; were it such we could fill a large volume from her foreign letters alone. We glean the following, which throw light upon her life:

LONDON, May 29, 1891.

I went with Dr. Thomas and his sister to present my message at the London Yearly Meeting, on Friday, and on Saturday was obliged to go to Edinburgh, as the Grand Lodge which had not expected to hold its meeting until Tuesday found it could close on Monday. We had a most enthusiastic time. I returned to London. Lady Henry is here at present among her London tenantry. She is the finest speaker among women that I have heard, possessing in a marvelous degree qualifications for a leader, and her co-laborers almost worship at her feet. Hannah Whitall Smith made a delightful lunch party for me the day after convention, at which we were all together. All conspired to show me everything that time would permit.

Edinburg, beautiful for situation, is wonderful, charming; and you feel yourself at home at once. I certainly do at Mr. Barclay's where I am entertained—a marvelous man with a marvelous wife who is engaged in innumerable philanthropies.

EDINBURG, SCOTLAND, June 4, 1891.

I am to speak at a popular mission founded by Mr. Moody when he was here, at which the attendance is about fifteen hundred. On Sunday evening I speak at Assembly Hall, belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, where the General Assembly has just closed;—the largest and finest hall in the city. I have much enjoyed meeting the great ecclesiastical lights, Dr. Norman McLeod, Andrew Bonar and daughter, Mrs. Oatts, the son and daughter of the late Dr. Guthrie, etc., who are all friends of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay.

To-morrow we go to the home of the Earl of Devonshire, where we expect to have a pleasant visit.

June 9, 1891.

Edinburg will ever be a most delightful memory. We are to return there next Tuesday, as a reception has been arranged for by all the temperance organizations of the city. I have also an invitation from Southampton to accept a reception at their hands, and have arranged to go there upon my return to London. Saturday night I spoke at Carubbers Close to fifteen hundred people, which led to an invitation to address the meeting at Assembly Hall on Sabbath evening, when Dr. Cummings presided and gave me a most delightful introduction. Every possible attention has been paid me, and I am full of gratitude for the privilege. I find myself so continually occupied that writing is almost impossible. I shall have much to tell you of meetings at Carubbers Close. It carries eighty meetings a week, the great one being Saturday night at which I spoke. Entirely different from America, leading divines, Commons, Lords and Members of Parliament, take their part and you have no thought that the temperance cause is confined to any particular class. Dr. Bonar tells me that if Scotland could have Home Rule, she would adopt prohibition certainly four to one, perhaps six to one. . . . I cannot say just how long I shall stay in Edinburg; for never was woman so favored,—lunches, dinners, teas, rides, invitations and calls are continuous, and the very best of the people vie with each other it would seem, to do me kindnesses.

EDINBURG, June 25, 1891.

I write away as if I were talking to you, and yet I may say I think I have a right to be highly gratified that Edinburg, with its intellectual supremacy, has received me so kindly and accorded me such meeds of approbation. The spiritual atmosphere delights me and I ought ever to be a better woman. Our meeting yesterday afternoon was delightful. The professors from the University were there and many ladies, and a most elegant repast was afterward served.

EDINBURG, June 29, 1891.

A family by the name of Darling have kept what is called Darling's Regent Hotel for many years. It is a most noted family in religious and philanthropic circles. One after another has passed away and biographies of most thrilling interest have been published.

When I first came I was entertained at Mr. Barclay's, and I inclose a letter received from him this morning asking my return. When we returned from our northern trip Mrs. Barclay awaited us at the station. Mr. Marshall, the leading jeweler of the city, with

his wife and family joined in a plea that we go to them. Professor Blakie from the University came with an urgent invitation for a week, but Miss Darling would not take nay, and being in the center of the city from whence we could go in every direction, we accepted. This afternoon I go to a parlor meeting at one of the lovely homes, and on to Professor Blakie's to tea.

MELROSE, SCOTLAND, July 2, 1891.

On Tuesday I go to Lady Henry Somerset's. I shall meet Hannah Smith there, and she much desires that I go to Haselmere with her. Possibly, I may go down for the night, but no longer, for there is so much to do this week in London that I cannot run away; and every spare moment (if such can be found) I shall be at the Congregational Council which opens to-morrow. Wednesday I attend a gathering of policemen, and invitations to speak which I cannot accept for lack of time are coming in.

LONDON, July 16, 1891.

Lady Henry invited a delightful coterie of women to take tea with me day before yesterday, and by her urgent request I talked half an hour. I was also invited to speak at the policemen's meeting. To-day I go with Lady Henry out to Hannah Whittall Smith's.

Lady Henry Somerset combines the rarest physical, mental, and spiritual gifts, as truly a world's leader as is our own president, a woman lost to self in Christ. Her remarkable characteristic is unselfishness, which I believe to be synonymous with complete consecration or holiness. She continually "seeks the best gifts," not for personal aggrandizement, but as a better fitting for the Master's service. She shrinks from nothing which she believes to be the will of God, His will, apparently, being as sweet to her as the singing of birds. She has had many trials, but must have said in her heart, "Why should I start at the plow of my Lord that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know that He is no idle husbandman, but purposeth a crop." She has brought blessings to multitudes, especially to those who come into close relations with her. She never suggests to one the idea of caste, or earthly difference or position, but brings out one's best, and constantly educates by her character. She has what Canon Wilberforce has called the four elements of life and experience, it having been hers to admit, to submit, to commit and to transmit. She is like the sun who pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere bears in his beams a blessing to the world.

This single item from a newspaper is found :

Mrs. Woodbridge meets with a cordial reception wherever she goes in Great Britain. Canon Wilberforce tendered the temperance ladies of Southampton the grounds of the Deanery for a reception in her honor. She deserves it all.

Mrs. Woodbridge filled her long and beautiful letters with descriptions of people and places and famous buildings and scenes, and said so little about herself and her work (what we are now most interested in), that we should be dependent on these few references quoted above for our knowledge of the flattering way in which she was received abroad, were it not for the kindness of Lady Henry Somerset, who is as humble and obliging as she is great and good.

I knew she admired my friend, for as I wrote this book, I sat facing the wall of Mrs. Woodbridge's sitting-room, on which hung Lady Henry's picture with her autograph upon it, giving it to her "beloved Mary Woodbridge." There was also a beautiful paper weight on the table before me with a heart-shaped gold frame, holding the picture of Lady Henry, whose sweet, pure face looked up at me as a perpetual inspiration while I wrote. It, too, was a present from Lady Henry. It held her autograph letter which read as follows :

OFFICE 25, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST. }
LONDON, Aug. 15, 1894. }

DEAR MRS. WOODBRIDGE :—I have sent you as a souvenir to-day, a little paper weight and paper clip. Will you keep it on your table as a remembrance of

Your sincere friend,

Isabel Somerset

Knowing of this friendship and of this noble woman's great kindness, I was emboldened to write for her account of

Mrs. Woodbridge's reception in England, and the impression she made upon the general public. Before it is given, however, I wish to make the general reader better acquainted with this rare Christian woman, whom rank can not spoil, nor wealth corrupt, nor power make proud and heartless, and whose name and fame will yet fill the earth as one of the most remarkable Christian women of our century.

There are many American women of wealth and culture, social position and great influence who sincerely pray for usefulness; they do not open their eyes to this matchless field of moral reform and enter it because, forsooth, they imagine that all the W. C. T. U. women are cranks, and they would be degraded by joining them! I want to tell all such that the leaders in this greatest reform movement of this century of reform, are the very elect of God. I hold up before them this queenly woman, of purest aristocratic blood, of unquestioned rank and position in the noblest aristocracy of the world, who has meekly laid her rank and wealth and eloquence on the altar of humanity's service for Jesus' sake, and I ask them if they are too good to stand beside her and her Lord in Christian service?

In order to make my readers better acquainted with this sweet-souled reformer who meekly follows her Saviour and regards *Christian* as her noblest title, I was emboldened to write to Miss Willard for some description of her noble friend. She kindly complied and sent me the following:

LADY HENRY SOMERSET AT HOME IN LONDON—HER WORK, AND HOW SHE DOES IT.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President of the World's W. C. T. U.

It would be inaccurate to speak of Lady Henry Somerset as being especially at home in London, though she has a house there always open and ready when it suits her convenience to occupy the same for days or weeks. Her beau-

tiful Castle of Eastnor is over a hundred miles from the Babel of the metropolis, and her charming seat at Reigate Priory is more than twenty miles from the modern Babylon. She often says that two of the cardinal principles of her life until within a few years were these: First, I will live in the country; second, I will not travel.

While bringing up her son, Henry Somers Somerset, now twenty-one years of age, Lady Henry adhered strictly to these rules; but she has now become so much involved in temperance work and the philanthropies closely associated with that great reform that she has been obliged to restate her principles. This she has not done in so many words, but in action. The change is to the following effect: First, I have no home; second, I am obliged to be on the wing, and the round earth is my parish. For Lady Henry is Vice-President at large of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and letters come to her from every nook and corner of the earth urging her presence and help in the foundation of national and local unions. From seventy-five to one hundred letters a day and from a dozen to twenty telegrams must be taken care of as a mere incident of her greatly preoccupied life. Engagements with leaders with whom conference is desirable occupy much time; her conferences with women whom she desires to enlist take her out through the towns and cities of Great Britain; and her attendance at great mass-meetings in the strategic centres makes the final draft upon her strength.

All these first, exclusive of an immense business of which she insists upon knowing the "true inwardness." Her estates at Eastnor are fifteen miles in length, and the number of her tenants there, at Reigate, and in Somers' Town, London, is very large. Besides this she has the circle of her relationships in society, and her comrades in the middle class, which is so well defined in England. But the health, education, and interests of her son are paramount to all other considerations. He is a fine young fellow, over six feet tall, and resembles his mother in general appearance, having the same dark eyes, dark hair and fresh complexion; he is devotedly attached to her, and is an exemplary young man in the purposes and habits of his life.

Lady Henry has each of her three homes well supplied

with servants and kept open the year round, as she can never tell to which she may wish to go on account of her own engagements or in order to entertain friends. She does a great deal in the way of giving holidays, vacations and outings to those who otherwise would not know what a pleasant thing these variations are in the lives of those who have not the money to provide themselves with such pleasures.

Like all other English women of her antecedents and training, Lady Henry sits up late at night, and hence rises late in the morning, taking a light French breakfast in bed between eight and nine, and having breakfast about ten, lunch between one and two, tea at five, and dinner anywhere between six and eight o'clock. She reads her innumerable letters as rapidly as they come, unless they are purely routine letters, when they go to her secretary. Lady Henry sits with stenographers all day long, unless she is obliged, which is often the case, to attend committees or fulfill engagements. Her greatest deprivation is the lack of time to read, for she has always been devoted to books; it is pathetic to see her put a copy of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Drummond, or Matthew Arnold into her traveling bag, hoping to get a few minutes to read on the train or in the intervals of meetings. She works as busily on the cars as in her office, and has immense power of concentration, so that she throws off letters, articles, paragraphs, speeches with remarkable facility. Perhaps nothing in the study of her life strikes one as more characteristic than that she should have become such an expert in writing, speaking, organizing, and conducting the forces of a reform movement on a great scale, when all her life until the last few years was spent in a manner so totally different; for she was wont to live at Eastnor Castle or Reigate Priory, spending a great deal of time in the open air, following the hounds, visiting the cottagers, entertaining large parties of friends, and reading with a persistence worthy of a scholar. Her life was then wholly one of self-direction; now she is impelled by the exigencies of a movement which involves hundreds of thousands of co-workers.

For a long time I have been associated with Lady Henry in all her work, having been a guest in her home,

and, therefore, speak "by the book" in these statements relative to her home life. She is greatly beloved by all with whom she is associated, is most liberal and indulgent to those dependent on her, and has a remarkable power of calling out the affection of comrades, friends and helpers in all grades of the social scale. The elasticity, buoyancy, wit and humor of Lady Somerset have not been adequately set forth. She is a delightful companion, a remarkable conversationalist, and never brightens her talk with so many quaint allusions, quips, and turns of apt expression as when she is with those in whose presence she feels perfectly at home. To the public generally she presents the appearance of a woman of the highest culture, having a certain gentle dignity mingled with great consideration in word and deed.

Lady Henry Somerset's method of conducting the temperance work is on progressive modern lines. Wherever the liquor traffic is entrenched there she would (figuratively) plant a gatling gun. She believes the movement to be much wider than has been supposed in the past; she thinks that it includes the effort to teach the children in all schools what science has to say concerning the effect of stimulants and narcotics upon the body, the mind, the purse, and the perceptions of every boy and girl. She believes that the circulation of scientific temperance literature is of vital importance. She thinks that the ballot in the hand of woman means the outlawing of the dramshop, and for that reason she is working most ably to change the public sentiment so that this weapon shall be placed in the hands of the women of the world; in all her writings and speaking, and in her interviews with journalists, she insists upon this measure. She also believes that until this great question goes into politics it will never come into power, and she does not hesitate to say so. In the great political struggle of the spring of 1892 Lady Henry Somerset spoke for the Liberal party thirty-six times in fifteen days and she did this because the Liberals had made the "direct veto" a plank in their platform. There is not another woman in England who has such sympathetic power over an audience. Her gentle presence, tender tones, and wide hospitality of thought win every heart. Lady Henry has the mind of a statesman; its scope and grasp are altogether be-

yond those of most women ; and she unites in her thinking and character the best powers of a capable man and a thoughtful and highly educated woman. Her career has but begun. If she goes on at the present rate for a quarter of a century or even half that time, she will have cut her name deep and high on the scroll of her country's benefactors.

Here is Lady Somerset's simple eloquent tribute, entitled,

THE VISIT OF MRS. WOODBRIDGE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

In the spring of 1891, Mrs. Woodbridge came to the annual meeting of our British Women's Temperance Association as a fraternal delegate from the National W. C. T. U. She was also the secretary of these two societies which form the largest circles of all into which the Crusade movement has extended. In this threefold capacity Mrs. Woodbridge was thrice welcomed and thrice honored by us all ; but more than all she was loved for her charming manners and high character.

The impression that she made on our convention when introduced was one of the finest that I have ever witnessed. Her tall, well proportioned figure, her great dignity of bearing, her beaming countenance, her deep, pleasant tones of voice, all combined to make us glad and grateful that a representative so equal to every emergency that might arise had been sent to us by our white ribbon sisters in America.

I saw her repeatedly in private and was specially impressed by the combination of dignity, suavity and humor that formed an amalgam of rare attraction and magnetic power. Her smile was contagious and her rippling laughter musical. She seemed a happy woman ; happy in the equipoise of her character, in the enrichment of her home life, in the good will of her comrades, in the " peace that passeth understanding."

From England Mrs. Woodbridge went to the Continent and made the usual summer round. She also visited several places of interest in our Island and endeared herself to every one of our members who had the privilege of meet-



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.



ing her. I have heard but one opinion from the lips of all and that is the one which I have here set down as simply and directly as I know how. It comes from a heart that has always loved and cherished this noble representative white ribbon woman, and which deeply sympathizes with her loving friends and co-workers in the sudden separation that has removed her forever from our earthly sight.

But the world invisible grows dear and rich when souls have entered there freighted with so much that was beautiful and blessed in the world that now is.

"We follow that way." We shall soon be with them once again.

Harriet Martineau

Boston, Jan. 1, 1895.

These two noble women met. The one was one of the finest products of the aristocratic institutions of old England; the other was an equally choice specimen of the products of republican institutions in New England. As they stood in each other's presence, rank and title were forgotten. They saw in each other only the "pure womanly," and that higher nobility of mind and spirit which each possessed. They had much in common to call out mutual admiration. Each was an orator of wide fame. Each had literary ability and editorial gifts of acknowledged power. Each was by instinct and choice and training a moral reformer; and, best of all, each was by profession and practice, a devout, humble, and truly consecrated follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. For two such queens in the kingdom of God to meet was instantly to love and be loved, and to form a friendship that will never end. Death has only translated and crowned one; the other "follows that way" to join the loved in the blessed world, where separations are unknown and unions are never broken.

One of the greatest dukes of the realm entertained Mrs. Woodbridge, and with great courtesy showed her the treasures of art and historic interest in his ancestral halls. Before retiring the nobleman called all his many servants together, and like an ancient patriarch, the priest of his household, he led them in worship. Perhaps nothing she participated in abroad touched her heart more than that.

After Mrs. Woodbridge returned home, the wife of a very famous American millionaire said to her, "The next time you go abroad I want to go with you." "Why?" asked Mrs. Woodbridge. "Because," said the wealthy lady, "you can get an entrance into circles in England where mere money can never take any of us Americans."

Thank God that it is so ; that there is society in this world where intellect and character and Christian usefulness count for more than money !

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE AS A PREACHER.

Who is my neighbor?—*Luke 10 : 29.*

First of all he is literally our neighbor who is next to us in our own family and household. Then it is he who is close to us in our own neighborhood, in our own town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and to be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion. But beside these, as our Lord teaches, it is every one who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life ; he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping—the unfortunate stranger whom we may meet in traveling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after.—*Dean Stanley.*

I would not have this perfect love of ours
Grow from a single root, a single stem,
Bearing no goodly fruit, but only flowers
That idly hide life's iron diadem :
It should grow always like that Eastern tree
Whose limbs take root and spread forth constantly ;
That love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THIS biography would not be complete without some mention of Mrs. Woodbridge's work as a preacher of righteousness—a real ambassador of Christ. Her first speech, as we have already observed, was in a church, and so was her last. She probably spoke first and last in more than two thousand pulpits, and hundreds of times she took a text and preached from it as any other preacher might do. Many a time ministers have listened to her words, and when she closed her plea for her Master with the audience

strangely moved, they have involuntarily exclaimed, "She ought to be ordained at once to preach the gospel."

And she was ordained by the best possible ordination—that of the Holy Ghost. It was the same kind that Dwight L. Moody had, years before any minister thought of giving him recognition. When they finally did recognize him, it honored them far more than it helped him. Many ministers have been honored with "the laying on of holy hands," and have been helped very little by it. But when the Holy Spirit lays His hand on a soul and "separates" it for great service, touches the lips with "a live coal," and enables them to speak with a divine unction and heavenly persuasiveness, it then matters little whether men ordain them or not. They are ordained by a higher than human power. It matters not whether churches call such persons preachers or not; they preach, and they get a hearing. He who called them into the ministry calls the people to hear them, and He sets His own seal on their ministry of converting power.

Such was "our beloved Mary's" ordination; and from the beginning she made "full proof of her ministry." Few ministers could gather such an audience as she could. She did not preach to "fill an appointment," "kill time," "delight the audience," or "make a name" for herself. With her it was serious, very solemn work. She had, as she felt, a commission from God to proclaim an important message to dying souls. Her whole heart was in it.

An old Scotch lady once went to hear that earnest young minister, Rev. Robert McCheynne, who died so early, and yet who lived long enough to fill the realm with the sweet odor of his influence. She was asked how she liked him. She paused as if to measure her words, and then said: "He seems to me to preach as if he was just dying to have somebody converted." So was it with the preaching of Mrs. Woodbridge; and it made her a soul-winner.

It is difficult to know just how she ever preached. Newspapers do not often print sermons, and we find none of Mrs. Woodbridge's in any papers. We can find little glowing accounts of the marvelous power and blessed results of her sermons. There are also multitudes of living witnesses who tell how she moved them, and won them and others to Jesus; but it is impossible to give to the public any of her discourses as she delivered them. We know that she was sought for far and wide to go to great gatherings and camp-meetings and preach annually; and that for months together she would fill some pulpit every Sabbath morning, preaching a sermon, and in the evening speaking on moral reform.

If she had been more willing to write about herself we should have known more of her successes and triumphs. Even if she ever did break over her reserve and self-hiding and talk freely it was always with an apology. Here is a specimen from a letter to the author and his wife:

DEPOT OLEAN, March 10, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The train being much delayed I am almost alone in the depot and after having written my precious husband cannot resist the opportunity to write you hastily and again record the mercies and blessings of God, which have attended my pathway. Do you clearly understand that I write no one but my husband of these things in any degree as I do you? If you do not my letter will seem very egotistical, while in reality I am so astonished (lack of faith, perhaps) and so grateful, that I was never more humble.

She then tells of her work on the previous Sabbath,—speaking three times—once in the largest church in the city of W—, whose pastor was always before averse to the W. C. T. U. and all their speakers. At the close of her address the pastor arose and said: "Never until to-day have I known the work of the W. C. T. U., but I desire now to be furnished with all your books and leaflets

which I will faithfully study, and I hope to lead the Christian women of my flock, who, I fear, from ignorance like my own, have never entered the work to join the goodly and the godly host."

The collection for her cause was twice as much as it had ever been before in that city. She closed her letter as follows :

The Lord was in all the gatherings and my heart was full of gratitude. Yesterday I went early to B—— where I addressed an audience, giving a scientific talk on alcohol. I called it the Water of Death. You will see how naturally I could turn it into a talk on "The Water of Life." I got them by uplifted hand to promise never to drink the Water of Death. Then I persuaded them to promise to drink of the "Water of Life."

Among those that held up their hands were eleven persons between fifteen and twenty years old. Some were in tears; others by their countenances showed the striving of the Holy Spirit. I had conversation with each of them after the meeting, and all but one seemed clear in their mind and fully determined to serve the Lord. One poor girl, seventeen years old, said: "I have so wanted such an opportunity," and, laying her head on my shoulder, she wept, and said, "Praise the Lord that you came."

Do you wonder that I wanted to tell you of the mercy of my God? Is He not wonderful, marvelous, to give to such as I, privileges and blessing and opportunity like this? Will you not praise Him for His goodness and implore for me that faith whereby I shall so trust Him that I shall have no will but His, and may be lost to self?

Yours ever,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Think of it! ten souls for Jesus as the result of a scientific talk about alcohol! But it was because she had what John Angell James, of sainted memory, called "an eye to the Lord Jesus." She had the true preacher's passion for souls.

We learn through a letter from a fellow-passenger, and also from a letter to her husband, that she preached by

invitation, on the steamer in her passage over to England. As part of the result one prominent citizen of an American city was deeply convicted by the Holy Spirit, and, in a private interview with her afterward, gave himself to Christ.

She was once speaking in an Indiana city, and at the close of her address an engineer and his fireman rose and asked the privilege of saying a few words. It being granted, they said: "Some months ago we were in —— and heard Mrs. Woodbridge speak, and we were led by her words to give ourselves to Jesus, and we are now rejoicing in His salvation, and we wish to bear this testimony to the grace of God in sending us the message of salvation through this His servant."

She once spoke at a well-known Methodist camp-meeting in Ohio. "Before speaking," as she wrote the author, "I went to my God, I plead that He would speak through me and keep me in His fear only. When I closed my sermon the silence was like death. After the benediction had been pronounced, Dr. Merrick, of Delaware, came to me and said: 'I do not want to compliment, for it would be unworthy of such an hour as this; but I thank God that if He ever spoke through His own, He has done it this afternoon.' As he used the very words of my prayer of the noon-time, I was lifted to exultation, and my soul responded: 'Not only hast Thou answered my prayer, but Thou hast declared it unto me through the lips of thy servant.'"

And Mrs. Woodbridge not only preached before the great audiences, but, also, like her Master at the well of Samaria, she was a wayside preacher, even to an audience of one.

Riding from her home to Cleveland one day on the train, there was but one vacant sitting in the car, and that was beside a man quite intoxicated. A gentleman offered

to exchange seats. She said: "No, I thank you; I am not afraid of a drunken man." Soon he was aroused, and half opened his eyes and stared stupidly at her. She began a pleasant and kindly conversation with him, and deftly turned it into a religious channel and presently she was holding up Christ to him as the only one who could set him free from the bondage of drink and all other sin.

Six months later, in the eastern part of the state, she had an appointment to speak in a town which she was late in reaching on account of the delay of the train. The audience had gathered, and, while waiting for her, was being addressed by a gentleman. She sat down in a seat in the rear and listened. It was her once drunken car companion, who was telling how Mrs. Woodbridge had ridden with him on the train, and had pointed him to Christ, whom he had accepted as a Saviour, who had given him deliverance and made him once more a man.

This was probably but one of countless instances of her wayside work in reaching out for individual souls. And she used not only her lips but her facile pen for Jesus, praying for souls as led by the Spirit, and then writing to them some gospel message to reach their quickened hearts. Since her death one letter has been shown to her husband which she once wrote to a young lawyer. This man now stands at the head of the bar in his county, and he has treasured this letter nearly a score of years. It reads as follows :

RAVENNA, Jan. 8, 1878.

RESPECTED SIR :—Since the hour that the Lord called me (in a small way) into public life, I have closely scrutinized my every act, lest one might be considered unwomanly. Keenly sensitive upon this point, when addressing a stranger, as I am now doing, even on religious subjects, so dear to my heart, and which I feel to be a vital interest to all, I shrink, but cannot withhold. For some reason (the Lord knows) you have been the burden of my prayer for many days. When waking in the night time you have been

upon my heart, and not until in faith I have been able to leave you with the Lord have I slept.

Last evening Mr. ——— made an earnest appeal "that those who love the Lord would go out in search of any to whom they might be directed by Him." This I have been blessed in doing from day to day. But this morning when I asked direction for my feet, none was given me—and only the more heavily was the burden of your soul's salvation rolled upon me. During the forenoon one came to me for counsel, and I praised God for His blessing, and the privilege He granted. At half after one, an hour of daily communion with my Beloved, I could not free myself from the burden. Therefore, knowing it was not likely that I could meet you undisturbed, I take this means of communication. Will you please accept my reason for writing? I believe it is only with desire for your good and the honor of the dear Master.

What can I write? Not a word that you do not already know, and yet the inexpressible joy that is in my heart because I have Christ there, as my Hope, my Guide and my precious Redeemer, and the remembrance of the barrenness of the field before He took possession, leads me to long that other souls receive this joy and honor this blessed Jesus.

So deep has been my yearning for you that I have felt I would be willing to wander where there is "neither rain nor dew," to go into barrenness and desolation for a time, if so be you might taste of this joy,—taste so you would never, never be willing to turn to things of time and sense for happiness. Doubtless with you, as with numberless cases, the inconsistencies of such as I are a stumbling block. Would that the external life of Christians could be brought into harmony with the internal;—that we were all "sealed on the forehead," that others might see that we were followers of the blessed Son of God! For it is not profession that the ungodly want; it is the life of Christ lived out. You want reality. But because many a lawyer lives unworthily you were not hindered from entering the profession. Because others had failed you did not expect that your manhood and honor would be lessened by joining the ranks. You were doubtless even stimulated thereby to honorable effort. Why not in this much more important interest, separate the reality which you desire—the Christ from all

earthly surroundings, and answer the question at once and forever,—“What shall I do with this Jesus which is called Christ?” You are not required to do, simply to accept, receive, and having received, honor your Saviour by yielding to His requests, as you honor an earthly friend whom you dearly love. There is no “do” even in the answer to the Philippian jailer—all the “do” is in the question. The answer is still “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

Once more I beseech you, by the love of God in giving his Son for our salvation, by the love of Jesus, our Sacrifice, by the tender mercy that hath followed you all your days, come to Jesus and be forever His. It is hard to cease pleading, for this longing for souls brings a near intimacy with Him who has said: “Oh, turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?”

Your friend praying for you,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

It is evident that Mrs. Woodbridge did much of this kind of Christian preaching by letter; and to save her time, she finally had the following letter printed which she might enclose in some other epistle with a prayer that Christ might be found by the one to whom she wrote:

BEING A CHRISTIAN.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—This list of questions has been prepared with the hope that they will be helpful to inquirers. They are intended to embrace those points of belief and experience which we learn from the Scriptures are necessary in order to become a true follower of Christ. I will ask you to examine each question separately, in a careful and prayerful spirit, and then write your own answer under each one. The simplest form of an answer would be, *I do*, or *It is*, or *I will*. When you have answered all that you clearly understand, or all that you can answer honestly and candidly, make the two copies just alike, keep one for your own use that you may review it from time to time, and return the other to me.

May God help you to answer each question in His fear and to your own salvation.

Affectionately your friend,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Do you believe that the Bible is the Word of God? II Tim. 3 : 16, 17.

Is it your settled purpose to make its teachings the guide and rule of your life? Psalm 119 : 105, 106.

Do you believe that when you are without Christ you are a lost sinner? John 15 : 5.

Do you believe that Christ is able and willing to save you if you truly come to Him? John 3 : 16.

Do you understand that coming to Christ is turning from your sins and believing, loving and obeying Him? John 14 : 21.

Have you so come to Christ?

If not will you do so now? Matt. 11 : 28-30.

If you have, do you now believe that He has received you and secured the pardon of all your sins? Acts 16 : 31.

Are you willing to confess Christ before men in the way of His appointment? Matt. 10 : 32. Mark 16 : 16.

Are you willing to give up all amusements and practices that will hinder you from being an earnest and spiritually minded Christian? Romans 12 : 2. II Cor. 6 : 17.

Will you consecrate yourself to the service of Christ in this sense—that you will do all you can to be a faithful follower of Christ yourself, and to bring others to Him? Luke 9 : 23. Matt. 28 : 19, 20.

Do you make these promises humbly trusting in the help of the Holy Spirit to enable you to keep them, and promise that you will pray every day for such help? Zech. 4 : 6. Matt. 26 : 41.

Sign your name at the bottom that I may know whose answers are written above.

I take pleasure at this point in quoting from a letter by Miss Gertrude Ferguson, of Louisville, Ky., as follows :

I am glad to write a few words received from Mrs. Munnell who has been our state president for years, and was associated with Mrs. Woodbridge both at state and National conventions.

Mrs. Munnell says :

“Mrs. Woodbridge was with us at our last three annual meetings. She was loved and honored by the Kentucky white-ribboners who knew her, better than any other one of our great leaders of the National W. C. T. U. and was regarded by them as a very queen among women. She usually preached our annual sermon, and to the citizens where we held our conventions, she was a wonder and surprise. That she should be able to deliver a logical argument on the great question of prohibition, often convincing the indifferent and those opposed to the movement, was a surprise, but that a woman could preach a sermon was a wonder as well as a surprise.

“She drew large crowds always, and those who heard her wanted to hear her again. I well remember the 23d of September, 1894, at Paducah, when I heard her for the last time. I recall my impressions of the quiet, dignified woman whom we had loved and revered since first we met her in Louisville in 1882, and who was to us always a new revelation of the divinely beautiful. The thought came into my heart, ‘Why are we denied the rare gift of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of God’s love with such power?’ Her very attitude at that moment was one of beauty, and her face was glowing with the Divine Spirit which she was portraying with such energy. After the services closed one of the ministers present exclaimed: ‘She is the most wonderfully clear preacher I ever heard; I forgot she was a woman while I listened to her eloquence.’

“It was his first experience, and he had overcome his prejudices against women in the pulpit while listening to our magnetic leader. God was good to give her to us for awhile. She showed the women of the South, to whom she was a special friend and to whom we always went when we were in trouble—how very sweetly womanly a public woman may be, and how elegantly polished and cultured a woman speaker can be. To me she was pre-eminently the foremost woman in America, standing side by side with our chieftain, Miss Willard.”

Gertrude Ferguson then adds: “After a National convention I would say to Miss Jennie Casseday, ‘Of all the grand and good women there, there was none I admired more than Mrs. Woodbridge,’ and she always smiled so sweetly and was eager to hear more about her. I sincerely hope Rev. Mr. Hills will be successful in his undertaking and give to the women of our land a book, the influence of which will be felt and only second to the life of her whose name is like perfume to those who know her best.”

What was the secret of this pulpit power? I believe it was something aside from and above her dignity, sweet womanliness, wonderful voice and natural gift of eloquence. These were all helps. But of themselves they must ever fall short of the divine and abiding effects at

which every true preacher ought to aim ; yea, and every truly heaven-sent preacher must achieve. I believe the secret of her power has been an open secret ever since Pentecost. It was Holy Ghost power. Here is something written many years ago by herself about herself, found recently among her papers, that explains her power over human hearts for good.

“For years my poor feet were upon the Rock Christ Jesus,—oh, what a rock ! but the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon the Rock, and though I was not washed from it, many times I could not feel a foothold. I was conscious there was a cleft within, where many whom I loved had found refuge, and I longed to be there. I cried mightily to God, sometimes with groanings that could not be uttered, but relief came not. I strove day by day to consecrate myself unto the Lord. I held up my husband saying, Lord, he is thine. My children I gave to Him—all my treasures ; but there was something lacking. Still I cried. Although urged on all sides, I could not speak for Jesus. Educated in a society where from my youth I had been taught that ‘the women should keep silence in the churches,’ I felt that I could not speak—but the Lord to whom I had been crying and who had heard, led me to a meeting for the promotion of holiness, and there saying unto the Lord, ‘Do with me as Thou wilt,’ He stood me upon my feet and opened my mouth to proclaim Him as my Saviour. As I sat down I said to myself, ‘What has entered within my soul?’ Oh, joy indescribable—the mystery was revealed and the Spirit of God which then and there took possession, hath never left His throne. Self dethroned, He hath accepted the vacated seat (which He never claims by force) and reigns and rules complete. While I am nothing, He is all in all—and lovingly permits me to labor for Him, and

accepting that labor, the result is with Him, to whom be glory and honor and power forever and ever, Amen!"

The "baptism of the Holy Spirit" can make preachers, while natural gifts and university training and human ordinations can and do signally fail. I believe Mrs. Woodbridge had the divine anointing—the most precious gift that God gives to mortals in answer to prayer.

I would like to give some specimen of her preaching. We know that she preached a sermon on "Christ the Rock" which was often repeated at conventions and annual gatherings by request and always made a profound impression.

She preached another at Lake Bluff on "The Constraining Love of Christ," the manuscript of which lies before me. It would do credit to a Doctor of Divinity. And she had a missionary address that was pronounced by a cultured lady, the daughter of an eminent minister, the ablest address on missions she ever heard. We will, however, reproduce none of these.

Among her addresses is one evidently prepared for some young ladies' seminary. It was not a sermon; yet it is so deftly turned into her favorite Christian appeal that it answers all the ends of a sermon. Moreover, it is so perfect a picture of her conception of womanhood, and is such wholesome reading for young women that it deserves wide circulation, and I commend it to their attention.

ADDRESS BEFORE A FEMALE SEMINARY.

Our Lord said to His disciples, "A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me."

Joseph Cook opened one of his lectures thus: "A little while ago we were not in the world, and a little while hence we shall be here no longer."

Axiomatic statements, yet startling at each presentation! We come and go; live, and live again; our earthly

existence so like the dew which is gone with the smiling of the sun, or our breath which is and is not, yet so fraught with the interests of eternity ; not with the may or may not, but with the will, or will not of the future, that each moment of time should be to us as the first grain of gold found, after long search, by the miner, not weighty in itself, but an assurance of the richness of its companions.

A cannon is a short tube ; but its direction at the moment of discharge governs the whole flight of the ball ! A clay mold is a fragile thing, but the molten metal poured therein may retain its form centuries after the mold has perished. The photographer exposes his plate to the light but a few seconds, but the expression then taken may last for ages !

A flower is frail and falls into the ground, but its ripening seed may perpetuate its species for all time ! I address you to-night, young ladies, with longing desire for your good. As the teachers, as the mothers of the future, to you it is given to train souls for happiness or misery, for life or for death.

Your brothers have their part in life more noticeable, it may be, than your own ; but, save those whom God has called to the pastoral relation, none can so touch the souls of the race as yourselves. I would, therefore, that some word might this night be spoken that shall lead you to so aim the artillery of your powers that the evil you meet in your pathway may be overcome, and the good be victorious ; that your molding may be such that when the mold is not, your work may be a glory forever ; that as photographers of your own lives, the impressions made may be of lasting beauty, and that the flowers you scatter may perpetuate seed that in turn shall emit fragrance for generations to come, even sweet incense unto our God.

We enter life helpless, ignorant, yet the embryo man or woman. Our triple life of the body, the mind and the soul is there ; the lower element, the physical, the most developed, that within might be enshrined the higher. Soon the dawn of intellectual power is seen. The child looks at its fingers with strange bewilderment, and by the repetition of the act and manifest delight therein shows quickening thought. While these two seem dallying with one another, something awakens passion in the child, and

from that hour the trinity appears complete. Each struggles for the mastery during the years of childhood and early youth, until suddenly the child, the individual, becomes a recognized factor in the world, and there comes a moment when, whether we will or not, we stand face to face with the question—What shall the future be?

We are constituted with an inherent love of variety. Monotones in music, similarity in scenery, sameness in thought or expression, soon become wearisome. We enjoy what is new, fresh and varied; hence, we find that God our Maker has created the world to meet our necessities, having given to it infinite variety. There are no two human faces or minds precisely alike. This feature even characterizes the climates and the seasons. It is not always spring or summer; not always autumn or winter; but these come to us in beautiful succession, their very diversity making the whole year more delightful. Variety always and everywhere meets one's eye and ear, furnishing never ceasing food for our hungry natures.

This is not only met in God's works, but in His Word. In it truth is presented in every possible form, from the severest logical statement to the loftiest poetical imagery; by means of history, biography, psalms, sermons, prayers and prophecies.

As I sought for illustrations among the lives of women of types of character to be emulated or shunned, there came trooping before me women great and good—Semiramis in Assyria, Zenobia in Palmyra, Catherine in Russia, Elizabeth in England, Isabella in Spain, Maria Theresa in Austria—all of whom graced the thrones on which they sat, shed additional lustre on their nation's glory, and blessed the age in which they lived. In living beauty seemed to stand before me Joan of Arc, who fought her nation's battles; Martha Glar, the heroine of Switzerland, who led two hundred women to the gory field of Fan en Brun in defense of liberty; Volumnia and Virgilia, the mother and wife of Coriolanus who saved Rome by their appeal to the heart of that indignant warrior; Lady Jane Grey, who preferred imprisonment and death rather than have English blood shed in defense of her claims. Even Harriet Newell, the girl heroine of our own country, who for Christ and humanity laid down her life on the Isle of

France, and Mrs. Judson, who, worn and weary, slept upon the bank of the Martaban, each bringing lessons of beauty and power.

But these were not enough and none so met the want of this occasion as those characters limned by God's own finger within His blessed Word. Eve, so unlike Sarah, and Sarah unlike Rebecca, and Jochebad, Miriam, Ruth, Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, Esther, the resistless petitioner, Elizabeth, and Mary, the mother of our Lord, through whose histories have come to us lessons from the Divine Teacher, which, if learned and practiced will fit us for every circumstance of life.

Our first mother knew not infancy, or childhood or growth, or youth, but came fresh from the hand of her Creator, in the maturity of perfect womanhood. Of her personal appearance we have no account, but we know that she was the divine ideal of a perfect woman. A true artist's idea of a perfect woman is beautiful, as we see in the Venus of Titian and the Greek slave of Powers; and how supremely glorious must have been the embodiment of God's idea! How resplendent her beauty! How unsullied her purity! How matchless her grace! Yet scarcely do we know of her creation ere we learn of her sin—the first human sin!

To understand its nature we must remember that our first parents were made by divine arrangement, representatives of their race, whose moral character, whether good or bad, must descend to their posterity. That they were created moral agents, endowed with the power of choice of good or evil, whose happiness and moral condition as well as that of their race, depended on their choosing the good, and whose highest virtue, therefore, consisted in voluntary obedience. The strength of their will to obey, could only be tested by trial, and there could be no trial without temptation. Therefore temptation was permitted, but accompanied with the most fearful warning. Surprise has often been expressed at its power; but they could not have been tempted as are we. Idolatry, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, dishonoring parents, murder, theft were all unknown; and the goodness of God did not permit temptation through any necessity of their being! Amply were they supplied; they did not need the fruit of that tree. Infinite wisdom

ordained, then as now, that the trial of love and faith and virtue should be simply obedience to His will, expressed in the clearest and most distinct form.

What element did the seducing tempter awaken in Eve's soul? Was it not discontent with her conditions? A desire to have more than her allotted portion, to be something more or different from what God intended her to be, to know what her Father thought best to conceal? She sinned, she fell into the snare, and how fearful was her fall! We can but weep when we think of that beauty formed for eternal bloom, which so soon began to fade! Of the effacement from her soul of the glory of the divine image! Of the departure of that innocence which fitted her to be the companion of angels! Of the incoming to her soul of a brood of dismal horrors, and the terrible bitterness of that remorse which must have fastened upon her once joyous spirit!

Does not one of woman's chief dangers now arise from the same source? Does not the unchecked desire to be different from her natural self, as God created:—a desire to rise, not intellectually, but positionally above the sphere in which Providence has placed her; to be herself the object of admiration, lead her often to forget God, to trample on His laws, to pervert her moral nature, and so occupy her mind with frivolity and her time with frippery, as to make her whole life a failure? Let us remember that whatever leads us to forget God, to wander from the path of duty, however alluring it may seem, how much soever it may promise, is a tempter, though beauteous in form. God is our best and truest friend. His will our sublimest privilege, our most imperious duty; His favor is our surest protection, and His service is our noblest mission.

Another lesson that we may learn from Eve's history,—a lesson concerning woman's influence is that God ever intended it should be great. How inconceivably vast has been that of the first woman! And the same law prevails to-day. We may make lighter or heavier the trials of all about us. We may call out their higher or their lower nature. A wise writer has said: "The treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the powers of woman to influence the world."

Is the fact significant that in the next two thousand

years we find no woman prominent? Not until Sarah, who, according to her light, was a worshiper of the true God. She also was beautiful, and I speak of her beauty that I may ask you to consider Sarah's practical estimate of her personal appearance.

As a general fact the beautiful woman is proud and vain, and often extravagant; yet nearly all women desire beauty. Look upon Sarah, with loveliness so great that its fame has come to us through the ages, and you see no false estimate of its real worth, no such baneful effect upon her character. It was enough for her that she was beautiful in the eyes of those whom she loved, and who loved her. There is no appearance of vanity, no artificial airs, no effort at display; but a modest, gentle, retiring, loving woman, presiding with bland dignity over her numerous household. Beauty is a gift of God to be valued; but its physical type is its lowest, though often most highly prized. There is beauty in a cultivated mind enriched with knowledge; there is beauty of expression, which sometimes makes the plainest features surpassingly lovely: there is beauty in graceful, modest manner, and in a good and useful life, which far exceeds beauty of complexion, of feature or of form. And shall we forget that in the sight of God a meek and quiet spirit is of great price? — that spirit of experimental Christianity which brings into highest development every element of female loveliness, and throws over the entire character its sweetest grace and its truest charm.

Fidelity to truth is a characteristic of the Bible, and thus all its characters are creatures like ourselves. In painful contrast to the beauty of Sarah, I bring you Rebecca, the Jewish maiden, who as such commends herself to us, but who as mother and matron brought sorrow and trial to her people. We see clearly in her life how, in the providence of God, great importance may gather about a few hours of human existence.

One day a Syrian maiden was quietly pursuing her accustomed duties in her home at the city of Nahor. In the evening, as was her wont, she went to the well for water. How little she dreamed as she wended her way, perchance warbling some air of her native land, that she was approaching her life's crisis! While the soft breezes

from the far reaching plains of Padan Aram were fanning her cheeks, she knew not that a stranger was praying at the well, and that God was listening there, or that as she moved along, God's unseen hand was touching the springs of sublime events and moving the keys of untold destinies. The morrow's evening found her the betrothed wife of Isaac, on her way from her native to her new home; made her a link in the golden chain which reached to the Messiah. Thus sometimes the destinies of a life seem crowded into an hour; thus our life crisis comes upon us unawares. God help us to be ready; and as such shadowy hour draws near, may He irradiate and purify our spirit's inmost vision. How beautiful Rebecca's simplicity and trust! Would it might have continued! But at length we find her a partial, presuming and deceptive woman; and of this latter feature I would speak. Falsehood and deceit are always as unprofitable as they are wicked. Let woman be true to herself, true to her God, true to truth! Let her despise deceit as the abominable thing which God hates! Despise it as that which would corrupt her entire nature; as that for which no beauty of face or form, no accomplishment of mind or manner can compensate! Above all let her abhor falsehood as a thing as low as it is sinful. What more mournful sight can you see, or deplorable wreck can you find, than a lying woman!

Next in our lessons we find Miriam's life—one of the three associated in the leadership of Israel—the loved sister of the noble brothers, Moses and Aaron, to whom, it would seem, she must have been bound by indissoluble ties. But Miriam became jealous of the power of Moses. Perhaps imperceptibly to herself, ambition had risen within her, and slowly grown, until, stifling all the sweet affections of her womanly nature, and her sisterly heart, it arrayed her in opposition to her brother. She professed to be offended with Zipporah, the Ethiopian wife of Moses; but her eagle eye perceiving elements similar to those within her own being working in her brother Aaron, she took him aside, and the record says, "spoke against Moses." Appealing to his pride she said, "Hath the Lord spoken only by Moses? hath He not also spoken by us?" A conspiracy was matured; but God's eye saw it all. His ear heard every word, and He commanded the three to go up to the

tabernacle. What a picture they present in the sanctuary? Behold the three! Moses, in the majestic calmness of innocence; Aaron, tremulous with guilt; Miriam, pallid but firm. The pillar of cloud radiant with divinity appeared, out of which issued the awful voice of God, approving His faithful servant and condemning the conspirators.

The cloud disappeared, and as they turned and looked upon one another, lo! the once magnificent Miriam was stricken with leprosy. Overwhelmed with grief, Aaron, too guilty, as he felt, to plead for another, fell at the feet of Moses and besought him to intercede for their sister. Moses wept, and cried, "Heal her now, O God, I beseech Thee." The leper trembled as she heard her brother, whom she had injured, pleading for her. God refused to remove the punishment immediately and for seven days she was banished from the camp, and then, deeply penitent, she was healed and restored to her place an humbler, better woman.

What is the name which we give to this sin of which Miriam was guilty? It is the sin of detraction; the sin of speaking against another unjustly; that sin which is so common of depreciating others, of detracting from their real merit in character and conduct. Oh, how cruel it is! It made Miriam forget her vigil at the Nile, when alone she watched with tearful interest her brother Moses. It made her forget long years of sweet companionship with him and ten thousand kindnesses received from him. The world is full of the sin of detraction to-day. It is not confined to either sex. But jealousy, secret and unacknowledged, is oftentimes the cause of gossip among women, when the weaknesses of others, their style of dress, their manners and expressions are detailed privately to willing ears. I am often astonished at the feebleness of woman's sympathy with woman. I am grieved that women often have far greater charity for the sins of men than for those of their own sex. I am alarmed at the petty jealousies which so often disturb their social relations; at their speaking against each other by repeating expressions uttered in moments of unguarded converse, by criticising each other in many ways. Is it kind? Is it womanly? I know with many it is the result of thoughtlessness; but are we sinless even then? The influence extends much farther than we

can compute. It excites prejudice in the minds of the young, which live long after the speaker is dead. It wrings many innocent hearts, and God and themselves only know the bitter tears that are shed on account of it. Let us guard our hearts and pray with David, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my lips."

"Full oft a word that lightly leaves the tongue
Another heart has rudely, sadly wrung;
And were that wound but present to the eye,
We'd mourn the pain that solace might defy.

"We toy with hearts as if the thousand chords
That vibrate to the touch of hasty words,
Could join our discord all the livelong day,
Nor any tension cause them to give way.

"O! strike them gently; every human breast
Is by a secret load of grief opprest;
Forbear to add a note of timeless woe,
Where discords ever are so prone to flow."

With joy we turn from Miriam, grand and proud, but weak and sinful, to Ruth, the lovely maiden; and I desire to call your attention to a strange fact. We are all accustomed to speak of her as "Ruth, the beautiful" and you never saw an artist's ideal of her that was not exquisite as his skill could make it. But who ever told the world that she was beautiful? I confess my own surprise that the Bible says nothing of her beauty. Why, then, has she been pronounced beautiful? The answer embodies a lesson to every woman. It is because of the exceeding beauty of her character, her mind, her heart, her disposition, her life. Thus it is evermore. The highest type of beauty is the outgleaming of internal virtues, of sweet graces of character. Wherever these exist within a woman's soul, they will give such sweet radiance to her life that whatever may be her physical appearance she will be lovely to all and most lovely in the eyes of those who know her best. She has what will make her beautiful when her dark hair shall be white with the snows of age, when the brightness of her eye shall be dimmed with tearful sorrow, the rose of her cheek faded, and the symmetry of her figure departed. May such treasures be ours.

We may be profited and I trust interested in developing

some of the traits of Ruth's character. First. She was unselfish! Selfishness in woman is especially to be deprecated. It deadens sweet sympathy; it shrivels the affections and penetrates the whole nature with an icy coldness. It leads a woman to regard herself as the center of her own universe, the sun of her own sphere, the idol of her own idolatry, and therefore makes her offensive in the sight of a benevolent God; repulsive in the sight of all good men, and unfits her for the relations in life she was created to sustain.

A second characteristic was the strength and depth of her love! What a picture of true affection and generous magnanimity, when casting no blame on her sister, she weepingly exclaims: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God:" and it arises to positive sublimity when she adds, "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Glorious woman! We wonder not that heaven's richest benisons were thine in life, and that thy name hath been a fragrance to the world!

A third feature was industry. When she decided to go with Naomi, she well knew that the support of both would depend on her labor. Hence as soon as she reached Bethlehem she said: "Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn, after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And she went forth an humble gleaner in the harvest field, an occupation peculiar to the poorest of the poor. She had known better days; she had been delicately nurtured in the land of Moab; she had moved in the circles of opulence, admired and caressed for her beauty and virtue. But see with what true woman's energy she adapted herself to the conditions in which her unselfish love had placed her. She had health; she had decision of character, but no false pride, no foolish ideas of mock dignity.

Her last and crowning characteristic was her piety! She was not only unselfish, not only strong in her disinterested love, not only a patient worker, but a pious woman! Though born and nurtured amid the idolatry of Moab, she abandoned her idol gods and became a worshiper of Jehovah! In all that land there was but

one family that worshiped the true God, and that family was Naomi's, and religion shone there like a lamp in a sepulchre of gloom. With that family she became allied; from them she learned; with them she bowed in worship. Thus her young heart was won and she laid its beautiful affections on Jehovah's altar. Hence with all the intense earnestness of her nature she said to Naomi: "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." Religion imparted its highest sublimity to her character, and "like the morning star glittering above the horizon, foretold the day of gladness which should succeed the night of her sorrow." Therefore it was when Boaz blessed her in the field, he did so in the name of the God under whose wing she had come to trust.

Sisters of the W. C. T. U., women of this audience, is the God of Naomi and of Ruth your God? Ruth had but one example of piety; you have many. Have you made the choice that she made? If you have, cleave to the Beloved as a true daughter of Zion, saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for where thou goest I will go." If you have not, I beseech you by His tender mercies, by the blood streaming cross of Calvary, by the sacred spirit that strives with you, to seek Him now; bow before Him and dedicate your life to Him.

As noble and as true, yet as unlike to Ruth as the full shining of the sun to the golden sunset, as the fresh breeze that exhilarates to the balmy zephyr, is the last character I present you,—Balkis, the Queen of Sheba. She is another proof of God's love in giving to us that variety in His word which adapts it to every human soul. I speak of this woman of whom I hear so little said; not because of her official position, for this was not her chief superiority; but first because of the intellectual character she presents us. She was superior to all externalities. We find her soul not sleeping in the low animal life of the senses; her heart not set upon the gay amusements of the passing hour; but conscious of the hollow emptiness of all these we find her awake to the superior dignity of her mental and moral nature, desirous of obtaining knowledge, of learning wisdom.

She had exhausted the learning of her own sages; had fathomed the depths of Arabian philosophy; had grasped

the breadths of a gorgeous Pagan mythology ; had soared far above the loftiest flights of Oriental poetry and was familiar with all the glowing romance which springs up so luxuriantly from Arabian ideality. The praises of courtiers and of an admiring people were continually hers ; but she was not satisfied. There was a void within her soul which all these could not fill. She heard rumors of wisdom high and lofty possessed by a Jewish monarch. Gleamings of a strange northern light had fallen on her spirit ; but it was dim, far off, in a distant clime. This would have discouraged an inferior woman ; but Balkis, undismayed by the perils before her, unterrified (woman though she was) by intervening mountains, desert wastes, or bridgeless rivers, determined upon a journey which would take her from all the luxuries of home, a journey of three thousand miles, requiring nearly four months of time to consummate ; and, heroine that she was, she accomplished it that she might gain knowledge.

How this fact in her history, all radiant as it is with deathless glory, eclipses the mere dignity of her official station and the splendor of her surroundings. Hear and believe, I pray, when I say that the mind of each woman before me, as was that of Balkis, is superior to the body ; the one an earthen casket, the other an immortal gem worth more than all the material universe. I speak in kind faithfulness. I appreciate genuine accomplishments of person and manner ; but I plead for the nobler, higher nature. I plead for the mind with its God-like powers, capable of eternal expansion and acquisition. Let us seek to cultivate it. Like Sheba's queen, let no obstacle deter from the pursuit of that which alone can develop and elevate to a position worthy of our heaven created womanhood. Let us avail ourselves of whatever advantages we may have for acquiring information, for storing our intellect with the imperishable wealth of knowledge. Seek for wisdom, practical and genuine, as for hidden treasures. And if others will be the gaily decked, pleasure seeking, sunbeam loving, yet short-lived and useless butterflies of humanity, let us be true women ! wise women ! humanity's brightest ornaments, humanity's nearest approximation to the celestial glory of God's beautiful angels.

Notice again, her religious character. I referred in the

beginning to the three departments of our being—the physical, intellectual and spiritual. Balkis must have given proper attention to her physical constitution, or she could not have endured such a journey and have secured its desired results. That she sought the cultivation of her intellect the evidence I have adduced is abundant; that her higher, nobler, moral and spiritual nature was cultivated her action proves to us. The Word says: "And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions." Doubtless she had become dissatisfied with the religious system in which she had been educated, unable as that system was to answer the great questions that rose up within her mind; unable as it was to satisfy the yearnings of the immortal nature which clamored for a purer enjoyment than luxurious ease could afford in the present life, and something more exalted in the life to come than the transmigration of Hindu philosophy, or the sensualities of an Arabian heaven. Having heard of the wisdom of the man of the north, she resolved to leave her gorgeous throne to visit him and find that wisdom which she could obtain from no other source. Her mind in its capacity and thought was far ahead of her age. She wanted to know of the true God, His nature and her relation to Him. It was to obtain this highest of all wisdom that she visited Solomon, and when she was about to return to her own land, having seen and heard and been made acquainted with Israel's God and His connection with the glory of the Hebrew nation, she uttered these expressive and memorable words: "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighteth in thee; because the Lord delighteth in Israel forever, He hath made the king to do justice and judgment." And thus from her lips issued praises and adoration of Jehovah, the God of the whole earth. Is not this superadded glory of religion the crowning beauty of her life?

Young women, sisters mine, let us accept the lessons taught by the characters I have brought you to-night. Receive the warning presented by Eve. Aim not, I beseech you, for the high things of this world, though ever coveting the best gifts of God. Enter ye not into temptation; then shall ye never influence another to evil. Un-

known to the great world, but known to the great God, are many noble, heroic women, living to purpose, devoting, it may be, their energies to poorly paid toil; or borne down by poverty, yet content in all things, because it is the will of God, and on whom rests the benedictions of heaven. When the morning cometh they shall hear the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Seek as Sarah to hold in proper estimate the charms of person with which God in His loving kindness hath endowed you, remembering that they add to your responsibility to Him.

Shun Rebecca's sin of falsehood and deceit, and let your life be so pure, that, as the light of God shines upon it, of each it may be said, "Behold one in whom there is no guile." Let God's rebuke of Miriam's sin of detraction, His severe punishment thereof, and her bitter sorrow and remorse, lead you ever to speak with kindness, even of the erring, and to remember the infinite patience of God with your sins and mistakes.

May you emulate the unselfishness, the love and the industry of Ruth, and Balkis' careful attention to the cultivation of her physical and intellectual being; and may the piety of both so commend itself to you, that from this day, like them you may follow after God. Let me urge this last, most important step. Oh, rest not satisfied with attending to the culture of the body. It will fade like the leaf which in its bright greenness fluttered in the summer breeze, but now, withered and torn from its parent bough, is swept away by the careering wind. Rest not satisfied, I pray you, with the cultivation of the intellect; for there may be, and often is, high mental culture without moral purity, much less religious experience. But while, like Balkis, you pay proper attention to your physical and mental culture, like her, seek to cultivate your higher, your spiritual nature, that you may know God and that it may be your joy to serve Him.

To this end I earnestly commend to you the study of the Word of God. In it you will discover mountain elevations and ocean depths of truth; ever-flowing rivers of consolation; cataract dashings of indignation and denunciation, and all intermingled with scenes of softest beauty, — echoes of living voices, fragrance of richest flowers found

in its records of individual or national history. In the Bible is greater wisdom than ever Solomon knew. "The Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment with this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here." In this Book God is manifest in the flesh. Here in the person of His Son, Jesus Christ, who is both the wisdom and the power of God, is made manifest to you a Saviour,—a loving, suffering, dying, atoning, risen Saviour, who offers freely to make all of you "wise unto salvation." He will remove your guilt, purify your hearts, fill them with ravishing joy, and make you the adopted daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Yea, here is a Redeemer, Christ the Lord, who offers to become your elder brother, as well as redeeming Saviour; to clothe your souls with the white robe of His own righteousness,—that robe which even the icy hand of death shall not be able to tear from you,—that justifying righteousness, which shall open heaven's crystal portals, and place on your immortal brow a crown of glory far surpassing the jeweled coronet of Sheba's Queen, and give you a throne infinitely more exalted than that on which she sat.

This will lead you to active labor for the world's redemption. Oh, friends! surrounded by the allurements of a deceitful world; exposed to the fascinations of godless pleasures which injure the health of the body, weaken the power of the mind, plant thorns in dying pillows, and shroud eternity with hopeless gloom:—young women,—my sisters, exposed to temptations which jeopardize mortality and immortality, fly to those open arms, which were once nailed to the cross for your redemption. Take shelter in the love of the infinite heart whose mighty throbs are for your welfare.

Listen to this, another invitation to Christ and heaven, another invitation to His service; and if you become true Christians; if you sit at Jesus' feet and learn of Him; if you ever know Him, whom to know aright is life eternal, and become co-laborers with Him, you will say, as did Balkis, but with deeper emphasis and meaning,—“Surely the half was not told me.”

Who that knew Mrs. Woodbridge, or who that gets the right conception of her from this book, did not see her in

mental vision, as he read the above address? It was her own noble womanhood that she was picturing in her address to the young ladies. She had in her own heart that hatred of sin, that loathing of deceit and jealousy and detraction which she was commending to them. She had in herself that modest estimate of her own personal charms that she found in Sarah. She was herself the very impersonation of the noble industry and disinterested love of kindred, and the tender piety that she pointed out in beautiful Ruth. A more dutiful sister, or a more filial daughter or daughter-in-law, I have never met; nor scarcely one that even approached her in self-sacrifice. And I doubt if the Queen of Sheba ever had more hunger for knowledge, or showed more diligence in the pursuit of it. She was a lifelong student. Even when in Chicago, during the last year of her life, though performing prodigies of labor in the office that would have taxed two or three ordinary women, she was rising long before breakfast in the morning to pursue a University extension course. And as for religion, the hart does not pant for the waterbrook as her soul thirsted for God. One may well believe that as she addressed those young women with noble mien, and magnetic eye and thrilling voice, there was awakened in more than one young heart a thirst for God that brought her to the fountain of life.

Since the above chapter was closed, Mr. Woodbridge has written to me: "I have been reading the vast mass of letters received by Mary, and am amazed by what they reveal of the fruitfulness of her Christian labors. So many letters tell about the good accomplished by her and the many conversions, that my estimate of her life-work has increased about a thousand fold."

He also sends me this: "From George R. Scott in *Weekly Witness* of March 5, 1885. On Sabbath morning I had the pleasure of listening to a sermon delivered by

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, which was crowded with so many sweet thoughts for Christian workers, that I hope to see it published in Sabbath Reading. Two gentlemen near me remarked, after its finish, 'How grand!—everybody ought to have heard it.' It was filled with interesting stories that brought tears to the eyes of the audience. After the meeting the gifted lady was warmly congratulated by those who had been blessed during its delivery."

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE AS A CHURCH MEMBER AND FRIEND.

God measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining His best angel, Love ;
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love or nothing.

He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him large enough
To hold all heaven within it, he is near
His great Creator's standard.

What God wants of us
Is that outstretching bigness that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves, or creeds,
And clasps all earth and heaven in its embrace.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

* Lord, make us all love all ; that when we meet
Even myriads of earth's myriads at Thy bar,
We may be glad as all true lovers are
Who having parted count reunion sweet.
Safe gathered home around Thy blessed feet,
Come home by different roads from near or far,
Whether by whirlwind or by flaming car,
From pangs or sleep, safe folded round Thy seat,
Oh, if our brother's blood cry out at us,
How shall we meet Thee, Who hast loved us all,
Thee Whom we never loved, not loving him ?
The Unloving cannot chant with Seraphim
Bear harp of gold or palm victorious,
Or face the Vision Beatifical. —*Christina G. Rossetti.*

MANY persons have filled a large place in the public eye and have become very famous, who were insignificant in private life. Many, too, have been lifted into publicity, and have achieved great things that perhaps

* Marked by Mrs. Woodbridge in her volume.

have been of lasting benefit to mankind, and yet were too coarse in their natures, too narrow and too selfish to be anybody's friend. It was not so with that great soul who is the subject of this sketch. She could stand in the pulpit, and sway the people and lead them, humbled and contrite and inspired, into the conscious presence of God; but she was equally radiant in the pew, walking in meekness and lowliness of heart before her God, in loving and prayerful intimacy with her Beloved, ever shining by the light reflected from Him.

Probably every pastor, consciously or unconsciously, has a church within a church—an inner circle whose opinions, because of their superior wisdom and piety, come to him as the voice of God. He seeks their counsel and gives great attention to their criticism and their advice, because he feels that the secrets of the Lord are with them that fear Him.

Looking back over nearly a score of years of pastoral experience, and recalling the long list of persons who gave me sympathetic, prayerful, spiritual support in my work, who were quick to appreciate everything I tried to do for the Master and to assist me in every good work, Mrs. Woodbridge was easily foremost. In my first church were many professional people,—teachers, editors, lawyers, doctors, and judges; my third pastorate was over a college church with perhaps twenty professors and ministers in the congregation. But of them all, beyond question, Mrs. Woodbridge had the keenest intellect and the most spiritual and prayerful soul. Of them all she was beyond compare the best orator, and the most gifted in prayer. In the latter respect only one or two in my third church could even be spoken of in comparison with her. I usually called upon her or one other woman, now with her in heaven, to close the weekly prayer-meeting with prayer. They could gather all the best thoughts of the theme and

the suggestions of the hour and spread them before God with a sweet-voiced fervor, a fitness of expression, a tenderness and devoutness and childlike faith and a far-reaching spirituality that was something wonderful. We would often be lifted into heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and the meeting would close with a holy, solemn awe, as if God was consciously there. I am not alone in this estimate. John G. Woolley, of Chicago, said to me a few months ago: "When Mary A. Woodbridge is at her best she can surpass in prayer any human being I ever heard address the throne of grace."

Cicero said: "Polydamas will throw in my teeth that I have been bribed by the opposition. I mean Cato, who is one out of a hundred thousand to me." It is evident that Cicero was anxious to so live as to be approved by Cato. I am free to say that all these long years Mrs. Woodbridge has been my Cato. When she advised, I listened. When she criticised, I heeded. When she approved, I felt encouraged and strengthened, as if I had met through her the smile and approbation of God.

What a church member she was! Never absent from a preaching service or a prayer-meeting if she could get there! Never wanting in any spiritual service that was ever requested of her, whether to preach at a chapel or fill the pulpit, or lead a meeting or hold private interviews with any to lead them to Christ! A leader in the missionary society contributing by her pen and voice and gifts so munificently that all felt the contagion of her enthusiasm. A leader in the social life of the church, yet all subdued and sobered by the constraining love of Christ! A leader in every effort for a revival, with a sensitive heart to notice the least spiritual decline, or the first reviving breath of the returning spirit of God!

When we had over three hundred church members she asked me one day for a complete list of their names. She

was then carrying overwhelming burdens and labors, and in amazement I asked what she could want of them. She replied: "Sometimes I can get a little leisure for special seasons of prayer, and at such times I want to call their names before God in definite prayer for each individual."

Death never came to a home in the parish that did not call out some token of sympathy from her. Her deft fingers would weave a chaplet of flowers from her husband's garden to lay upon the casket, and then they would write a comforting note to the mourner breathing in every line the spirit of heaven. She rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and wept with them that wept. Who that were there will ever forget her tender and gracious words at silver and golden weddings, when thoughts of unions and separations, and joys and sorrows, and precious memories of the departed, were woven into gracious speech so fitting and touching as to thrill all hearts. Somehow there was a divine grace about what she said and did that was born of the Holy Spirit within her; the influence of which was like the odor of some precious ointment, filling the society in which she moved with the perfume of heaven.

And what a friend! tender, true, faithful, enduring! What pastor ever had one more generous and helpful? Now that she is gone, let me give some of her letters to me that are simply so many windows through which we can see into her soul, and through which also there shines out the radiance of her piety.

She sat in her home one day, two squares from mine, and wrote me as follows:

MY DEAR PASTOR:— Please accept thanks for the sermon which has been re-read this morning with profit, as upon its first perusal. May not children of God talk plainly of things pertaining to the kingdom? Believing it may be, I take the liberty of a sister to tell you how my heart is filled with thanksgiving for the spiritual feast of which you are partaking, and week by week spreading for

our strengthening and support. For a length of time your words in sermon and in prayer have led me so near to God that I have seemed in my physical weakness to touch infinite strength, and have said and believe, "The hosts of the Lord are with us." I praise the Lord that through you He is fulfilling His promise to send His truth as fresh as showers, which He always does when we dispense and return for more. I am confidently expecting a powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit in our midst before many months shall have passed. At the hour of the day set apart for special pleading for you and your work, I am blessed with that rest and peace which is to my mind an assurance from the Lord. I pray you, remember me at the throne, for though my work is comparatively small and humble, the Lord has honored and blessed it, and in my weakness and utter unfitness for such labor, I stand awed before Him, and while crying for help and power, my thought is, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

May you be granted such manifestation of the divine presence as your soul desires, and in the full panoply of power do mighty works among this people for the glory of the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.

Yours in the blessing of "Our Beloved,"

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

A year and a half later there was a little friction in the parish which grieved her heart, and by way of comfort and encouragement she wrote my wife and me the following :

RAVENNA, Feb. 11, 1880.

MY PRECIOUS FRIENDS : — Over and over again have I spoken those words into the ear of "Our father" as I have taken you in the arms of love and faith to Him ; and as I write the rich appellation, which brings you so close to my heart, dearer and more precious do you become. Precious friends, "to have and to hold until death do us part." Ah ! sweeter and more blessed assurance, to possess and enjoy forever.

Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, for evermore.

Heaven's highest, holiest happiness will surely be found in communion with our best "Beloved," in the friendship of the God-man, Christ Jesus, when bowed and hushed at His feet we listen to the voice divinely tender, which in brooding love will unfold the perplexities of life which puzzle us strangely now. He will make its rough places plain and surprise and dazzle us with revelations of beauty, the perpetual growth of our homely bits of life, some of whose sharp edges have drawn blood in their handling. With the floodgates of our souls opened, I think we shall pour forth thanksgiving unto our God "For ignorant hopes that were broken in answer to our blind prayer; for pain, death and sorrow sent unto our chastisement."

I have known deep affliction, and in thoughts like these have I been comforted; and therefore I bring them unto you, stealing an additional moment to tell you, with a heart swelling full of gratitude, and eyes overflowing with tears, what unspeakable blessing you have been to me and mine.

My constant prayer for you is that you may be kept. As wide the portals of memory's chambers open, revealing pictures of days and times and scenes, in which God has so strangely and wonderfully kept me, often constraining my unwilling feet to walk in paths of His choosing, rather than my own, but which always led into the light, I know it is *enough*. God keep you.

Yours with never-ceasing affection,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Within twenty months of the last letter our church received one hundred and twenty members nearly all by profession; and I think under God her prayers, with those of the other kindred souls she rallied around her, were largely instrumental in bringing about the gracious result.

In March, 1884, after a ten years' pastorate, during which the church had grown from two hundred to three hundred and fifty-four members, and the benevolences had about quadrupled, I resigned. I had spoken about sixty times the previous year for the prohibition amendment to the constitution of Ohio. The speeches were all non-parti-

san, politics never being mentioned. But some members of the church became very sensitive, and, though there was no open rupture, my heavenly-minded wife thought it would be as well for us to leave our first home, whatever sorrow it might cost us personally, and let the church try some other pastor.

Mrs. Woodbridge voiced her feelings about the matter in the following tender letter :

MARION, O., March 8, 1884.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Have you ever been assured that a prophecy had been recorded especially *for you*; that the everlasting God, who cannot lie, had made *to you* a promise; that He would have you receive it, and that in receiving He gives you rest? All this is representative of my condition this morning.

I have my "Bible forget-me-nots" before me, from which morning and evening I gather (and yet they are never lessened), and as I hide the precious words in my heart, if the Spirit does not show me their direct relation to me, I search for the secret of the Lord therein hidden. It has become a very delightful exercise; but this morning no study was required. The words of the "eighth morning" were, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

Is it not enough? I receive and rejoice in Him who hath spoken. I should not have written you this morning had I not felt condemned after I left your house last evening, lest I had added to your trials, and seemed exceedingly selfish in my own.

There comes to me in your going such an unutterable loneliness, which no one else can understand, that I have not been able to keep the tears back since I listened to the announcement on Sabbath morning. And yet, dear ones, I am not repining or unreconciled. I believe it will be the very best thing for you, and I hope for the church. God has said, "Yet will I not make a full end of thee; but I will correct thee in measure," and, "There hath not failed one word of all the good promise which He promised."

I have been to your home many a time so borne down with responsibility that I have felt I must have human

sympathy, as well as divine. Perhaps not one word of my special anxiety has been mentioned ; but the Christ whom I love has come to me through yourselves, and *we* have been one with Him. Blessed unity, which I know nowhere else except in my own home.

You may perhaps so understand this that you will forgive me if I have added a feather's weight to your trial. It is the thought of being deprived of this *one resort* that has rested heavily upon me. You have helped me all the way. My home, which through natural affection has always been delightful, has, largely through your labors, been made blissful ; my public life has been made easier and stronger. Your words have kindled my desire to be like the Master ; have led to increasing hatred of sin, and a fuller consecration of my powers to God. May you be to many another struggling soul what you have been to me.

May you remain so faithful in your representation of Isaiah 61 : 1-3, that, as now, they who mourn your loss will be the poor, the afflicted, the youthful and the needy, the "little ones" whose prayers for you, God will answer.

Lovingly yours,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

What a friend ! Who has not had friends who went with them while there was nothing to strain or tax or test their friendship ; while it was mutually profitable and delightful ? But the first rude touch of a mistake or fault, or the first tempting appeal to self-interest, or the first hour of soul need, led the supposed friend to desert you and perhaps stab every tender sensibility of your nature, till you stood dumb with sorrow.

It was not so with my friend, as I shall now prove. One incident occurred that put her soul to the test and shows that she was made for an ideal friendship that binds heart to heart with "hooks of steel."

During that awful political campaign of 1884 I was an ardent Republican. All the world knows the part played by the leaders of the W. C. T. U. and the temperance forces of the country that year, and the surprising result. I have

never yet been clear in my mind that the leadership was altogether wise and the efforts wisely directed. When I survey calmly, after this length of time, all the long train of consequences of that year's effort, in which the country is yet sadly floundering, I am not sure that those whom I dearly love took the course that was the most calculated to advance that cause that commands the allegiance of my heart. But that is neither here nor there. Whether I or they were right then is no matter now.

After all was over, Mrs. Woodbridge wrote me asking suggestions for a speech she was to deliver in December in Cooper Institute, New York. I wrote back such a letter as perhaps any one of a hundred thousand Republicans might have written in that hour to one of the temperance leaders. I cannot recall definitely one line of that letter; but in my sorrow, not to say bitterness of heart, I wrote a keenly sharp epistle. I dare say that it was not what it ought to have been from me to her; and it cruelly lacerated her sensitive nature.

However much reproach this affair may bring upon me I spread it before the public that otherwise would never have heard of it, because by so doing I may glorify my friend and set forth a trait in her character which could not in any other way be so well revealed.

After giving me time to cool and regain my habitual tone, the dear woman wrote us a long, precious letter of fourteen pages such as she only could write, and toward the close was this passage which gave me the final consummate proof that Mary A. Woodbridge was a friend indeed!

I think you will not ask me to write of politics. I can not do it, and do not think that God wants me to. That dreadful letter crushed me more than all the contumely and reproach I have suffered during my public life! Not a hard or unkind thought ever came to me; and it was only because I loved so well that it hurt so much.

Day after day I opened it before the Lord as I went

into my closet where I asked, as I read it over, if there was anything in my acts, my words, or even my thoughts touching these things that were not in harmony with His will, that He would show it to me ; but I would go out calm and assured, and my mourning was turned into joy. I coupled with unspeakable longing in all my prayers the plea : " Father, forgive the friend who has wounded, for he knows not what he has done. Thou lovest us both. Oh, let equal blessing rest upon each !" But for all this, and with a tenderness toward you which, under the circumstances you cannot understand, I cannot write a word of our great national problem which otherwise it would be so great pleasure to talk over with you. . . .

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

This letter brought me to my knees before God, and I wrote her at once a letter of humble apology, asking her forgiveness. Instantly there came back another letter finely written, in which was the following :

I read your letter until my forgiveness was asked, and then laid it down and cried like a child! " Forgive !" It had not occurred to me that wrong had been committed directly against me ; but I was so grieved that one whom I had so tenderly loved as my spiritual guide could so far forget that God ruled. . . . Can you not see I was disappointed and sadly grieved? But my heart was no more changed toward you than is God's heart toward His erring children. How then can I forgive? I can easily say yes, if there is such possibility ; not only forgive but forget in the true sense, and all things shall be as in the past.

Great, true friend! Alas! that there are not more such friendships; that there are not more hearts capable of them!

And I was not the only one with whom she had to bear in those memorable days that followed. Some of her own W. C. T. U. sisters, as we have seen, parted from the great organization a few months after the above was written. Some had been very intimately associated with her, and

counted among her warmest friends. And when the break came, she felt greatly wounded by the ungracious conduct of a few whom she had once honored and blessed with her love. Letters from her are before me giving full descriptions of the trials through which she was passing. One closes with these words :

“Pray that the Lord will endue me with wisdom, courage, strength and charity, all brightened yet subdued by the beauty of holiness, which shall be unto Him as a sweet savor.”

Another closes thus :

“To you who have so long been my counsellor and helper, I turn for counsel and help. The Lord graciously answers your prayers, and I pray you to plead for me that by no word or deed I may dishonor God ; that walking in the sight of the Lord, I may be filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

Friendship, in the last analysis, seems to be a great sympathy in active, benevolent exercise, that can rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with them that weep. The friend enters helpfully into the inner life of others, doing whatever is to be done, bearing whatever is to be borne, suffering whatever is to be suffered, and counting it all joy for love's sweet sake. And what a capacity this woman had for thus entering into other lives and making their experiences her own ! Who that ever had the tender ministry of her affection, can forget how rich and helpful it was ?

Out of the past comes the memory of three days of awful agony, when the wife of my youth, after so brief an illness, left us and went home. Mrs. Woodbridge passed through Allegheny to meet a lecture engagement on the second day, and, stopping off to call, found my wife very sick. She stayed to the last possible moment, and hastened back the next morning, the last of our beloved on earth. Whose hands were then so tender and skillful ? Whose

ministry was so helpful? Whose voice was so low and sweet? What other human presence was or could have been such a benediction as the great friend who had knit her life into ours? She left us during the last few hours, only when she must. And when, three days later, the stricken husband and three motherless children passed through Ravenna with all that was left to earth of the heart of the home in the casket, who should take the train but Mrs. Woodbridge to make that journey of sorrow her own as well as ours; to say kind words of comfort and hope to aged parents and brothers and sisters; to smooth the soft hair for the last time; and fold the gentle hands in their final rest, and put into them and also pin upon the neck the tube roses, because they were favorites with the departed, and connected with precious memories of her life and mine. Everything done that an own sister might do, and all with the unflinching thoughtfulness and tender grace of deepest love! And then she sat down with the mourners "To weep with them that weep," and no truer mourner in all the company was there!

And when all was over and she had returned to her home, there came back from her dear hand, that has written comforting letters to multitudes, the following epistle:

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND:—Can it be that the everlasting arms in which our loved one sweetly rested without fear have enfolded her from our sight? I know it not—this breaking of the closest tie of earth; this rupture of the mystic cord that binds two human souls in one, with love akin to God's!

Because of this must I be still? And may I not, my friend beloved, whom in mute agony I hold up to God, for comfort and for strength, tell how I'm dumb to-night and sit beneath the shadow of affliction and try to breathe a prayer for you, whom I love in the Lord—my pastor, and my stricken friend?

I have lived over the years of our acquaintance in the few hours that have passed since the "gone home" was

spoken in my ear, and have found love, and faith, and trust, and sacrifice in all. Her work has been well done. She needed not, like those who are left, the longer moulding; and her rare spirit, that helped me onward day by day, was not content, and could not feel a full and perfect bliss until the word was spoken and she could "enter in."

But, now, O husband, blessed! in having one who still is yours and yet is God's; who has laid aside the partial life of earth, and in her Lord's fair comeliness is satisfied! Her touch will no more be of flesh, but spirit purified; she'll minister where and when she knew not how before. No weariness with her, but health and strength, and life, which will infuse your being all the way. I find I cannot write to-night. Words cannot tell the preciousness of loving and of having loved a soul so pure on earth, now glorified in heaven.

In anguished petition, I cry for His peace in the midst of your pain, and the grace of a patient submission, with new hope and new power as your days pass on. I pray that abiding in the presence of our Christ and walking in His light, He may be revealed unto you as never before; and seeing Him, upon whom the eyes of our beloved have already rested, you may be like Him.

Bonar writes of "Reknitted Companionship":

" Upon this earth we lived and loved ;
Ours was a fellowship of light ;
The outer circle might be dark,
But all within was fair and bright—
A day without a night !

" One faith, one hope was ours—the faith
That can the cloudiest night illumine ;
That seeth the unseen ; the hope
That looks into the joy to come,
Fore-dating rest and home !

" We parted ; one went up to be
Where partings are forgotten ; where
Life in its fulness dwells ; where love
Breathes its bright perfume through the air
And every face is fair.

“ And I was left behind, to wait
A solemn while on earth, to long
For the eternal meeting, where
All sing together with one tongue
The everlasting song !

“ The earth is lonelier now, when she
Who walked with me its ways is gone ;
But soon the loneliness is o'er,
The blank forgotten and unknown ;
Not long, not long alone ! ”

The poet speaks sweeter, wiser words than mine, but none will bear to you a spirit of deeper love and sympathy in these hours of affliction than those of your pleading friend.

Oh, may the Lord love and bless, and bind us one and all to His side ; making our communion with Him more warm and sweet, even here on this cold earth, until all are perfected and we meet the loved one who has “ gone home ” before. Each of my dear ones enfold you in their arms of love and faith.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

I will not speak further of this blessed friendship for me that so enriched my life, e'en to the last hour of hers ; and the hallowed, helpful memory, which will abide with me forever. Multitudes of others, also, considered their acquaintance with her and the resulting friendship as one of their choicest blessings. I learn from letters that there are guest-chambers in many homes lovingly called “ Mrs. Woodbridge's chamber. ” People old enough to be her parents loved her as a daughter. Children younger than her grandchildren, having once made her acquaintance, were her loving correspondents to the end of her life. And such loving, precious, helpful letters as she wrote to them all !

Frances E. Beauchamp, of Lexington, Ky., wrote November 1, 1894 :

I have a great batch of letters from her, as who of us all has not? I shall keep them as a sacred memento. Her last was written the last day she was in her office. It was just a friendly communication, and she said: "Do let me hear from you when you can. Your letters do me good. I feel assured there is a sincerity in them for which I often long." Oh, how I loved her and I feel assured she loved me. . . . At present I can only shed tears with you over our irreparable loss.

Mr. Woodbridge remarked to me: "I could produce five hundred such letters as that. They have come to us from Europe and Africa and from the far off Pacific islands; and they are still coming, all breathing the same story of love." The reason is Mrs. Woodbridge's great loving soul was a magnet that drew other hearts to her by an irresistible attraction.

The reader will be interested in the following incident as an illustration of her power to charm and bind to herself even strangers:

A lady of rare culture, a graduate of a state university, and the wife of a brilliant professional man in a state capital, heard Mrs. Woodbridge address the annual convention of her state and also heard her speak at the capital. Soon after she attended the National W. C. T. U. and heard her preach, and saw her throughout the convention which met that year in Philadelphia.

Before the convention closed she came to Mrs. Woodbridge with tears in her eyes and asked her with deep feeling if she might write to her. The permission was granted with wonder on the part of Mrs. Woodbridge as to what it all meant.

The following letter received a week later gave the explanation:

—, Nov. 9, 1885.

DEAR MRS. WOODBRIDGE:—The enclosed was written a week ago in Philadelphia, after listening to your ser-

mon in Association Hall. I might not have had the courage ever to send it to you, but for your very kind permission to me to write to you. I hope I have not asked too much of you and shall be most grateful for a single word.

Sincerely yours,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MRS. WOODBRIDGE:—Forgive me if I am imposing upon you, but I am much distressed by a point of conscience; and if you would let me submit it to you and give me just one word, sometime when you can, I shall be so very grateful.

You will understand why I come to you when I tell you that since I heard you speak in—— I have not closed my eyes in sleep without seeing your face and hearing your voice in my last waking thoughts. Your experience with others will explain to you why I have thus felt your influence. I know I need not apologize for coming to you.

Six years ago I felt a strong desire to join the W. C. T. U. One of our dear workers in addressing the union convinced me that I had, as a Unitarian, no place there.

One year ago Miss Willard's article on this subject told me that in her judgment W. C. T. U. did not mean, "We can't take Universalists"; and I stretched a point, substituted "Unitarian" for "Universalists," and joined the union.

The work has become very dear to me during the past year. . . . Your sermon this morning moved me strongly. When you said "us" I trembled, and I know you think your women should be examples in this spiritual experience. I did not drift from indifference into Unitarianism.

My spiritual education was not neglected when I was a child. I was born into a family having deep religious convictions, and educated in the Unitarian Sabbath schools. I believe that I am a Christian. I know that my spiritual life should be infinitely richer and fuller; but I cannot hope to turn it into new channels, and I have never felt a desire to do so. I only say this that you may know just where my trouble is. Am I so far removed from you all

in this that I cannot fitly represent you at all in any part of this grand work?

My dear Mrs. Woodbridge, do not consider me in your answer, *i. e.*, do not spare me. I feel that you are the best representative of the W. C. T. U. in all its phases—its power and its gentleness, its spirituality or piety and its practical work also. So that you can give me the most unbiassed answer.

Above all things I want to be true, and not to seem to stand for what I am not; and though I shall never leave the ranks of the white ribbon army, I fear I must give up the little active work I have begun at home.

My unworthiness in this respect will give me grief but no bitterness, and I beg that you will not spare me. Forgive me for writing so much.

Respectfully and lovingly,

We wrote to this lady for Mrs. Woodbridge's answer to her, and received the following reply:

_____, Dec. 29, 1894.

DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that I have not the letter from Mrs. Woodbridge for which request is made. It was, I remember perfectly, a kindly and helpful letter, well illustrating the broad, charitable spirit of the W. C. T. U. I was much grieved to learn of Mrs. Woodbridge's death. Among all our W. C. T. U. women I think she made the strongest personal impression upon me as possessing a nature rarely uniting power and gentleness.

With many regrets that I cannot send you her letter, I am,

Yours truly,

Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, of New York city, General Secretary of the Young Woman's Branch, writes as follows:

"How can we get on without our dear beloved Mary Woodbridge? She was always so tender, so true, so calm, *so just right*. I loved her deeply. My husband admired her beyond most of our women, and the Y's all felt drawn to her. I know you are hearing this from every side, but we cannot help pouring out our hearts with you. I am so

glad I did not keep her waiting for my part of the National program. And she was so sweet in commanding me!"

Mrs. Freeland writes from Wellsville, N. Y., to Mr. Woodbridge: "Words are inadequate to express the feelings of those who loved your noble wife as I did. Our friendship was a source of great pleasure and profit to me. I entertained her eight years ago, and though through the dishonesty of a servant she was robbed on this her first visit, every year since then, often on Easter, *always* on Christmas we have exchanged tokens of love, and I learned to look eagerly for the sweet, womanly letters that always accompanied her royal gifts. They are among my treasures."

Dear Jennie Casseday of Kentucky, the precious invalid who from her sick chamber managed the Flower Mission Department, received constant proofs of friendship from this great-hearted busy woman. A loving letter from Mrs. Woodbridge to her called out the following:

SICK-BED, Nov. 4.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—Your dear blessed letter is received by the afternoon's mail, and I hasten to reply. It is one of those heart-clasp missives which will make gladness and joy for many days to come, and I can do nothing else but answer at once.

"Just for to-day" is my morning prayer now, and earnestly do I ask:

"Keep my heart pure, O Christ,
Clean swept, I pray;
Let thy love conquer doubt,
Cast fear away.
Guide me, guard me, use me, Lord,
Just for to-day."

Oh, I am so glad that you pray for me every day and that you told me so in the last letter; for it comes (again) just when I need it. I was thinking this very morning of the upholding of the prayers my dear friends are offering for me, and that this is the reason I am kept so full of rest and comfort. I did stay by you in the convention, and I

feel as if I was never more there. . . . I am so proud to be called by you our pet that I have put tight around your neck my poor little rheumatic arms, hugging you up to your little invalid.

JENNIE C—

Another time she writes :

My dear, I can't tell you what your love means to me now, for I am bearing heavy burdens, and you know how sweet is the blessedness of friendship for our dark days. I am scarcely able to write, now, and this scrawl is quite illegible, I fear, but it is the best a weak hand in nervous prostration can do, so I know your tender heart will forgive. . . . God bless you, my noble, beautiful friend, and give you all needed strength for your arduous duties.

Lovingly your little sick sister,

JENNIE CASSEDAY.

General Neal Dow, of Maine, writes :

I have before me upon my table open, a letter from her just received when the news came to me of her sudden passing away. I was for the moment stunned, as I was when the news came to me of the death of President Lincoln. She was very near to me as a tried and trusted friend who won the hearts of all who had associated with her in the work to which she was devoted. In all my large circle of friends there was not one who had more of my love and respect.

A lady from Tennessee writes to Mrs. Woodbridge :

I used sometimes in the Boston days to long to go to you and tell you how much I loved and admired you ; but somehow there never seemed a fitting moment when I could say it to you. Now I can only write it though it does look cold on paper.

A daughter of a great leader in an eastern state wrote to her :

Of all the women in the N. W. C. T. U. mother held you in highest esteem. Among her treasures I find a letter written a long time ago by you in which are words of appreciation. She had prized it and written upon the outside—"Preserve this." I am so glad you said the words then ! how they helped her !

A lady from a western state writes :

No one in my long catalogue of friends has given me more cheer and encouragement in my work than your dear self. I cannot tell you the comfort you have been to one of Christ's little ones.

When the women of the National W. C. T. U. elected Mrs. Woodbridge to the office of corresponding secretary, to sit at one center of power, they knew in whom they trusted. Mrs. Woodbridge was not the woman whom selfishness could pervert or ambition bribe. Miss Willard does but pay a deserved tribute when she speaks of her as "My beloved, true and loyal friend."

In a letter from England in 1892, Miss Anna Gordon said to Mrs. Woodbridge : "You are the right arm of the organization." When she was dying this telegram came :

"Mary A. Woodbridge, the right hand of our society ; sorrow in ten thousand homes.

"FRANCES WILLARD.

"ISABEL SOMERSET.

"ANNA GORDON."

From abundance of letters in my possession I can say that never, in written line, or deed, or word, or thought, was that right arm disloyal to its head, or to the body it served.

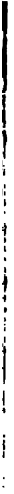
Miss Ida C. Clothier, an organizer in the Young Woman's Branch, one day wrote her :

"One of the pleasantest memories of the National Convention is of you, dear Mrs. Woodbridge, not only in the sweet little greeting, but as I saw you daily. For years you have been held close to my life, as the ideal strength and sweetness of perfected womanhood, and I wanted you to know how much you have helped me."

While she was in National Convention one day, the following note was sent to her :



THE DEAR HOME OF MRS. WOODBRIDGE.



MRS. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE: *My Precious Friend*:—
I thank God for you always. Oh, your noble, wonderful
womanhood means so much to me! My heart is so full of
love for you no words can express it; but by that love I
feel I am lifted nearer the Infinite.

Always yours,
AMY KELLOGG MORSE.

Need more be written to show that Mrs. Woodbridge
was fitted by nature and grace for the most exalted and
enduring friendships?

Since this chapter, as I supposed, was closed, another
letter has fallen under my eye, so like the above, and so
illustrative of the fascinating influence of her noble woman-
hood, that it deserves a place here. It was written by a
cultured lady who had listened to three addresses of Mrs.
Woodbridge's the day before.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 30, 1890.

DEAR MRS. WOODBRIDGE:—I find I cannot take up my
regular writing this morning until I have again said good-
bye. Hearing you three times yesterday has filled me with
a new conception of the grandeur and power of woman;
and as you may never pass this way again, I will not let the
moment go by without telling you of the impression you
have left behind. I would make every line warm with ten-
derness for you. May rewards and delights be yours all
through the march of life, and may there be some sign or
watchword that I may know you in the beautiful hereafter.
God bless and keep you is my constant wish and prayer.

Yours sincerely,
AUGUSTA A. CONNER.

Great, heart-winning soul!

Mr. Woodbridge writes:

DEAR BROTHER HILLS:—In looking over Mary's Bible
I find the following written by her on the fly-leaf:

“Finish thy work, then rest,
Till then rest never:
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.”

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN OUR HEART.

Our Lord was born in Bethlehem,
Full many years ago ;
But is He born within my heart?
Is what I want to know.

The wise men came with gifts of gold,
And worshiped at His feet :
But have I brought my heart to Him
An offering complete ?

He occupied a lowly place—
The manger and the stall—
But well deserves within my breast
The highest seat of all !

My heart is but a lowly place,
Yet better than the stall ;
I'll garland it with evergreens,
And He shall have it all.

The angels sang a holy song
When Jesus Christ was born ;
My soul sings far more joyously
This blessed Christmas morn.

I've brought the fine gold of my heart
Its myrrh and frankincense :
And Christ I know the gift accepts
With loving tenderness.

Flashes the guiding star of hope,
The promises are true ;
For I have found the newborn King
And you may find Him too !

The world presents its Christ to-day,
In poetry and art ;
Be ours the simple faith to know
The Christ-child in our heart.

Christmas, 1887.

—MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

These lines also were found in her Bible on three small sheets of paper, in her handwriting, signed and dated as above, and without quotation marks. I do not recollect to have seen them before. Whether she simply appropriated them or composed them in an hour of Christmas devotion, we cannot say; but we do know that it was the constant longing of her heart that Christ might have His home there.

CHAPTER XX.

LAST LABORS AND INCIDENTS.

BEFORE speaking of those last labors that made the close of Mrs. Woodbridge's life like an unclouded summer sun setting in a sea of glory, I wish to reproduce the following from *The Union Signal*, as an illustration of her heroic trust in God. In point of time it is out of date in this chapter ; but the definite account did not reach me earlier :

WHITE-RIBBON HEROISM.

BY SOPHIE F. GRUBB.

[Our readers will welcome the following chapter from the life of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, so touchingly narrated by her comrade. The fact that Mrs. Woodbridge was by nature quite timid when on the streets at night, unless accompanied by a friend, throws even a brighter light upon another side of her character, which ever presented a dauntless front when going forward in the cause of right.]

The following are incidents of Mrs. Woodbridge's trip through Kansas eight years ago. She came to my house the day following the events narrated, and I received from her a full account of them at that time. We talked them over again when she was my guest a year ago. They are a fine illustration of her heroic devotion to duty, and illustrate the splendid character of Kansas men represented in the conductor.

Mrs. Woodbridge had an engagement to speak before the M. E. Conference, then in session in C—. In order to meet that engagement she was obliged to take the train to a small station, a mere stopping point, and from there depend on a private conveyance for the twenty miles yet

to be traveled. When she showed her ticket to the conductor he hesitated, and then said, "I think you would better not stop there. The train does not reach the place until about midnight. There is no station, and it is probable there will be no one there."

But Mrs. Woodbridge replied that she must stop, as she could reach C— in no other way, and it was absolutely impossible for her to break her engagement. The young man seemed troubled but went on. He afterward returned and said to her that unless there was some one at the train who could take care of her, he could not consent to leaving her. With indomitable courage our Mary replied, "I must stop." When the station was reached a man with a lantern was seen, and the conductor gladly hailed him and asked him to take the lady to the "hotel." The man replied, however, that he was going on business to the next town and it was impossible for him to stay. "Then," said the conductor, "I will wait my train and take her at least part of the way myself." He explained to her that the only house where she could stay was more than half a mile away, but that he could take her to where he thought she would be safe. They proceeded for about a quarter of a mile, then giving her his lantern he charged her to hold it low, to walk in the ditch (dug for a railroad) which she was on no account to leave.

She saw from his manner that he had some special cause for anxiety and this added to her feeling of loneliness and even alarm. He told her as he left her to be sure and let him know of her journey and giving her his address he bade her good-bye.

Mrs. Woodbridge told me that she had never known so long a journey as that was (little more than a quarter of a mile) but she talked to the Lord and felt His arms about her. Finally she reached a small house and knocked on the door. A man answered her and told her the tavern was farther on but to her great relief a woman's voice came from an inner room, like one addressing a tired child and trying to comfort it, "Never mind, my husband will go with you; will take good care of you. Never mind."

The man accompanied her a few rods farther and stopped at a rough building called by way of custom, "the hotel." They were here admitted by a man who asked

Mrs. Woodbridge to take a chair by the stove. She mentioned that she had a trunk where the train stopped, and he said immediately, "Then we must go down and get it." She protested that it would do in the morning, but he called his son and said they must get it now. They left her, and she found when her eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of a turned down lamp that there were some dozen or fifteen men sleeping in beds ranged round the large room. Heads were raised and inquiries made, and she felt that some action must be taken. Rising she said, "Gentlemen, I am a temperance lecturer obliged to fill an engagement at C—— to-morrow. I am a mother and grandmother. I am doing, as I believe, the Lord's work, and now, as you loved and honored your mothers I beg of you not to address me again." Not a head was raised, not another word spoken that night.

The man and his son returned after nearly an hour's absence, and he then explained that a railroad was being built and there was a large company of Italians camping between there and the station and it was necessary to be very careful. That explained the conduct of the conductor and his anxiety for her safety. As the host was speaking to her a woman's voice at an inner room asked her if she were not tired, to which she emphatically assented.

"Well, come right in here and lie down." The only place for this welcome rest was by the woman's side "where my man sleeps."

Mrs. Woodbridge put her large shawl over the bed, lay down and knew nothing more until at nine o'clock the next morning, she found as nice a breakfast as one could desire, awaiting her. The host had hunted up a comfortable conveyance and was ready to take her across to C——. She said their kindness and civility almost made amends for their unfavorable surroundings and quite made her realize that good and true hearts abound in all the world. She reached me at two o'clock that day with the feeling that she had found an oasis in a dreary desert, but with gratitude toward the conductor and her other new-found friends. She told me afterward that Miss Willard wrote one of the most appreciative letters to the young man she had ever known her to write.

One might infer from this incident that Kansas was a

wild waste, but it was only a chance combination of circumstances by which Mrs. Woodbridge was thrown into this railroad building camp, for in eight years' residence I have known no such wild adventure.

But how rare a devotion to duty was exhibited by that timid, delicate woman in filling her engagement under such unfavorable circumstances. No wonder she died in the harness! "She is not, for God took her."

Miss Frances E. Willard's letter to the conductor, or a duplicate of it in her own handwriting, is before me. It reads as follows:

EVANSTON, ILL., May 16, 1887.

Charles Milliken, Conductor K. and A. Division, Missouri Pacific R. R., Holden, Mo.

DEAR SIR:—Ever since hearing of your great kindness to our honored and beloved National recording secretary of the W. C. T. U., I have desired, as president, to write you of our appreciation. It was help rendered at a trying time when she had to leave the train at night on a wild prairie, and your action was most kind and noble.

May God bless you and yours with the same good will from others that you showed to your distinguished passenger. Believe me your friend sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

I have heard an addition to this story to the effect that the passenger who boarded the train threatened the conductor that he would report him if he stopped the train to help Mrs. Woodbridge, and that he did so report him and secured his discharge; but the friends of the W. C. T. U. secured him a position on another railroad. Israel's God was watching over Mrs. Woodbridge, and we cannot but believe that He will amply reward her courteous and unselfish helper.

Surely Charles Milliken's name deserves an honored place in this book, and perpetual remembrance. Let us hope it will also be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

During her later years Mrs. Woodbridge was an overburdened, overworked woman. Her influence and reputation had become literally world-wide. She was sought for constantly as one of the ablest platform speakers of the day to plead for every moral reform. Her pulpit work was exceptionally able and effective and in great demand. She wrote much for the press. Her warm, magnetic nature constantly attracted new friends and increased the ever-widening circle of her friendships.

It is said that letter-writing is getting to be a lost art. Mrs. Woodbridge certainly had the art, and as certainly never lost it. I have all the letters she ever wrote me, and they would of themselves make a large volume. The penmanship is as beautiful as a copy-plate, and ten, twelve or fourteen pages would be written without an erasure, blot, or misspelled word, and full of interesting, tender, friendly and Christian thought.

Even her official letters were characterized by the same ample fullness and friendly helpfulness,—the delight and inspiration of all who received them. Here is a letter informing me that the next to the last year of her life she wrote personally two thousand official letters, besides the immense correspondence with friends, and the daily letter to the husband. That, with her press work, and travel and public speaking, will show something of the amount of her work.

Here is another letter saying :

“I have had thirteen days steady brain pressure, eighteen and one-half hours a day, from 6 : 30 a. m. to 1 a. m., having found it impossible to retire before the latter hour.”

Then she had to give up two appointments to speak in Connecticut and one in New Jersey, because she could not keep awake. “Always a blessing, you see! how much better than inability to sleep!” Yet after all that awful strain, she sat down in a Boston hotel while waiting for a

train, and wrote me a ten-page letter mechanically, and in thought and spirit as beautiful as ever!

One day her husband exclaimed as he was examining letters: "I could cover the floor of this room a foot deep with Mary's writings and letters. How she ever found time and strength for it is to me a mystery." It must have been a labor of love; for she could easily have slighted her correspondence and made it less irksome. But, though she loved us all, though affection inspired the busy brain and guided the swiftly moving pen, it was labor still that must have been most exhausting to her nervous system.

Toward the close of her life she wrote still more, for during her last year she was corresponding secretary both of the World's and the National Union,—the former having auxiliaries in forty-six nations, and the latter covering the United States and Territories. She was also secretary of the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association. At the same time she led one noon prayer-meeting each week at Willard Hall, and was president of the Society of Charities and Corrections of Portage County, Ohio, which is one of the best organized and most systematic institutions of its kind.

Writing to the author about all this work, she observed: "You will see that I am not likely to rust out, and have none too many hours to rest; but I am a thankful woman for health; a good measure of strength, for opportunity to work in the field of the Master, and that I have reason to believe that He accepts and honors my work."

She further wrote a column weekly for *The Union Signal*, which was so unique and able and suggestive that it at once sent a new thrill of life through the entire organization, and made every tired and discouraged worker in the local unions feel the inspiration of a new, great-souled, courageous and unselfish leadership at the heart of the W. C. T. U. As one wrote, "She made you feel that she not only

tried to grasp the needs of all, but she held us all close to her inmost soul, and strove to help us all on, and knit us together."

A letter to Miss Willard, from Des Moines, Iowa, after Mrs. Woodbridge's translation, read as follows :

DEAR MISS WILLARD :—I am sure I voice the Temple Union of Des Moines when I express our personal bereavement in the death of our beloved Mary A. Woodbridge. Her practical helpfulness in the National secretary's corner of *The Union Signal* is her eulogy.

Tenderly yours,

MARY A. MCGONEGAL.

Thus day by day and week after week she was pouring out the rich treasures of her vital forces upon the cause she loved with a glowing devotion unlimited, an enthusiasm unbounded, and a loyalty and unselfishness that was simply absolute. It was all done with a meekness and modesty and simplicity that was an ideal pattern for all co-laborers, and will be an abiding example to the world.

Here is her opinion on the New Anti-Saloon movement which shows the keen, incisive action of her mind, her self-poise and rigid loyalty to conviction and moral principle. Whether the people who have gone into this new movement agree with her or not they can afford to hear and weigh well her ringing words. To her W. C. T. U. sisters it will be like a bugle-blast calling to action, coming now from a glorified leader :

DEAR CO-LABORERS :—I am deeply moved. I have been reading a symposium in a religious paper on "The next step in Anti-Saloon Legislation." The first article is by the Rev. Editor, who proposes restriction not extinction—continuance not extermination—compromise with the liquor traffic, not prohibition of the iniquity. By far the larger number of contributors endorse (not altogether the editor's methods), but his propositions. Two men speak without fear or favor, save in the fear of God and in favor

of the people ; Joseph Cook, of Boston, and John G. Woolley, of Chicago, and I was glad that Mr. Woolley said, "This is a Christian man's fight and there are abundant forces at his hand, but they will never fall into line until he rings clear—and he will ring very clear when he sees clearly. But he does not see clearly yet, and of this your own article, which in its prefatory part is a very fair expression of the common view, is excellent evidence, for your sincerity is above suspicion." "A very fair expression of the common view." Alas, eighteen of the twenty-four contributors, three-fourths of the whole number spoke of nothing but compromise ; two guardedly approved prohibition ; of four I have spoken.

Women are said to constitute two-thirds of the church of Christ and we are grateful that an aroused womanhood, led by God to the organization of the National W. C. T. U., adopted as the Preamble of their Constitution the following : "We, Christian women of this nation, conscious of the great evils of, and appalled by the danger of intemperance, believe it to be our duty, under the providence of God, to unite our efforts for its extinction and for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic." Every word of it is accepted and endorsed by each member upon joining the union, and thus pledged to the protection of the home, we are pained to-day to find in many states an attempted legislation of local option—versus prohibition—anti-saloon—versus anti-traffic. Good temperate people are deceived thereby and join the ranks, though in their heart they know nothing but annihilation of the evil will bring national safety and peace. It is an old dodge ; local, optional, here to-day and gone to-morrow ; hurting no-body and no-thing ; even saloonist and politician undisturbed by the effort. What they want, W. C. T. U. women do not want, and duty calls on us to arise immediately and like Cromwell's army, stand united, alert, listening for marching orders from the Captain of our Salvation, who never makes mistakes, and whom we will instantly obey. This can be done only by the arousal of each individual, in each union, in city and country, throughout the land. No national political party would expect victory by the quickening of its forces in one city or one state ; it must be throughout the field. Iowa is in an agony of discussion, local option,

anti-saloon and prohibition legislation before the people; and the intelligent prayer and aid of every W. C. T. U. woman is needed in behalf of righteous action. Ohio will, if possible, enact the Haskell bill, and even churches are minimizing God's law of "Thou shalt not," by an attempt to accomplish it. At this very time the Governor of South Carolina proposes to establish dispensaries in twenty counties where prohibition has prevailed, because of the compromise law which renders it possible and the demand of the traffic in politics that it shall be done.

"Awake, Deborah—arise and lead thy captivity captive," in the name of God, of your homes, of the republic we love. Shrink not, but do your part to put this iniquity out of the way, that Christianity, civilization and purity may reign. Will some one say, what can we do?—we have no money and no leader. There is not a union in the United States that cannot by effort secure twenty-five cents to purchase the documents of Herrick Johnson and others, that will furnish all necessary material for a live meeting. Some man, some woman or some children (in Demorest medal contest), can be found to present the truth to the people in every locality. If the people of the town are too busy to attend a meeting, let a company of women or children go to a country school-house, where they will be heartily welcomed, and will be heard with delight. Why not make the first a Neal Dow meeting, to be held on March 20th? ample supplies for which can be purchased at headquarters for ten cents. Let each district be visited thus, over and over, if need be, until the pressure upon the town can not be resisted. This will furnish something to do that will tell for the cause.

Dear President, your constituency looks to you for leadership; what *are* you doing? and what *will* you do? I pray you in review of the field, do not say, "This union or that union—this woman or that will do nothing, it is useless to ask it." How do you know but the spirit of God has spoken to some soul who will be as a very fire-brand setting all aflame, if you but open the way? Are you not as truly bound to do what you can for the least as for the greatest in your ranks?—to make fallow and ready for seed, the ground of the hardest as of the easier field? The great Commander calls. Your past faithfulness is to Him assur-

ance that you will again answer—and are ready to fall into line. Up—"Agitate," "Organize." Let each remember that she is a W. C. T. U. woman; a daughter of the King, and must be at her Father's business, which requires haste.

Your comrade in the work,

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

In midsummer of 1894, Miss Frances E. Willard returned to this country after an absence of about two years spent with Lady Henry Somerset in an effort to find rest and recovery of health. A great reception was given her in New York city, another in Evanston, and a third in Chicago. Mrs. Woodbridge was chosen to give the address of welcome in behalf of the National W. C. T. U. at each meeting. It was felt that she was the one woman able to voice in fitting speech the loving welcome of the white-ribbon sisterhood to their chief. In the greatly abbreviated report of the New York meeting, one gem of her speech was preserved:

"Perhaps in no two years has there been more stir than during those just passed. Christ has been with us and we have learned of the sin and wretchedness, the poverty and woe; we have heard the cry for bread, have seen the laborer asking in vain for employment, have looked upon women on their knees holding up their babes to public gaze in pitiful plea for help. By such scenes as this are we brought to a social platform *which unites all who love in the cause of all who suffer.*"

Miss Willard eagerly asked for the manuscript of her Evanston speech, declaring it a gem of oratory; but not a line had been written. It was thought out while on the train from Chicago.

The Chicago speech shone like a lustrous jewel of surpassing brilliance. A learned divine said, "She spoke as one inspired." Fortunately we have it as reported, and we give it here. All will say that it was finished enough to meet the most exacting demands of oratory.

WELCOME TO MISS WILLARD.

BY MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

[Reception at First Congregational church, Chicago, September 28, 1894.]

Five minutes time is all too short to bring fitting welcome to our Chieftain, though twice before since your return it has been my privilege and honor to stand before you as representative of the great white ribbon host of which you are leader, to voice the welcome of the half million mothers and daughters and children of the National W. C. T. U. and its honorary constituency—the fathers and husbands and sons whose hearts beat in unison with our own,—and once for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, an aggregate of forty-eight National unions.

Love counts hours as months and months as years, and as the long, long time that you were gone grew longer still, as a mother clasps her child to her heart and will not loose her hold, we have held you to ourselves and to our Lord. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, the continents of Europe and of America, benighted Africa, enlightened America, with the islands of the sea, bound to one another and to Christ by the white-ribbon tie, have spoken in the ear of the Father for you, and thus your leadership has been not only *on* but *up*, while we have learned that weakness in ourselves is often strength in God, and we can better understand your own prophetic words, "For God and home and every land."

Yours has been a teaching of broad principles—the brotherhood of humanity and the universal Fatherhood and justice of God. Women have listened and wondered and almost unconsciously followed as you led, while God held you in His own intention until this hour should come, when you emerged in spirit and in power and embodied His handmaidens in the best and holiest human institution known—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

For a time women clung closely to the hope of home protection which you aroused, but as the years and age crept on and still their hearts shed drops of blood, as if to cleanse the home and wash the nation from its sin, they

brought to you their daughters, themselves renewed in youth, a gift of holy motherhood, with prayer that stamp of character like yours might seal each one, until—

“The old order changed, yielding to a new,
And God fulfilled himself in many ways.”

Thus girls, who scarce remember when their mothers knelt on sanded floors within the open doors of hell, and, hiding behind the cross, strove to hold some poor, lost soul before the Lord of life and light, are now the strong right arm of our great body, and look with us to that good, glad day when brother and sister shall stand upon the same platform of social purity, upon the same plane of rights and privileges, that through the glorious trinity of man, woman and God, man and woman the instruments, God the power, iniquity shall be banished from the home, the church and the republic.

We cannot stop. God bids us on; we must and will obey. God bless you now! God bless you ever! Hold fast to the Infinite, the positive pole of holiness and power. Another palm shall strike your own, and on and on—until the negative pole of the world's weakness and sin shall be reached. Then will the divine current flow, and not only will His children be quickened, but the iniquity against which we inveigh shall be shivered and shattered to atoms. Then with voices tuned in the harmonies of heaven, we will sing “glory and honor and praise and thanksgiving to Him who has redeemed us forever and forever.” God bless you, beloved, and keep you to that day.

To this and a dozen other speeches, Miss Willard responded as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have at last adjusted my mind to this occasion. It took me a considerable length of time. At first I was very shamefaced, but then it popped into my head at last that this is all a case of composite photograph. These dear, kind, noble friends who have spoken out of the affluence of their own generous natures have seen in one whom they trusted the charm and quality and the gifts of more women than I could count. You have endowed me in your thoughts with the dauntlessness of a Carse, with the brilliancy of a Rounds, with the statesmanship of a

Woodbridge, with the "Marshal Ney" qualities of a Barker, with the Boanerges vigor of a Hoffman, with the massive might of a Lathrap; you have just seen us all in one, and so you have talked to the lot! It is the white ribbon that makes us all seem fair; we have borrowed of its lustre and of its love and of its purity. And so, taking this view, I don't feel very much embarrassed.

I did not know I had lived so long till those little girls went slowly down the aisle, and I whispered to Mrs. Rounds, "That is lengthened sweetness long drawn out." Yet I never felt more chipper in my life. I never felt more as if I could "run through a troop and leap over a wall."

You don't know how proud I felt when the Boys' Brigade came marching along with drum and flag and marshaled us over as a guard of honor all the way from Mrs. Carse's house. With all the hope and confidence that I have in the white-ribbon people nothing has more encouraged me than to know that these young folks are coming with their light steps—you know they don't use any liquor or bad words—and it makes an old lady glad to have them honor the cause and her.

I like the light let in on Old Tammany by the Lexow committee; I like the Civic Federation in Chicago; I believe that when good men are standing up and good women side by side with them to let in the Diogenes lantern turned to an electric light, on the saloons, gambling houses and other kindred abominations of our cities it is not a time to be disheartened. It is time to say, "God is moving among these dry bones." He sent upon us great calamities, strikes, financial troubles, but they gave us such a shaking up that we began to say, "Neighbor, where is your hand? Let me get hold of it in an honest, sturdy clasp, and let us make all this different." And the people who care for home and for purity and righteousness are clasping hands in America to-day and all around the world as they have never done before.

I had a letter this morning from a sweet woman who said, "What shall be the stimulating force in these degenerate times? Shall it not be Christ?" And I had another letter from a labor leader to whom I had written to ask what were the best books and papers to study that I might better understand the movement, and he wrote naming vari-

ous books, papers and pamphlets. But he closed with the words: "Our great text-book is the New Testament!" Now when the hard hand of toil is turning over the pages of the New Testament, when the national flag floats over the school-house, when the Loyal Temperance music keeps time to the company's music of "saloons must go," I, as a Christian and a patriot, with a strong sense upon me of renewed health and the confidence and the affection of a great rallying host, believe we are going forth, we who represent all these saving influences, "fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army with banners." Nothing has touched me more to-night with all the gracious words that have been uttered here than when these brothers sang, "Jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee, come!" I said then in my heart, "By God's grace I'll help it come," and so will we all!

Mrs. Woodbridge left Chicago for Aberdeen, S. Dakota, September 6, 1894, to deliver the annual address of the state convention. She spoke three times, and the newspapers tell in the most glowing terms of her great triumph as an orator on those occasions. She returned to Chicago and gave herself with renewed energy to the arduous task of preparing for the coming convention at Cleveland. She left Chicago for Paducah, Ky., September 30th, to deliver the annual address before the convention of that state. Returning to the office in Chicago, she again left October 6, for Indianapolis to deliver the annual address before the convention of Indiana.

She reached Cleveland the night of the 9th, attending the wedding of her granddaughter; spent the 11th in Cleveland arranging with W. C. T. U. ladies for the National Convention, reaching her home in Ravenna, O., on the 12th. The day of the 15th was spent in visiting the Portage county infirmary and county jail as president of the board of charities and corrections, and presiding at a meeting of the board. She left her home for the last time at 6 p. m. that evening for Chicago, taking with her some fruit and flowers from her own grounds.

Again at work with all zeal in the office through the long days, and rising daily to study an hour or two before breakfast, as was her custom, in her Chicago University Extension course. Either the last or next to the last Sunday night of her life she filled the pulpit of Millard avenue Congregational church. The house was packed to the walls on every side. On the last Saturday afternoon of her life she gave a supper to the scrub-women of the Temple, and sat down and ate with them, giving those humble but deserving women the benediction of the presence of her magnificent womanhood.

The day before she was stricken with the death-angel she wrote the last letter to her beloved husband, closing with these words :

There is a lull for a few minutes, of which I take advantage to write. Things go with a rush these days, and there seems hardly time to do anything but Convention work. We ate our last pears and grapes to-day, and they were good and tasted like home, and reminded me of the love and blessings of the years.

Your own faithful, loving
MARY.

Annual reports were slow in coming in from the officers of local unions to state officers, reports much needed by the general officers. The last known work from her brain and hand was an appeal for fidelity and promptness on the part of these local officers. It is full of her own spirit of conscientious fidelity to duty, for Jesus' sake, as in the sight and for the glory of God. I give it to her sisters of the W. C. T. U. May this her dying message teach them all a needed and never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

Mr. Woodbridge wrote to Miss Willard the following note:

DEAR MISS WILLARD :—This is the last work done by Mary and the last you will ever receive from your ever true and loving friend. I found it on her table when I came here this morning. She was unconscious when I arrived, and is slowly passing away. Can't write more at present. Your deeply afflicted friend,

F. W. WOODBRIDGE.

Her appeal :

Perhaps no point is so frequently made—no plaint so often heard, as of carelessness or indifference concerning reports. The local union is the working force of the organization. Local unions are expected to report to superintendents of departments adopted by them and the work which they are prosecuting ; and annually the state corresponding secretary sends her blank to each union, pleading for its year's record, from which a report for the National corresponding secretary may be collated.

Greatly desiring that reports should be full and fully in time, blanks and requests for their filling were sent out from National headquarters. Superintendents made the same effort to secure the record of work done in their departments ; but all have met the same difficulty. State secretaries and superintendents have alike, in despair, sent incomplete reports or held them in partial preparation until their delay has been an embarrassment to the National society. And why ? There is reason to fear there is great laxity among local unions in recording their work ; and often when called up there is nothing to give except from memory.

We are a Christian organization, professedly organized for the blessing of humanity and the glory of God. We cannot think of Christ as simply living for Himself. He lived for others ; and as His children we are to be His representatives, carefully fulfilling every duty as He obeyed the word of His Father. The cross was His emblem—a symbol of obedience and sacrifice. We can have no other ; and however small a duty may appear it is a test of our faithfulness as truly as is a larger thing.

Will not all be more faithful in the performance of their duty in the time to come ? It is impossible for one to do duty, to render service, except it is done, except it is rendered out of a heart that is full of faithfulness, that is brave and true—that is Christ-like.

That word " Christ-like," was, so far as we know, the last word the dear hand ever wrote ! That appeal to her sisters to be faithful in duty, brave, true and " Christ-like," was her last appeal. Could anything have been a more appropriate conclusion to the earthly labors of such a conscientious, dutiful, " Christ-like " soul ?

CHAPTER XXI.

TRANSLATED.

Lying a-dying
Have done with vain sighing ;
Life not lost but treasured,
God Almighty pleased,
God's daughter fetched and carried,
Christ's bride betrothed and married.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

This near-at-hand land breeds pain by measure :
That far-away land overflows with treasure
Of heaped-up good pleasure.

Our land that we see is befouled by evil,
The land that we see not makes mirth and revel
Far from death and devil.

This land hath for music sobbing and sighing :
That land hath soft speech and sweet soft replying
Of all loves undying.

This land hath for pastime errors and follies :
That land hath unending, unflagging solace
Of full-chanted "Holies."

Up and away, call the angels to us ;
Come to our home where no foes pursue us,
And no tears bedew us ;

Where that which riseth sets again never ;
Where that which springeth flows in a river
For ever and ever ;

Where harvest justifies labor of sowing ;
Where that which buddeth comes to the blowing,
Sweet beyond your knowing.

Crowns like our own crowns, robes for your wearing ;
For love of you we kiss them in bearing,
All good with you sharing :

Over your gladdening, in your delighting ;
Come from your famine, your failure, your fighting ;
Come to full wrong-righting.

Come, where all balm is garnered to ease you ;
Come, where all beauty is spread out to please you ;
Come, gaze upon Jesu.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.**

DID Mrs. Woodbridge have any foreshadowing or pre-sentiment of her sudden departure? We are inclined to think it is probable. On her trip to or from Dakota in September she took a cold that assumed the nature of la grippe. She felt lingering effects from it to the last. At the time of the marriage of her granddaughter, when alone with her daughter-in-law, she suddenly started from pain. She was asked about the cause of it, and replied, "I am having such pains frequently and am a little worried about it ; please do not tell Wells, as it might make him anxious about me."

She went from the office on her last working day as usual, and carried her usual cheerfulness into the evening circle and finally bade a cheery good-night to all and retired to her room to be alone with her God. Probably then and there she penned the ringing call to duty that closes the previous chapter. And then came her parting communion with God. Did some pains traverse the weary body and remind her that she was mortal?—telegraph along the line of the tired nerves that the end was nearing? Did a sense of weariness come on that lifted her thought like a prayer for heavenly rest? We may not give positive answer to these queries.

*Since the above was quoted for this chapter news has come to us that Christina G. Rossetti—this sweet singer of Israel—has also, like Mrs. Woodbridge, gone to gaze upon Jesus. The angels have brought them "Crowns like their own crowns, robes for their wearing, all good with them sharing."

But among her books of devotion found on her table by Mr. Woodbridge when she was dying, was a volume of Frances Ridley Havergal's poems, with a leaf folded in to the poem, "A Lull in Life," as if recently read. It might well have voiced the prayer of her overworked nature for rest with her Beloved.

A LULL IN LIFE.

Oh, for "a desert place" with only the Master's smile!
 Oh, for the "coming apart" with only His "rest awhile!"
 Many are "coming and going" with busy and restless feet,
 And the soul is hungering now, with "no leisure so much as to eat."

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,
 Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends;
 Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of thought;
 Welcome the twilight hour, with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,
 Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,—
 Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the near,
 Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friends,
 Not that I turn aside from the work the Master sends,
 Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of time;
 Longed for silence to fall, instead of its merriest chime;

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought
 Round each melodious strain that the harp of life hath caught,
 And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,
 Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless string;

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
 That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray,
 And to leave its wavering mirror true to the star above,
 Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of "perfect love;"

Longed for a Sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth,
 For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy truth,
 And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and sweet,
 While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades of night ;
There are flowers that cannot grow in a blaze of tropical light ;
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be cooled and
stilled ;

Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a hurrying tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside ;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear, and cool.

Well ! I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind and heart ;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's voice.

Well, while she was thus waiting for Him whom she loved supremely to call her apart, her heart full of a holy longing to commune with Him more intimately and rest at His feet, the Master came !

She had a chill Tuesday night, October 23. Wednesday morning she did not go to the office. During the day it became evident that she was stricken with apoplexy. Messages were sent to the Temple, to Frances E. Willard and to the devoted husband. He took the night train for Chicago ; and as it was rolling into the city he bought a morning paper and its leading headlines read, "A Noble Woman is Dying." He found her voiceless and unconscious. Her anointed lips had spoken their last love-message, offered their last prayer, and given their last testimony for Christ, and their last witness to the truth.

As the sun was sinking Thursday, October 25, 1894, "The song of her life blended with the thrill of the Master's voice," bidding her welcome to her rest and her reward. She entered in, into the uncreated glories of His presence "whom not having seen she loved," and whom now seeing and standing in His presence, she rejoices "with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

When her friend and co-worker, Mary T. Lathrap, of Michigan, heard from her sick-bed that her great friend was stricken down, she said with a kind of holy joy: "Who knows but Mary Woodbridge and I will enter heaven arm in arm together?" She soon "followed that way," and the two great Marys of the W. C. T. U. are now together with their Lord.

The reporters of the city papers and the messenger boys came in throngs to the residence of Mrs. Bigelow on Adams street where she died. The best people in the city were there to express their sympathy, offer their help and join in the universal sorrow. And the poor were there also, among the sincerest of the mourners. Canon Farrar once said: "Westminster Abbey has witnessed many glorious and pathetic spectacles; but probably it never presented an aspect so dear to angels and the King of angels as when the representatives of the sick, the suffering and the destitute—the alleviators of every form of misery—were gathered under its high embowed roof to witness the funeral service in Lord Shaftesbury's honor. Jeremy Bentham wrote of his friend, John Howard, and it may be written even more truly of Lord Shaftesbury, 'For departed kings there are appointed honors; and the wealthy have their appointed obsequies. It was his nobler fortune to clothe a nation with spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave followed by the benedictions of the poor.'"

Such a tribute might be truly paid to Mrs. Woodbridge. There was no moral reformer or friend of the poor and distressed that did not mourn her departure, and the benedictions of the poor followed her to her grave. A large company of them came in a body and stood on the side street and sent one of their number to ask Mr. Woodbridge if they might come in and look upon the dead face of her whom they had loved. They feared they might not be

welcome where so many rich people were thronging. Mr. Woodbridge consented and they marched in and filled the room and shed their tears of unfeigned sorrow together. Nothing in all the tender and melting services in Chicago so touched the stricken husband's heart, and he cannot speak of it yet without tears. Another poor woman came alone and said in anguish, "I have found no other such friend in Chicago." "She heard the poor that cried and him that had none to help. The blessings of them that were ready to perish" fell upon her; she "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Request was made that her body might be permitted to lie in state in the Woman's Temple that the people might view the precious dust. The husband said, "No: it would not be like Mary; all through life she shrank from any personal publicity or self-glorification, and now it must be as she would wish, could she speak."

The Union Signal, Miss Margaret A. Sudduth, managing editor, gave the following account of the funeral and farewell services in Chicago and at Ravenna.

HEAVENLY PROMOTION OF ANOTHER LEADER.

THE LAST DAYS.

Towards the close of one of the busiest days of the past busy week came a message to our office which was too startling to believe. The message was brief, with no introduction or alleviation in the telling—"Mrs. Woodbridge is dying!"

"What!" we exclaimed. Our minds refused to accept that statement, as instantly the previous day's happy hours and the unusually bright and active labors of our National corresponding secretary were recalled.

Tuesday, October 23, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge was at her desk, or, intent upon her many arduous duties, was flitting in and out of the publishing offices in the best of health and the fullest of spirits. Seldom had we seen her in so joyous a frame of mind. Never could we have asso-

ciated sickness or death less with any being than with her on that day. She left at five o'clock, with a tender remonstrance to a companion who insisted upon remaining a little longer to work. In the evening she accompanied her secretary to a lecture in a church near her residence, and returning to her home chatted merrily with Mrs. Bigelow, her hostess, till ten o'clock, when she retired.

The next morning she did not come to the office, but no surprise was felt, for it was known that she always had reserve work at home. Some proof requiring her personal attention was sent to her in the afternoon, and upon the return of the messenger the sorrowful news was learned.

Mrs. Helen M. Barker, to whom the word first came, immediately canceled her engagement for the Missouri state convention, to which she had almost started, and went to her comrade's bedside, accompanied by several of our office force. But it was even then too late for recognition or administration, for a consultation of eminent physicians had already declared restoration to health or consciousness impossible, as paralysis had attacked the brain.

It was then learned that at seven o'clock in the morning Mrs. Woodbridge had asked for extra heat, as she was having a chill. Immediate attention was given her, and upon hearing that another chill had come in the night a physician was called. But all remedies proved ineffectual, and by ten o'clock the same morning complete paralysis prevailed, and the feeble breathing alone gave sign that the spirit still lingered.

Through the long day and night and until evening of the second day, the painful watching and waiting continued, the faithful white ribbon friends being reinforced by Mrs. Woodbridge's devoted husband and one daughter, Mrs. Way, the other daughter, Mrs. Brooks, and the son, George, arriving three hours after their beloved mother had "passed on."

At thirteen minutes past six on Thursday evening, October 25, the beautiful spirit took its flight so peacefully and sweetly that it was difficult to tell when the end came.

Telegrams were speedily sent to all the officers of the National and World's W. C. T. U. and to the many relatives. And when all was done that could be done, we endeavored to comprehend the sad event, but so far it is

beyond all comprehension. Only the coming days and months can make it a reality, as the irreparable loss will be daily felt.

THE FAREWELL SERVICE.

Before the dust—so recently aglow with life—was borne to her Ohio home, her friends and co-workers gathered around the silent form on Friday afternoon to unite in a farewell service,—we can hardly say funeral, for that somber word seems all out of place. The first thing which met the eyes of those who entered the door of Mrs. Bigelow's home was the wreath of fresh green ivy fastened with purple ribbon, and thoughts were turned to eternity and immortality rather than death.

Dr. Goodwin of the First Congregational church, conducted the simple service, and the keynote of his words was *life*. He scarcely needed a text in that hour, for there in the quiet room lay one whose eager steps had trod the ways of life, whose steadfast hands had sought to lessen the power of sin which is the sting of death, and whose lips had borne abundant testimony of Him whom to know is life eternal. Thus his words were of one who had lived abundantly and were addressed to those who were yet to carry on the warfare against death. Never before had the listeners realized, perhaps, what a holy war is ours, as they did during that brief talk in which the speaker emphasized so strikingly the place the temperance cause holds in the church and in the world. Never before, it may be, had they realized the length and exceeding bitterness of the struggle, as when they looked with cleared vision back over the score of years during which Mrs. Woodbridge had not once laid her armor aside. Never before had the battle seemed so worth the fighting, the victory so assured. There may have been in the hearts of some in the presence of the dead a shrinking from the days to come without the counsel and comradeship that had been so strong and so sweet, but while the speaker's words fell upon their hearts they gathered courage, and even in her death their yoke-fellow had done them good.

When Dr. Goodwin had finished speaking the friends gathered to look upon her face once more, while about

the head of the casket stood a group of honorary pallbearers, who might well be called a guard of honor,—Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Rounds, Mrs. Carse, Mrs. Hobbs, Mrs. Grow and Mrs. Bigelow, all friends and comrades of Mrs. Woodbridge.

There was nothing unnatural in the scene, save, indeed, the black color of the casket and the stillness of her who lay therein. All about were flowers—white flowers, "*Congratulatory blossoms*," as one called them later; not a display of ornate designs, but just a wealth of bloom disposed as if for the reception of an honored guest. There *was* a Guest present, the one who overcame death.

Softly upon her upturned face fell the light from above her resting place, and it seemed as if she were listening intently, and presently would look up and answer in her own bright, winsome way. No death-pallor, no decay, no lines of pain; just peace, rest, satisfaction, majesty—overcomingness! Her friends looked—it would not have been strange had they spoken to her—and passed on comforted.

Then, a little later, that inner circle of the bereaved, husband and children, came to sit with her awhile,—for it seemed still that she was not away. It was only in harmony with the dominant keynote—life—that there should be no despair, no rebellion in their words. Tears were there, but tears lie deep where joy dwells, and smiles lit up the clouds. It was all as Mrs. Woodbridge would have wished.

Later in the afternoon those employés of the W. T. P. A., whose inexorable duties had not permitted them to attend the service, went to bid her their temporary farewells, and to them her triumphant repose spoke eloquently against the "king of terrors." To one and all her going has been but the completion of what was her living—a benediction—a speaking unto good.

THE HOME FUNERAL.

The spacious home in Ravenna, O., was filled to overflowing, Monday afternoon, Oct. 29, large numbers standing patiently outside during the entire service. The relatives present were the husband, Mr. F. W. Woodbridge, the two daughters, Mrs. Way and Mrs. Dr. Brooks and son, of

Cleveland, the only son, George, his wife and little boy, Fred, two granddaughters, Edith Way Hyde and Anna Way, Mrs. Woodbridge's brother, Mr. George Brayton, and two brothers and a sister of Mr. Woodbridge.

There was a remarkable delegation of seventy-six white-ribboners, representing every union in Portage county, Ohio. Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Oviatt, Mrs. Terrell and Mrs. Stevens represented the Federated W. C. T. Unions of Cleveland, O. Francis Murphy, Mr. Logan, and other distinguished people were present.

Flowers in great profusion attested the fact that many loving friends had sent them as tokens of their love and esteem. Underneath the casket was a carpet of ferns and flowers, while the wall back of the casket was draped with white cloth, literally covered with cut flowers and sprays of ivy. Upon the casket stood the tribute of the World's W. C. T. U., a large globe of roses and chrysanthemums belted with white ribbon. The card attached bore these words: "In tender memory of our beloved friend and co-worker, Mary A. Woodbridge. From the General Officers of the World's W. C. T. U. 'Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.'" Upon the casket also lay a large double bow of roses white, the badge of our society, the gift of the National W. C. T. U. Upon the mantel at the head of the casket stood a beautiful Maltese cross of white roses sent with a loving message by the "Royal Helpers' Circle of King's Daughters of W. T. P. A." A most lovely design was sent by the W. T. P. A. A pen of purple flowers was embedded in a large open book of blossoms white, and the word "Finis" showed the book finished and the pen laid down. A vacant chair was another beautiful design, a tribute from the Ohio Prohibitionists. Her children gave a pillow, with "Mother" in dark letters amid a profusion of white. A wreath of roses from Lady Henry Somerset bore this message: "A token of loving remembrance to our promoted comrade from her sisters across the sea." Mrs. Whitelaw sent a wreath of callas and smilax. A sheaf of wheat spoke of a ripened life, and was a token sent by Mrs. Grow. A floral offering from the Federated unions of Cleveland was also received, and cut flowers from a host of loving friends made the parlor in which she lay one of purity and brightness.

The choir sang the two favorite hymns of Mrs. Woodbridge, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide With Me."

Rev. A. M. Hills, for many years pastor of the Ravenna Congregational church, of which Mrs. Woodbridge was long a member, officiated at the services, reading the Scriptures, offering prayer and speaking eloquently of Mrs. Woodbridge's beautiful and consecrated life in its different stages of unfolding. Mr. Hills spoke of the special Providences that had shaped her life, of her devotion, not only to her church and temperance work, but to her family and friends. As a wife and a mother no criticism could possibly be made, for to husband and children her life's best was given till they no longer needed her entire care. Special mention was made, too, of Mr. Woodbridge's devotion to his wife and her work.

Mr. Hills read a beautiful letter from Miss Willard, of which we can give only a part :

"Unbind the armor, her long day's work is done." How faithfully and well she did it let the records of the white ribbon movement in this and in all lands attest ; for she was our gracious, vigilant and swift ambassador who, at the pen's point, carried victory everywhere that her strong, sisterly words penetrated, informed as they all and always were, by a personality of rich endowment in intellectual attributes, moral worth and religious enthusiasm.

Mary A. Woodbridge will always be a radiant name in our white-ribbon annals from the day of the Crusade to that "coming of age" for which she was preparing with her unequalled grasp of the situation and skill in the handling of details. Her benignant presence will be incalculably missed and mourned at the coming convention in Cleveland, and her clear, womanly voice, with its deep tones, will be listened for instinctively by thousands who had known and loved it long.

Miss Anna Gordon read the following most tender and fitting tribute in behalf of the World's W. C. T. U., and as the representative of Miss Willard :

She lies here in her dear old "home, sweet home" about which she never tired of talking, the flowers of which she was so fond are all about her, the trees her childish hands helped to plant will overshadow her casket as she is borne away by tender, loving hands from the home of her youth. She lies here with her nearest and dearest close around her, but we have not lost her either from this

home or from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union she loved so well and served with such devotion, for

"God is our home and in that state
We cannot so far separate
As not to make the distance near
And know the loved are always here."

For twenty years that busy brain, that loving, sympathetic heart, that diligent hand, that strong personality have been felt in our work, and by voice and pen with steadfast love, with untiring zeal she has helped to make it true that

"All round the world the ribbon white is twined,
All round the world the light of God has shined,
All round the world our cause has right of way,
We'll take the world for Christ's own kingdom—
Some glad day."

The last time I was in her office at the Temple, replies had been coming in to letters asking if there were any names in the official ranks of the states to be remembered in a memorial service at our coming convention in Cleveland. A bundle of postal cards lay upon her desk and taking them up one after another with such a bright, happy face, she read them over rapidly, saying as she closed, "There, isn't that beautiful—no loss in our official ranks—no names to report, we shall not need a memorial service at all, but ought to have a praise meeting instead." And could she speak to us now, dear friends, she would still say, "Let it be a praise meeting," so strong a keynote in her life was praise to God. "She has fought a good fight, she has kept the faith," and can you not see her radiant face as she hears the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Her brave, strong, joyous spirit will evermore inform our efforts in the cause so dear to her. We shall seek to follow her as she followed Christ, and in looking for the last time on the beloved face of our precious, our promoted comrade, we cannot say, "good-night," but in some brighter clime we'll bid her "good-morning."

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who for fourteen years had been most closely associated with Mrs. Woodbridge officially, spoke with great feeling and with broken voice of the work

of our promoted comrade. She referred touchingly to a letter she had received the last day Mrs. Woodbridge was in the office, in which she told of the bright prospect for a most successful convention in Cleveland, closing with the words, "Praise the Lord."

Mrs. Helen M. Barker made most appropriate closing remarks, referring especially to her work during the last year while they had been in the office together, and testified to her faithful, loving service, not only in her official capacity, but in missionary work in the city, and urged the women present to labor for the cause that she loved.

After the friends had taken an affectionate farewell and the casket was closed, a white drapery completely covered with ferns and roses was laid over it, entirely hiding its sombre black. It was then borne gently down the long walk shaded by grand and graceful trees which she had assisted her father in planting when she was a little girl. A long line of carriages filled with sincere mourners followed the silent form of our loved one to the beautiful cemetery one mile away from her home. Here she was lovingly laid to rest.

In many cities and towns there were held memorial services at the same hour of the funeral services in Ravenna. The following is the account of the service in Chicago, as recorded in *The Union Signal*:

THE MEMORIAM MEETING.

A stranger finding himself in Willard Hall at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, the same hour of the home funeral at Ravenna, Ohio, would have observed nothing to indicate that a memorial service was about to be held for one whose name was loved and revered all around the world. There was nothing funereal in the aspect of the beautiful little auditorium, none of the trappings of woe upon pillar or platform, no suggestion of gloom, or of the doleful soundings of the tomb. Magnificent white chrysanthemums adorned the speaker's desk and mingled with fern leaves surrounding a picture of Mrs. Woodbridge, which stood on a table at one side.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the hall was filled with those eager to honor the memory of the loved

friend and comrade so suddenly lost. The W. C. T. U. and the W. T. P. A. occupied seats specially reserved for them.

Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman conducted the service, and after a quartet had feelingly sung, "We would see Jesus," she said that we were not there to sing a dirge, but to realize that "rest is rapture."

The Rev. H. A. Delano, a lifelong friend of Mrs. Woodbridge, read part of the second chapter of Ruth, the twenty-third Psalm and the fourteenth chapter of St. John. "Ohio," he said, "was to-day weeping, not for any of her gifted sons, but for a gifted daughter. It was just like Mary Woodbridge to go away in the quiet, matter-of-fact manner she did. She had lived to see woman's faith and love—of which her own sturdy, indomitable life was a fit exemplar—belt the globe." He then offered prayer, and the quartet sang "Lead, Kindly Light."

Mrs. Hoffman, in presenting Mrs. Carse, "comrade of Mrs. Woodbridge from the beginning," remarked that we were "too Christian, too scientific, too sensible, in these days to mourn as they which have no hope." "But after all," said Mrs. Carse, "our hearts are very tender, and He who wept allows us also to weep over the bier of our loved ones. We rejoice that a wide door has been opened for them, but we are still amid and of the mists and shadows."

A more recent friend of our beloved was then introduced, Miss Frances Griffin, formerly of Alabama, now of Chicago: "Our society," she said, "was often referred to as a 'mutual admiration society,' the lesser, it was said, giving undue worship to the few great ones. God sifted the nation for workers, and it is not to be wondered at that we should admire those God-appointed, God-selected women." Brought up as she (Miss Griffin) was in an atmosphere of conservatism, Mrs. Woodbridge was one of the first public women to draw her attention, at once by reason of her wonderful voice and her womanliness.

Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson was the next to pay loving tribute to the departed one. She was impressed most, she said, during her year's association with Mrs. Woodbridge by the all-roundness of her character—one so symmetrically developed. She did so many things exceptionally well. How well she could speak all know. "I cultivated my voice for my mother's sake; she was

deaf for many years," she said once, when this valuable possession of hers was commented upon. This fact of itself was a wonderful index to her character. At the height of her power God called her to a better service beyond. Her nature was a remarkable combination of greatness and gentleness.

The Rev. Frances Townsley, of Nebraska, spoke of "our Mary" as a woman who "had time to be friendly." "Said a friend on our way to this meeting, 'We shall find the Temple draped in black,' and I was considering the propriety of tying a black ribbon in with the white, but we saw no badges of mourning—not even on the eleventh floor, only white flowers everywhere, even on her own desk—*congratulatory* blossoms. We are here to give her joy!" The speaker referred lovingly to incidents in her friendship with Mrs. Woodbridge, first in Nebraska, later in Chicago. Her last words to her a few days ago were, "I will meet you at the Willard Hall prayer-meeting." We shall meet her soon in a praise meeting!

"Morning Land" was here beautifully sung by Miss Addie Austin and Mr. Shaffner.

Mrs. Hoffman closed the service with a brief and affectionate tribute to Mrs. Woodbridge as corresponding secretary of the National W. C. T. U.

After the choir had exquisitely rendered a beautiful "Good-night" song, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Frances Townsley, and the audience dispersed with a quiet joy in their hearts, despite the deep sense of loss that is just beginning to be realized.

As has already been indicated, Mrs. Woodbridge had arranged a praise service in the program of the annual convention that met in Cleveland two weeks after she died, to take the place of the usual memorial service, because no National or state leader had died during the year. Alas! little did she or others think that it would be the saddest National convention of W. C. T. U. women ever assembled, because she, who stood next to the head in the great council of leaders, would be promoted to the skies!

During the sessions these beautiful allusions were made to the sainted dead:

Preceding the roll-call of officers and delegates by Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Miss Willard said most tenderly :

"And, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.' For fifteen years when we came to the next item of the program, that gracious, matronly, motherly presence was just here, ready, cheery, smiling, resourceful. How she did look forward to this time; how she worked for it; how happy she was over it! I used to get a letter from her every day and sometimes two and sometimes three, and no expression was more frequent on her lips than the one that is most frequent in the Crusade Psalm, 'Praise the Lord.' She would tell me that such a woman was going to come; she would tell me that such a plan we had made to enrich the Convention had promised completion; she would tell me how earnestly and capably the women were working in Cleveland, and then she would put at the end of the sentence, 'Praise the Lord.' She is not with us to-day.

"Our Mary Woodbridge. There is her genial pictured face, and those sweet emblems of nature (the wreath over her picture) were first planted by her hand, the ivy and the myrtle from her home not far from here, brought by loved ones nearest her at our request, that something of the old life and the old happy times might bind us to that honored friend. I can but think she is with us in spirit. You know it says in the old hymn, 'unperceived they mix with the throng.' There is a great W. C. T. U. that has passed up into heaven. It can but be they know about us and are glad."

In Miss Willard's annual address occurred the following touching passages :

IN MEMORIAM.

And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud.—Rev. 1 : 12.

It has been admirably said that "Death is the sovereign alchemist who assays the value of the coin struck in the mint of life."

Such a valuation we were called to put upon the life and character of the second officer in our National society when, by a stroke that bewildered our eyes and smote our hearts, Mary A. Woodbridge was removed beyond the mystic boundaries of the life that is. "All narrow jealousies are silent now, and we see her as she moved — how kindly, modest, all accomplished, wise, with what serene repression of herself bearing through the long tract of years the white flower of a blameless life." She was here with us at the first National Convention, coming from her sweet and happy home in Ravenna, less than forty miles away; for she was one of the original Crusaders, her eloquent lips having been first unsealed by the touch of that Pentecostal baptism. She is the first of our National officers whom we have lost in all these years.

Her executive ability was of the highest order, and her patience and power in the mastery of detail were unsurpassed. With all this she had absolutely none of the self-consciousness that so often mars the symmetry of a great nature upon the heights of success. In the stress of these working years most of us have been too serious, and it was a perpetual refreshment to note the smile, and hear the ringing laugh that accompanied the perpetual witticisms and drolleries of recital and commentary that brightened all our intercourse with this genial comrade; but her lightning did not strike, it was the shimmer on the summer cloud.

But twenty-one years from now most of us will be gone

"Past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

The good gray heads that all good women know, of Mother Thompson, Mother Stewart, Mother Wallace, will have been laid under the clods of the valley. Some of us will hear the bugles of immortality summoning us away while we are struggling in the thick of the fight, even as our brave Mary Woodbridge heard them, but to most of us the call will be less sudden, and we may have to rust out the strength she was so happy as to wear out. So intense

has been the pressure in these formative years of the mightiest movement to which women have as yet been called, that we who are veterans have lived already far beyond the appointed span, having mortgaged our future and discounted our stock of notes on the bank of constitution. "Our company before has gone," and we move forward often with weary steps, but always with the same tender love and unconquerable faith. "Not as though we had attained" shall we pass onward, but by God's grace we shall have "fought a good fight," and when we have "finished our course" the best outcome of our lives will not have been the building up in systematic fashion of the fair edifice of woman's work for temperance, for home protection, and for purity, although the world may say so, but it will be that by word and deed, and most of all by character, we tried to follow the Gospel's gleam along the hills of hope and to help prepare the way for the coming of our Lord in custom and in law; it will be that we tried to teach and live a consecrated Christian life. To the young women in school and college to whom we are looking to gather the bright web of the white ribbon work out of our weary and erelong nerveless hands, and to extend and brighten its already radiant fabric, I would in your name send forth a trumpet call; I would bid them haste to the rescue; I would call upon them to despise the pessimism that among the cultured so largely characterizes the closing up of the present century, and to saturate their thinking with the optimism of Christianity. I speak for you, the "mothers of us all;" for you, Crusaders, stalwart, invincible; for you, Neal Dow, father of Prohibition, with that shining face and fearless forehead so long patiently uplifted to receive the handwriting of Time. In the words of the Christian heroes who stood before the Roman Emperor at the gladiatorial games, I say to you, young women, for these veteran reformers, "We who are about to die salute you."

In the afternoon set apart for the memorial service Miss Willard asked Mrs. Hoffman to read one of the sweetest verses from Mary T. Lathrap that had given a refrain to the thoughts of all.

“ Ah! comrades, we stand in the silence
Homesick for a day ;
But how can our anguish be bitter ?
We follow that way.
Let us lift up our hearts, our beloved,
Love on as of yore ;
Who knows but in stress of the battle
She hastes to the fore ?
Then, onward, ye brave ; to the duty,
Not far, with the King in His beauty,
We greet her once more.”

Following the reading of this poem, Miss Willard led in prayer as follows :

“ Our blessed heavenly Father, we believe in Thee ; we believe that Thou hast made us for Thyself, and Thou inhabitest eternity. Time is not great enough for Thee, and so it is not great enough for us. We bless Thee that we have always believed that this is just an island of a world where we have cast anchor for a little time, but we are bound for the Continent of Immortality. We bless Thee, though we did not always, for the cables Thou hast thrown across to bind us nearer to that great invisible world of souls. We bless Thee, our heavenly Father, that tears make the heart mellow and anoint the eye so that we can see the land that seemed far off ; and it comes nearer to us as we go nearer to it. We bless Thee at the thought so dear and cherished in every heart to-day that the beloved companion who has been with us always in these great feasts of tabernacles hitherto, that she whom we have come to remember and to speak about, knows that we are here ; that she is glad, and not sorrowful ; and so should we be glad, even these her best beloved, whose hearts beat so close to her own and who were enclosed with her in one home sanctuary. We thank Thee that we see in them that token of the divine Spirit's indwelling, that they tell us with a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye that she does not seem far off.

Dear Heavenly Father, we know that when Thou didst send us Christ to show us what Thy heart was like and to bring us back to Thee, He used to say, “ If it were not so I would have told you,” and He always took immortality as the central cardinal truth of all worlds. We know that immortality has been loved by the great and gentle, and has been clung to even when they doubted, and perhaps there are even here to-day true and kindly souls who doubt, and yet who love and reach out the trembling hand, and would fain see and

know and love ; and we know that they are dear to Thee, and that they shall see and know and love.

We thank Thee for all that we have lost. We did not always. But now we are not more grateful to Thee for anything than that they have swept on into Immortality, those great kind souls that made life rich to us in our own households in the sweet and sacred circle of our comradeship among the great illumined natures that have taught, guided and helped us by their voices and their songs. We pray Thee that every one here this day may feel that this is an illumined hour, that this is a holy and blessed time when we may reverently think of those who are our promoted comrades, when we may reverently call the roll of those who are on the roll of honor now.

Comfort the heart of our dear brother and those dear daughters and that son, and all the loved relatives of Mary Woodbridge, and may the sense they have of our love to them, the sense they have of that close entwining sympathy with which we have turned our hearts to them, be a consolation to them, and may Thy Spirit give them visions of the immortal hills of God. Help each one of us highly to resolve, and with a holy purpose, that we will cling steadfastly to Thee ; that we will hold to and illustrate that heavenly faith which presses to that which is within the vale and says in its soul, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping we shall be soon" in the better country, in the sweet summer land of safety and purity. Help us to feel, each and every one of us, that it is only by character that allies with the white light of God that we shall ever be able to dwell in that light. Help us each one to be so transformed in the spirit of our minds that we shall prove and know what is that good and perfect and acceptable will of God, and as we love each other here, may it be the sweetest part of our comforts and associations that we shall be together soon in the upper country, the sweet home of the soul ; and do not suffer us to cherish now any thought that will be unwelcome when we recall it on the mountain top of the transfigured life in heaven. So melt all our hearts into unity and charity and tenderness, and make us as little children before Thee, and bring us each, we pray Thee, into that unity that gives the bond of peace.

We know that tender, great heart is with us, is thinking and noting the hour and noting the time, she whose clear voice has so often winsomely lifted us up into the mount of vision. We bless Thee for the faith her childhood knew, the faith that has been her bright armor in all these laborious years.

God bless our Mary Lathrap here among us still, as Thou hast blessed our Mary Woodbridge who swiftly and painlessly passed to the better country, and bring us along gently in thine own good time and way ; give us a peaceful hour, if it please Thee, in which to die, and bring us to those holy reunions with those whom we have loved and lost, while through riches of grace in Christ Jesus, who taught us when we pray to say,

Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Mrs. Helen M. Bullock, who had charge of the memorial exercises, said :

"I shall never forget her kind and encouraging words to me when I first came into this work and was a stranger to nearly all of you. I shall never cease to thank God for her sympathy and her helpfulness all the way along, and now, dear friends, if she was so much to me who had known her for these few years, how much more must she be to those of you who have known her longer and more intimately, whose privilege it has been to be with her in all these years of her work. And so I am going to ask her own state president, Mrs. Henrietta Monroe, to say a few words to you in regard to her life and her work."

MRS. MONROE :

Mary A. Woodbridge was a woman admired, honored and loved, so that to-day her memory is enshrined in the heart of every Ohio woman. She was one of Ohio's most gifted women. She was the brilliant president of the Ohio union for five years ; she was the peerless leader of the second amendment campaign, sitting here in the city of Cleveland, speaking words which vibrated throughout this whole state. She was the faithful recording secretary of the National W. C. T. U. for fifteen years ; last year she was promoted to the second place in the coterie of the general officers, but there was higher promotion for her before her year of service had closed.

We were to have welcomed her to this city by the lake, but she has been welcomed to the heavenly city, the city by the golden sea, whose pearly gates opened wide to receive her. We were to have welcomed her with words of love, but she has heard the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Blossoms, these beautiful flowers, which she loved so well, were to have breathed a welcome to her, but to-day she walks in green pastures and by still waters in the land of immortal bloom where leaf fades not and the flower never withers. She was to be welcomed by the voice of song, but hark ! ten thousand harps and voices have welcomed her to her heavenly home. She was to have been welcomed to this beautiful house and to this great audience, but she has been welcomed into mansions above, and her company is to-day an innumerable company of angels, and she is beholding the glories which our eyes have not seen nor our ears heard, nor hath it entered into our hearts to conceive the blessedness which awaits her.

There is one less here ; the charmed circle has been broken, the dear face that we have missed from its accustomed place is saved and cleansed and purified by grace. There is one more in heaven. To her our voice of welcome is hushed and to her the farewell word is forever spoken.

Mrs. Stevens read the following on behalf of Mr. Woodbridge :

While my lips refuse to speak my heart urges me to tender a word of heartfelt thanks to the dear sisters of the W. C. T. U., who have so kindly by word and deed emphasized their affection for my wife, dear beloved Mary. Their tender sympathy for her family comes to us all as a silver lining to the dark cloud overshadowing our now desolate home. I wish to express my undying interest in the cause Mary loved so well and served so faithfully, and I am ever

Your bereaved and trusting brother,

F. W. WOODBRIDGE.

We will close this chapter with submissive and hopeful hearts, praying, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We will not think of her as dead, but as living the real life, transfigured and glorified.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRIBUTES OF HER W. C. T. U. SISTERS AND HER COLLABORERS IN MORAL REFORM.

DEAR BROTHER WOODBRIDGE :—You used to say :

“I wait for thee !” I said it in my dreaming,
Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night ;
And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming
A Presence passed in soft celestial light.
Then calm and sweet and clear
A spirit voice came singing,
Far, far away, yet near,
Like star-bells’ crystal ringing,
Oh, well my own heart knew
That voice so clear and true—
“I wait for thee !”

Now you may say with tearful hope :

“She waits for me !” I said it in my weeping,
For never more she cometh o’er the sea ;
She waits for me ! A glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the shade-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee
“She waits for me !”

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

IT might be thought that perhaps the author, having long been a pastor and personal friend of Mrs. Woodbridge, had an exaggerated estimate of her character, ability and life work. It might be reasonably feared by some

that his picture of her personality, achievements and influence would be somewhat rose-colored. But so confident was he of the accuracy of his estimate of her worth and her place among the leaders of the foremost reform movement of the century that he sought an independent estimate of her from her great comrades. All responded but dear Mary T. Lathrap, who was too near death's door to write.

These several tributes are well worth the most careful reading. They reveal the deep impression she made upon the most widely different minds. They are no less remarkable for their variety of testimony than for their unanimity of judgment that as a woman, a leader, a thinker, an orator and a reformer of world-wide influence, she was great even among the greatest of our time.

TRIBUTE OF EX-SENATOR BLAIR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR:—During the first fifteen years of the existence of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I met Mrs. Woodbridge on several important occasions, and also had the honor of considerable correspondence with her upon the work of the great department with which she was entrusted. She was one of the ablest and most devoted of that wonderful body of women who have developed, and have been developed by the most extraordinary intellectual, moral and religious, social and political movement going on among the women of our time.

Her mind was cool, clear and profound, exhibiting in all its operations great delicacy and strength, so that no task, whether requiring tact or vigor, or both these qualities, seemed beyond her powers.

She was a great organizer and an indefatigable worker, who had the rare gift of so directing effort as to waste nothing and to accomplish the most possible with the least expenditure of energy.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is an institution of far wider scope than its name indicates. It takes in almost every form of activity, and directs its efforts

against everything that injures in promotion of everything that blesses humanity.

Whoever looks over its various departments and compares this organization as a whole with any other now on earth or known to history, will be mute with astonishment at what these women have wrought, if, indeed, it be they who have wrought it. What they are yet to do no mortal can fully conceive, but certainly these women have taken the world.

It is not probable that they themselves realized what they were doing while it was being done; and indeed they are even now but just beginning. In all these earlier days of marking the outlines, laying foundations and adapting the great machine to the work of saving the human race, and so forward unto the day of her death, Mrs. Woodbridge was a leader of leaders, and her name will always survive among the apostles and martyrs of her generation who have suffered and died for mankind.

HENRY W. BLAIR.

New Hampshire.

TRIBUTE OF MOTHER THOMPSON.

The well rounded life and character of dear Mary A. Woodbridge is an object lesson for all to study. Hers was a symmetrical character, so strong and helpful, and yet so womanly and gentle, inviting all who were associated with her to "restfulness" which comes to the heart in the presence of such a "tower of strength"! As daughter, wife, mother, co-worker and friend, in any department of toil she was sufficient, and those who knew it best, will ever "rise up and call her blessed."

Our dear friend was wonderfully endowed with that quick perception, so available in making fast friends. She always struck the keynote of the heart, and the music that followed was a consequence. During her brief visit to our town on temperance missions, we were privileged to claim her as our guest, and never can we forget the pleasure of those occasions. Her beautiful method in life, told even as a guest, her gracious, kindly appreciation of every trifling attention, and her cheerful acquiescence in all our plans for her usefulness, as well as her evident zeal and

pleasure in her work, I have never known surpassed. Indeed, our dear departed was a noble character, and an ornament to womanhood. Oh! how we miss her everywhere! But God claims His own, and ever and anon

"Life's shadows are meeting eternity's day."

Then let us, her co-workers in the field that is so "white to the harvest," strive to learn from her beautiful life the diligence that brightens the skylight of the soul; for in some "Sweet Day" the same heavenly messenger will come for us. Then shall we meet

"Those angel faces
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

ELIZA J. THOMPSON.

Hillsboro, O.

FROM THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE Y. W. C. T. U.

Written from Cairo, Egypt, en route to Jerusalem, March, 1895.

While traveling amid strange sights and sounds I have not forgotten the loss we all sustained when dear Mary Woodbridge was called from works to rewards.

We know that eulogies do not always give a suitable portrayal of character, and I know that much has been told by others; but I want to add my testimony to the rare combination of Christian graces which was centered in her personality. She was so sweet in spirit, so dignified and quiet, so happy and hopeful, so gracious and kind, that as I look back I cannot remember ever to have observed a failure to meet any occasion great or small.

. . . I am still giving my time and strength to interesting young people in our cause. We need them to take up the work these revered comrades have bequeathed, and I can only pray and trust other faithful ones may heed the call and, as Miss Willard has said, "follow the gleam."

FRANCES J. BARNES.

FROM MRS. MATTIE MC CLELLAN BROWN, OF CINCINNATI.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge was one of the most effective officers in the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was a woman of broad views and com-

prehensive judgment. Hence her value as an executive officer was inestimable. As a speaker she was clear, calm, deliberate and convincing. She was more intellectual than sentimental or electrical, depending wholly upon the conviction of the judgment for results in her work. She was so diligent that she gathered very large fruitage for her labors before the public, whether speaking to secure members to her cause, or money for its treasury, or voters for her party. Her advocacy of any measure which she adopted was a guarantee of its success wherever she plead its cause.

Having been born in Nantucket, Mass., of Quaker parentage, she seemed to have carried through life the strong coast lines of eternal principles in her character; the wide-open outlook over vast interests of the future; a quiet spirit of trust in the infinite, and a birthright belief in the perfect equality of womanhood, with the greatest of manhood.

FROM JOSEPH COOK, OF BOSTON.

The beauty of character displayed in Mrs. Woodbridge's alert and inspiring life floated through the wide field of the W. C. T. U. as an aroma, giving the most priceless refreshment to all who breathed it. In many states of the Republic I have met the sweet savor of her good name. She lived in the light of the Sun, behind the Sun, and we can think of her as possessed of immeasurable peace and bliss in the land on which that Sun never sets.

FROM GEORGE W. BAIN, OF KENTUCKY.

Mary A. Woodbridge was one of the great women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, led out into public life, and by so doing placed a bright star in its crown of glory. It was my fortune to work under her leadership during the Amendment Campaign in Ohio, and there I was first impressed with her abilities.

To her wealth of inherited gifts of nature, she added a culture which made her a magnet wherever she moved. There was a well-roundedness about her character but few public men and women possess, and a whole-heartedness in her nature, so necessary to success in serving our kind. This unstinted and unselfish nature doubtless led to her



MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS.

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sudden death, for she forgot self in her devotion to the cause she so faithfully served.

As the Æolian harp is responsive to the breath of every wind that blows, so was her great heart responsive to every worthy emotion. Like the great river which absorbs rills and rivulets, so she absorbed facilities and brought them to serve her great purpose. Such a life ought to inspire the young womanhood of our land to noblest ambitions, for surely every beat of her heart was to the march of highest aspirations, and her life shames the lives of those who flirt with life's follies and worship at fashion's shrine.

Mary A. Woodbridge crowded her days with industry ; marked them with a record of good deeds ; crowned her life with a dignified purpose ; died in the forefront of the battle for "God and home and every land," and has gone to the rest and reward of the faithful. While I can congratulate her happy spirit, I mourn for the cause that suffers by such a death, for the home from which so much light has gone, and for the leaders who have lost such a counselor. Who will fill the places of the great leaders who are passing away ? is a question worthy of the members of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT AT LARGE OF THE NATIONAL
W. C. T. U.

I can hardly realize that Mary Woodbridge has gone never more to mingle with us as in days gone by. She was most closely connected with the work of the W. C. T. U. from its very beginning. Another, prompted by warm and enduring friendship will review all this. It remains for me to simply place a flower in the garland of tender memory woven by other hands. For well-nigh twenty years we walked together in the work she loved so well. As a speaker she excelled. I have never heard any one tell the Crusade story with such power and pathos. She has spoken frequently in Maine and other parts of New England upon the great questions which grew out of the Crusade, always with ability and with the marked approval of her audiences. She was rightly ranked among the foremost speakers of the National W. C. T. U. As a friend she had the love of her comrades to a remarkable degree.

Her attractive manner, her smiling face, her winsome words gained for her the love and admiration of her associates.

Thousands of hearts were made sorrowful when she went away from us so suddenly. Humanly speaking it was hard to have her go ; and yet she is not lost to us—we have not said farewell,—although we saw the casket which enshrined the precious form. We recall that the blackness of it was covered with flowers, beautiful emblems of life and love.

Edwin Arnold in the Song Celestial meaningfully says :

“ Never the spirit was born—the spirit shall cease to be never
 Never was time it was not ; end and beginning are dreams,
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever
 Death hath not touched it at all.”

L. M. N. STEVENS.

Portland, Me.

FROM THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL,
 W. C. T. U.

So many in the pages of this memorial volume will pay tribute to the many sided ability of Mary A. Woodbridge as writer, speaker, reformer and leader, that mine shall be the humbler tribute of one who best knew her as a toiler in the busy round of life's daily task.

I had known her, as all white-ribboners knew her, on the platform and in the great conventions, but had had no personal acquaintance until November, 1893.

The first characteristic which impressed me was her familiarity with her work in its minutest details and her faithfulness in the performance of its duties. She knew the W. C. T. U. as few women have known it. She knew its workers, and their especial needs or fitness. Not the National workers alone, but many whose sphere had been confined to state, district, county or local unions were familiar to her to a degree that was marvelous to me. Moreover, in the discharge of her duties she was, if possible, over faithful, preferring to carry on herself many of the details of the work which would, ordinarily, be left to an assistant. Her powers of application seemed exhaustless and her industry was indefatigable.

She always carried sunshine with her. There were a

certain crisp sparkle in her voice, an electric thrill in her touch, and a magic in her smile which must make themselves felt. One of the speakers in the Willard Hall memorial service, which was held at the same hour as the funeral in Ravenna, chose for her topic, "The woman who had time to be friendly." It was an apt and fitting characterization. Such a woman I always found her. No matter how crowded her day she always met one with an air of gracious welcome which suggested large leisure. You never felt that she was hurried or flurried. She entered into plans or difficulties, as the case might be, with a ready sympathy which was marvelous to one who was behind the scenes and knew the mountains of accumulated work through which she must toil. I used to think of her that those two lines of Anna Waring's were a fitting description :

"A mind at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

Above all, through all, and under all, she impressed me as being deeply and devoutly religious, with a religion which was above cant ; which rested in the eternal verities of God, and therefore could not but be glad. Skilled, indefatigable, cheerful, buoyant, an optimist of optimists, dignified, gracious, kindly, sympathetic, great in her great simplicity, a glad, obedient child of God ; as such I knew Mary A. Woodbridge in her daily work. As such I loved her. As such I must think of her as working in a wider sphere, a fairer life, somewhere to-day.

KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

Chicago, Ill.

FROM THE TREASURER OF THE N. W. C. T. U.

Probably no official in the W. C. T. U. was better posted in all the details of the work than was Mrs. Woodbridge, hence when at Chicago she was elected corresponding secretary of the W. C. T. U. she brought to Headquarters her valuable equipment of practical information, gained by long years of faithful study and active experience in the many lines of work. Then she knew the women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and was a good judge of their fitness for any definite commission. Not only this, she was person-

ally acquainted with the prominent leaders of all kindred organizations, and was ready to co-operate with each in a fraternal spirit that was truly helpful in every way. Again, she wielded a facile pen that was never idle during the hours of work. Every state president and secretary felt that they could at all times come to Mrs. Woodbridge for information on any point without fear of refusal of a hearing or a prompt and full reply. I do not believe that during her term of office, a communication asking for instruction, for advice, or for sympathy was ever unanswered. It did not matter how obscure or uneducated were the writers, they received from her ready hand a prompt, sympathetic and helpful reply. One of the important duties of the office at Headquarters is the courteous reception of visitors from every state in the Union, and as Chicago is the acknowledged center of the Nation, and in the direct line of all east and west travel across the continent, these visitors are not few. Sometimes they come on very busy days, but Mrs. Woodbridge never locked her door and became inaccessible. Even though it necessitated two or three hours of night work to make up lost time, every visitor was welcomed with a smile and a hearty handshake and, if desired, a loving conference. She did not believe that her duty consisted in merely receiving the letters that came to her and answering them in a perfunctory manner, and sending out blanks and compiling her report, as many secretaries of great societies do; but she had a broader view of the responsibilities of her office.

She was not only the right hand of the President, but she was a continual inspiration to all the state, district and even local workers. It was her province to suggest new methods and stimulate to new efforts, and instead of being a passive recipient she was emphatically an awakening and arousing power. Every day was filled with work, and frequently it went over into the evening. Often she was called to speak in some missionary field of the great city, and this she did without compensation other than the consciousness of having helped a church to higher ground on the temperance question.

Those who came in to take her work in the office found her desk in good order, and her work so well planned and methodical that there was no difficulty in taking up the

threads that her fingers had so suddenly dropped. Verily a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed" hath fallen. She stepped from her high place of active labor to a higher one of well earned rest. Her works will follow her, and her influence for good will never die.

HELEN M. BARKER.

Chicago, Ill.

FROM THE RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL
W. C. T. U.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Woodbridge was in 1883, in the N. W. C. T. U. convention held in Detroit, Mich., when her clear, resonant, musical voice rang out through the great convention, compelling attention, while she read the minutes in such manner that listeners forgot they were but the recital of convention proceedings. The manner dignified and glorified the matter.

I was always impressed by Mrs. Woodbridge's serene dignity and self-possession, and have seen her under most trying circumstances where this gracious armor proved to be invulnerable. She possessed with this dignity a sweetness and graciousness of manner that made her very popular with all white ribbon women, as well as with the larger public. Every one felt sure Mrs. Woodbridge would help if she could, and so went freely to her for help, which she never refused. The one year she presided at Headquarters, brought every union and every member into closer touch with the National society than ever before; each felt there was a "friend at court."

Mrs. Woodbridge combined many "talents" in the work she gave the temperance cause. She was a forcible writer and a logical speaker, and besides these, had a wonderful grasp of details as was shown in her varied work as corresponding secretary. Her vision took in the whole field, and for the whole she planned and toiled. She had untiring energy, and indomitable persistence.

So long had she stood at the very front with the noted and devoted leaders of the white ribbon army, that we did not think we could lose her, and when she was "called up higher" we were distressed and bewildered. Our hearts were sore and bereaved. Afterward we remembered she had only "gone before" and that soon, very soon, we

should "follow that way." Though still our tears may fall, we say not "farewell" but "Beloved comrade, all hail! all hail!"

CLARA C. HOFFMAN.

Kansas City, Mo.

FROM EX-GOV. ST. JOHN.

I enjoyed the honor and pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Sister Woodbridge, for more than ten years prior to her death. She was certainly a woman of great ability—an unusually clear, forcible, and logical speaker, who always commanded the closest attention, and the profound respect and sympathy of her audience. She was a prominent and influential figure in every good work. Always true to our cause, true to our country, and true to God. She has her reward.

JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

Kansas.

FROM THE NATIONAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PEACE DEPARTMENT.

You may feel assured that it will give me great pleasure to add my word of esteem and affection to the volume that is so soon to go forth carrying its tender story of a life "hid with Christ in God." For nearly seven years her voice has sounded forth with no uncertain sound the call of peace and arbitration for the nations of the earth; for many years previous I believe it had been her heart song, but during the last five she has been more intimately connected with this branch of the work in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and consequently brought into closer comradeship with me.

Every moment spent in her company was helpful and cheering; the bright, sunny disposition rose above all obstacles, and behind each cloud she found the sun still shining, for the face of the "Sun of Righteousness" shone upon her. She indeed "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Her lectures delivered for the department were wholesome, elevating, strengthening and convincing in their tender, plain-spoken truthfulness. Her clear voice and commanding presence held her audience with great attractiveness even before the earnest words and ready flowing

arguments for the cause she loved won their undivided interest and attention. I cannot say too much in commendation of her whom we loved and honored and who has left us for a little while!

Outside of all her grand work for the cause, and her wonderful executive ability in the ranks of the W. C. T. U., as a womanly woman I loved her. None who met her could fail to do so. Her broad charity and strong mother-heart love went out to one and all, and while she loved justice, she wanted it administered in a gentle, winsome way.

“Tender and sweet are our thoughts of thee,
And we feel thee lingering still,
We seem to hear through the twilight fair
The song of the angels
Thou’rt singing there
Of ‘peace on earth and to men good will.’”

Maine.

HANNAH J. BAILEY.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The strongest impression which I have of Mrs. Woodbridge is of her habitual good cheer. Her hopefulness was not of that superficial kind which refuses to face facts and to know the full extent of evil — not a hopefulness based on delusions, but one springing from a deep faith in God and in humanity. To such faith and hope the world’s evils operate only as a stimulus, and her long sustained and arduous labors to mitigate the world’s woes bear witness to the vitality of her faith, because it was quickened and not paralyzed by difficulties.

Through the W. C. T. U. her influence is felt and will continue to be felt, not only throughout the United States, but also in other lands. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.”

JOSIAH STRONG.

New York City.

FROM A DISTRICT SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

A dignified, earnest woman with her Bible in her hand, reading the message of God from the platform to an audience that packed to the doors a large hall in Martin’s

Ferry, O., and following with an overwhelming attack on the drink traffic — such was my first view of Mrs. Woodbridge.

We can easily see now that she stood there for so much!

She stood both a representative and type of the W. C. T. U., of coming womanhood in its power and privilege; but above all of the true, the Christian reformer, speaking against sin and for righteousness in the land, not merely because this was financially, or politically good, but because it was the will of Christ and needful in the setting up of His kingdom.

Along this line of Christian reform she grew by the inevitable law that guides human progress. She saw what so many reformers see not, that she must be a builder in society as well as a destroyer. That the kingdom of Jesus embraces society as well as the individual. That government, laws, institutions, and all political life are redeemed by Christ, belong to Christ, and must serve Christ; and to secure this is the true mission of the reformer. She saw this because she was a devoted Christian; for human eyes only gather that far and searching sight from looking into Christ's eyes of flame. So upon this sure foundation she based all her work. The touchstone ever was, — Jesus is king.

In harmony with this idea she was for many years a vice-president of the National Reform Association, secretary of its department, "Peace and Arbitration," and its lecturer to the higher educational institutions. Her paper on "The Kingship of Christ," at Chautauqua on National Reform Day, was a noble discussion of our civic relation to Christ, conceived in the Spirit, both of the statesman and the evangelist.

At parting after a convention in College Springs, Ia., March 15, 1894, having asked her when she would speak for me again, she said, with a smile, "I suppose when you hold another convention." But when she left the train at Tarkio, Mo., I had seen her for the last time.

WILLIAM WEIR.

A TRIBUTE TO HER GENERALSHIP.

For years I have taken active part in local, state and national work, for prohibition, but I never knew one conducted with such consummate generalship as the Ohio Amendment campaign. Mrs. Woodbridge collected and organized an efficient corps of helpers of which she was the presiding and controlling genius. Every detail was planned with surprising minuteness and accuracy. All the speakers were told where and when to go by the best route, who would take care of them, and all the arrangements were made with rarely a break or a change. It was a great privilege to work under such inspiring leadership. Her winning social powers were continually at work for our enjoyment. The general offices in Cleveland were filled with tireless and kindly and enthusiastic toilers, and visited often by the best friends of our grand reform. In their midst working harder than any other of the force, our leader found ample time to answer every question of lip and telegraph, to direct every forward movement, and meanwhile to receive company after company of men and women who were eager to help and to be helped that the Amendment might prevail. Who that saw and heard and felt, could ever forget the gracious courtesy, the serene dignity of Madam General Woodbridge! Whatever suggestion was made by attaché lecturer or delegation or correspondent was carefully yet promptly considered, and if useful, taken advantage of. She apparently made no written note of questions, advice or requests, yet none were forgotten, nothing was neglected. I well remember that a delegation was led by one of the most honored clergymen of a mighty denomination. She received them with courtly deference, and yet during the interview she most kindly attended to every other claim upon her attention, no more eager to consider her noted visitors than the humbler worker or the poorest man or woman. Her winning courtesy, tact and dignity were unfailing in every instance.

I gladly bear testimony to the kindly and gracious help she gave me and the cause we loved. Indeed, Mrs. Woodbridge and the other "elect ladies" of the W. C. T. U. have given invaluable encouragement to the men who began to work long before the great host of white-ribboners

was formed. She and they lost not courage and hope in the darkest time, and they could always be relied upon for the high and inspiring qualities of wise leadership and true comradeship. Long may the memory of Mary Woodbridge be cherished by every worker for God and home and native land.

(REV.) GEORGE H. VIBBERT.

TRIBUTE OF A WELL-KNOWN BAPTIST MINISTER.

That Mary Woodbridge should just pass out of the door of life so quickly, silently, and in all the rugged massiveness of her hale and genuine self was very characteristic.

I had heard my father tell of her, for some years, before I knew her personally. They had often met at temperance and prohibition meetings. The eyes of their understanding being opened, they saw what must shortly be done, and knew that He whom they loved and served had "sounded forth the trumpet that should never call retreat."

Father lived near Ravenna, and had frequent opportunity to compare views and counsel with her as to the mighty exodus that the Master would some day accomplish for the little beleaguered band of Prohibitionists to which both belonged.

When the church edifice where my father was last pastor was blown to pieces by the gunpowder plot of the saloonists, none was more kind and thoughtful than she to the stricken pastor. The shock was too much for him and he was never quite himself after. Health steadily declined, and some months later he struggled out to hear once more the woman whose eloquence had so often fired his soul. He heard and trembled with the emotions excited by her masterly and cogent argument.

At the close, the old veteran was invited to dismiss the convention with the benediction. This he did, and, as he stood upon the platform at the close of that cloudy afternoon, I am told that a blaze of sunshine, breaking through a side window, bathed him with its golden light and made a halo about his "good gray head."

Stepping to her side he said: "Mary, I guess the kingdom's coming. I feel that the day of triumph is at hand."

So it was for him. The next morning, the stroke of paralysis, which immediately ended his life on earth, came.

And now, her going, this similar going of my father's

friend and mine, friend of everybody, believer, saint, mother, wife, orator and statesman ; Miss Willard's veritable right arm, the Gladstone of your new empire to come, her going revives the memories of her faithful, heroic career so vividly.

It was like her to leave us thus. She worked until the sunset. She gleaned in the field until evening—none more faithfully, practically, joyfully. How few so unselfishly. I, personally, knew a day, when the face of the old friendships, culture and love she had known in the East was cold to her, because, alas, she had enrolled herself with those everywhere spoken against in that terrible campaign. But all the more tender, loving, patient was she. She knew when to speak, and the right word was always at hand.

Great, gentle, yet august and always persuasive Mary Woodbridge, we shall not soon see thy like again.

The day of Miss Willard's Evanston reception, last summer, found a large number of us on the porch of the residence where the speaking was. The kodak man was fixing for his coveted shot at the queen and her galaxy of stars. Coming to my side, saying a quiet, gentle word about father, Mrs. Woodbridge said, "Let us stand up here together, like the old times when he was around." That was the last she ever said to me.

I love to think, then, to-night, "of the friends over there," the workers, the toilers, the brave ones who are done with it all and stand together upon the sea of glass. If she takes any word to him, I am glad it is this message: "He is yet true to the fight we waged, and to him the principle of true prohibition outweighs all party, selfish or social emolument, a thousand times."

Great heart, good-night ; and a thousand blessings for thy dear ones at home and abroad in dear old Ohio.

The Lord bless thee, Mary, "the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

We shall remain but a little time ; soon, almost immediately, will come where thou art, and in the goodly company of the martyrs, the prophets, and apostles will join thee, in the praises of Him who hath redeemed us and washed us in His blood.

HENRY A. DELANO.

Evanston, Ill.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS, RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS AND POEMS.

Her Life was a sheaf at its ripeness,
Of goldenest grain ;
Its wealth had the glory of sunlight,
And sobbing of rain.
Ah! who shall dispute with the Master,
For whom it was grown.
That now in its day of completeness
He gathers His own—
Or who to earth's duty and sadness
Call back the great soul from the gladness
That heaven makes known.

—*Mary T. Lathrap.*

Mr. Woodbridge found the following in one of his wife's books of devotion. He said to the author, "When my heart gets too full of sorrow to endure, I read this for comfort."

"For I know
That she who is not lost, but gone before,
Is only waiting till I come ; for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed e'en the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love.
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength. The music of her life
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
No longer hear it."

THE size of a stone that is dropped into the deep may be judged from the agitation of the water that follows—the size and strength of the circling waves. It is so with a life passing into the unknown. It is doubtful if in many

years one has died in this country whose departure has occasioned more public meetings, memorial services, resolutions of sympathy, telegrams and letters of sorrow than that of Mrs. Woodbridge. In many cities and towns all over the country memorial services were held simultaneously with the funeral, and for months after her death. A Christmas present came for her from South Africa, after she had been already two months in glory. The author spent three days in December simply reading resolutions of various organizations, telegrams and letters of condolence. From all over the world beautiful letters about our dear one were received by Mr. Woodbridge.

The following is from the W. C. T. U., of Cairo, Egypt:

God in His Omniscient Providence has called one of our most loved workers to rest from her labors. It is with sorrow that we learn of this loss which our World's W. C. T. U. sustains. We would bear testimony to her faithfulness as exhibited weekly in "The Corresponding Secretary's Corner" of *The Union Signal*.

The beautiful spiritual sentiments which she expressed in her writings, lead us to believe that she not only set the example during self-denial week, but that her whole life was one of self-denial "For God and Home and Every Land."

In recognition of the divine will in removing our dear sister,
Resolved, 1. That we humbly submit to Him who doeth all things well.

2. That we express our sympathy to the officers of our National union who will so sorely miss her wise counsel and efficient help.

3. That we pledge ourselves to greater faithfulness to the cause in which our beloved sister so zealously labored and to which she gave her life.

MRS. ANNA PHILIPS WHITE, *Chairman Com.*
MISS ANNA Y. THOMPSON, *Pres. W. C. T. U.*
MRS. A. WATSON, *Sec.*

Cairo, Egypt.

FROM THE W. C. T. U. OF QUEENSLAND.

January 14, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Being unusually busy, I had not opened my *Signal*, so that your letter concerning the death

of dear Mrs. Woodbridge came "like a bolt from the blue." I always anticipated with great pleasure the receipt of her letters, so full of inspiration and sympathy. She was a true Christian sister, with a large heart, and you felt that she not only tried to grasp the needs of all, but she held us all close to her inmost soul, and strove to help us all on and knit us together.

The loss to our dear "Chief" will be very great as well as incalculable to the World's and National unions. I cannot but feel that she killed herself with work. It is better to "rub out than rust" certainly, but such a life is too valuable to be shortened by overcrowding. Hers was a glorious translation—from work to perfect rest and glorious bliss. May God bless, sustain and comfort all who mourn her all too early removal from such a wide sphere of usefulness! "God buries His workmen and carries on His work." I trust many will be led to consecrate themselves to this high service through hearing of her noble, consecrated life. The call comes to each of us. "Be ye also ready." "Oh, that each in the day of His coming may say, I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

With loving sympathy from us all in this great bereavement,
Believe me yours in this blessed work,

ELIZABETH BRETNAIL, *President.*

Coorparoo, Brisbane.

FROM THE W. C. T. U. OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

DEAR FRIEND:—The following resolution was unanimously carried at our executive meeting this morning. We all deeply sympathize with you in this sudden bereavement, and pray that it may be a call to others to take up the work laid down by Mrs. Woodbridge.

I am yours in the work,

MARY J. GEORGE, *Cor. Sec.*

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That this executive is deeply grieved to hear of the sudden death on October 25, of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, secretary of the World's, and corresponding secretary of the National union of America. We feel her removal as a personal loss, and express our most loving sympathy with our World's president and her colleagues in this sorely trying bereavement, and earnestly promise to work with even more than former earnestness to promote the great cause of temperance she so loved.

FROM THE W. C. T. U. OF AUSTRALASIA.

BELOVED PRESIDENT :— Your South Australia comrades mingle their tears with yours over the grave where the body of our dear sister, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, awaits the resurrection morning. Her bright, brave letters have inspired and helped white ribbon workers the wide world over, and the story of her useful life so suddenly ended in the midst of its busiest day, is a ringing call to more faithful, earnest endeavor to which we will with all our hearts respond. May God comfort and sustain you, our dear president.

With tender sympathy,

Yours lovingly and loyally,

E. W. NICHOLLS, *President.*

Prospect, S. Australia.

FROM MRS. L. A. BURKHALTER, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

MY DEAR MISS WILLARD :— I don't know just what it is that I am moved to offer you as we of the white ribbon stand gazing after Mary Woodbridge. I think it would be just to clasp hands and say : "The chariot of Israel, and the horseman thereof." What a blessed life! Her powers of mind and body were only equaled by her beauty of spirit. She reflected God's image upon a dark world and her faith is "as the shining light." Thinking of her, I feel like bursting into hallelujah of song ; but at the same time comes a choking in my throat, it is that we should be left by such a spirit. Yet we are not left, and so are we bound fast and join hands with the advanced triumphant end of Christ's army. It was but a few weeks ago that I was in Chicago for the purpose of taking my daughter Mary to enter the University of Chicago. We called on Mrs. Woodbridge at the Temple. She remembered "little May," having seen her at our home, and wasn't it just like her to take down Mary's address and say she was going to visit her while she was away from home? She meant it, too. Well, the purpose will be carried out, for I know that always the example of that kind and beautiful spirit will linger in my Mary's mind. I can think of no greater testimony than this, that every soul she met was the better for meeting our dear

Mrs. Woodbridge, and I am deeply thankful to God for the privilege of having known and loved her.

FROM A LETTER TO MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

MY BELOVED CHIEFTAIN : — With a dazed spirit and bleeding heart, I write you these few lines. Can it be possible that the brief notice I saw in this morning's paper concerning the death of our Mary Woodbridge is correct? It is hard to realize ; and then my next thought is of you and the shock to you, and the grief and loneliness—for you will miss her. But if it be true that our Great-heart has gone "over yonder" and her heart ceased to beat for you, it is true that there are thousands of faithful hearts left who love you devotedly. Some day, it will not be long, we will all be over there to sit down together.

ANNA M. HAMMER,

President Pennsylvania W. C. T. U.

Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIEND AND COMRADE.

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.

"Died yesterday!" Grief entering the heart's door
 Jarred open by the shock — an instant stays
 To let a memory pass in before
 Of comrades on a mountain path, with gaze
 Fixed on the summit, gilt by sunset rays.
 One speeds ahead — impatient of delays —
 Stands on the crest, transfigured in a blaze
 Of light — looks back and beckoning calls, "Come o'er."
 Then vanishes adown the hither slope.
 O sweet, strong friend! Through mist of tears
 We lift our soul's eyes to the hills of God —
 So late by thy advancing footsteps trod ;
 So near they seem, measured by fleeting years
 That sombre sorrow sweetly blends with hope.

Monument, Col.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER.

Gone in the fullness of labor
 Gone with thy banner in hand,
 Friend of the world and of ours
 We mourn thee in every land.

Gone, and yet never gone wholly,
 Are lives that pulse for the right :
 Although the souls be translated,
 We bask in rays of their light.

Impressions they leave are immortal,
 A soul's immortality won
 Never closes the best book of promise
 Where worthiest deeds have been done.

Gone in the fullness of labor,
 Dear friend, with banner in hand,
 Gone, while we mourn thee in sorrow
 Thy mantle envelops the land.

Berlin, Germany.

FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT OF TEMPERANCE AND EVANGELICAL WORK AMONG HAWAIIANS.

To the Home Circle of the Dear Departed :

When I learned through *The Union Signal* of the "exit" of Mrs. Mary Woodbridge I was completely overcome; tears so blinded my eyes that I was obliged to lay down the paper awhile, taking it again only to weep more intensely. You may ask why? It took me by surprise. Captain Brayton was the father of Mary Woodbridge. My father learned to love him. It was at our house that Captain Brayton found his Saviour precious. While on a visit to the United States father and I had the great happiness of meeting him and his dear daughter Mary. I was impressed by her manner and earnest talk concerning her work. I have ever since loved her dearly.

MARY E. GREEN.

Honolulu.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

BY HANNA A. FOSTER.

She left her footprints in the morning dew;
 Lighthearted, sped along the charmed way
 Ingathering all the sweetness of the May
 And fashioning, with many a fadeless hue,
 Her soul's equipment beautiful and true.

To hear the Master's call was to obey—
 Or what, or where, no question, no delay—
 Because the need was great, the laborers few.
 Brave, tireless toiler! She hath won unsought
 Most blessed rest, while we who loved her so,
 Bewildered by our grief and loss, forget
 To what completeness was her life work wrought!
 We thought her gathering sheaves! How could we know
 That all were garnered ere the sun was set?
Berea, Ohio. — *Western Christian Advocate.*

RESOLUTIONS OF A GREAT BODY.

To the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

DEAR SISTERS:—At the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, held in Williamsport, Pa., from October 24 to 31, 1894, the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge fell as a pall over our meeting, and the following, presented by Mrs. H. C. McCabe, was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, With profound sorrow we have learned of the departure from time to eternity of our valued and distinguished friend and co-worker, the Corresponding Secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge. Therefore

Resolved, That we recognize in her death the loss of a leader, whose remarkable and varied attainments were consecrated to the cause of humanity; whose love for the Lord Christ and faithfulness in His service have long endeared her name to thousands in like fellowship of our own and other lands. And while we bow in submission under this heavy stroke as from a Father's hand, we rejoice in her noble record of service, and the blessed fruition upon which she has entered. Also

Resolved, That we desire to express to our sister organization, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has been so severely bereaved, our deepest sympathy, trusting that the Hand which has wounded will also heal, and fill this sad vacancy with a successor who shall possess the virtues and efficiency of our lamented sister, who was your devoted secretary. In behalf of the society,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. CLINTON B. FISK, *Pres.*

HARRIET C. MCCABE, *Com.*

The above resolutions were passed by the National Woman's Home Missionary Society of the great M. E. church of America. The death of few women in America outside of the M. E. church, would have called out such resolutions from that body, and it only shows in what universal esteem she was held by all workers for Christ and friends of humanity.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OFFICERS AND DELEGATES
OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE
NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION, CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOV., 1894.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

WHEREAS, Our beloved sister, the late corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, has recently been called to the higher life, we, officers and delegates of the twenty-first annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, desire to put on record our appreciation of the heart and character of one who, for twenty years, was a standard-bearer in the sacred cause that binds our hearts in one.

Devoted in spirit, gracious in presence and kindly in speech, she was for many years a help and inspiration in our annual gatherings. In the forward march of the past twenty years in paths so rough, she trod it unflinchingly—no call of duty went unheeded, for hers was a spirit and a life that rejoiced to do the Master's will. She has gone from among us, but the eye of faith pierces the unseen and beholds her radiant in the mansions of the King.

The memory of her life, so fragrant with good deeds, and true and devoted in service, will always be a rich heritage to us. We grieve with those who in the home are desolate over the loss of their best beloved, but to our souls come the words of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and with triumph over death, which came through the blood of the Lamb, we say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

I have given but these few of the great number of resolutions passed by the W. C. T. Unions, state and local, and numerous organizations of this and other lands, all breath-

ing the same spirit of love and appreciation of her labors. From the many hundreds of beautiful tributes to her memory, I can only copy the following, leaving the many to be recorded in the hearts of the loving family. Mr. Woodbridge has sacredly treasured every comforting letter and every tribute to his companion as inexpressibly dear to him and his family.

Mrs. J. T. Ellis, corresponding secretary of the W. C. T. U. of New Jersey, writes: "We mourn for a sister tenderly beloved: we mourn for a wise counsellor and guide; we mourn for one whose place cannot be filled. No state in the Union appreciated and loved her more than New Jersey, and I convey to you from thousands of sad hearts in our state to-day, the most profound sympathy in this your time of great personal bereavement. Mary A. Woodbridge was no ordinary woman! She has left her impress upon this age, and her name will go down as a shining mark in the record of glorious women of the nineteenth century."

An intimate friend of Mrs. Woodbridge, who resides in Ravenna, writes:

DEAR MR. WOODBRIDGE:—"My aching heart is with you, my prayer is for you," these are the words *she* sent to me nearly three years ago, when the light went out of my life. Now when you sit in the shadow of death, whose quick touch has stilled the loving heart, the helpful hand, their echo comes back to you from me, from thousands of others whom she has helped. On the altar of temperance lies your offering complete, and only one can truly estimate its greatness and value to that cause. What it cost you through years of loneliness, bravely enduring the lack of her cheering presence, living on written words sent from over the great country up and down which she traveled, seeking to rid it of its greatest curse; that price so tremendous; given day by day, with rare intervals of happy reunion, followed by keener sense of loss as each parting came; we imagine, but you know. My eyes fill as I think of the emptiness now; but ought we not rather to rejoice as we trust she rejoices that her memory remains so sweet, un-

marred by thought of the feebleness of old age, which might have followed so active and wearing a life. I think of the pleasant faces which sat opposite me at meal times only two weeks ago, and remember how "our gracious lady" smilingly showed the dainty sweet-peas which loyally waited till October to bloom for her welcome home; but sweeter still was the loyal devotion of that long-time lover who brought them to his Mary.

"To-day
Only a little veil between
A slight, thin veil: if you could see
Past its gray folds, there she would be.
Smiling and sweet, and she would lean
And stretch her hands out joyfully."

Letters of loving sympathy were written to Mr. Woodbridge and family by Mrs. Matilda B. Carse. The following tribute we take from "Temperance Temple Items" in *The Union Signal*:

Willard Hall is rapidly becoming the Westminster Abbey of the temperance reform. Another bright and shining name must be engraved upon its panels. Mary A. Woodbridge, so honored and beloved throughout the land, has suddenly been translated from our earthly Temple, where she daily wrought so unselfishly with heart and hand and brain, to the glorious Temple not made with hands. To those of us who assembled in Willard Hall on Monday last to take part in the memorial service to her memory it was hard to believe that she who was with us less than a week ago, full of life and work, had slipped from us into the unseen, and that that wondrous voice, rich and powerful as the tones of a great, sweet organ, should no longer thrill the heart as she raised it in defense of temperance, purity and righteousness. Yet who would not wish to go as she went—from loving labor to loving reward? We are comforted as we hear that voice from heaven saying: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

SPICELAND, IND., Nov. 8, 1894.

MR. F. W. WOODBRIDGE:—I have not been unmindful of you during these days, but there seems so little to be

said under such a stroke as has come to you. As I think of the personal loss to myself, the sundering of the friendship of so many years, I appreciate a little what this great sorrow is to you, but it was for such hours that our Christ, the "Man of Sorrows," came, for such hours that He promised the Comforter, and His last legacy was that precious name, the Comforter. May He now so reveal Himself to you and to the stricken ones of your household.

ESTHER PUGH.

Mr. Woodbridge has in his possession more than one thousand press notices of Mrs. Woodbridge sent him from all over the land by the loving admirers of his wife. We give the public a few of these as evidence of the esteem of the people, and the deep impress she made upon her time.

The following exquisite tribute was written by Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D., in the *Chicago Advance* of November 1, 1894:

One of the noble women of her generation, the death of Mrs. Woodbridge is a profound loss to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was one of the originators of that unique and powerful organization, as she had been one of the original "Crusaders" in Ravenna, O., which had always been from childhood her home. Like other women in that wonderful and so signally providential movement, "obedient to the heavenly vision" she threw her whole soul into it. A woman of most refined breeding and culture, and blest with one of the happiest of homes, made happier yet by the mingled sweetness, power and beauty of her sublime self-giving to the cause unto which the Master had so unmistakably called her, she at once began to seem a necessity to the new movement, as it passed from its stage of sporadic inspiration and unorganized crusade into the organized, and now world-embracing, campaign "for God and Home and Native Land," and every land. She was the corresponding secretary of the union, in both the national and the international scope of its work.

And amid all the publicity of her engagements, Mrs. Woodbridge never lost anything of the exquisite charm of her womanly refinement and spirit. Intellectually she was

a person of a very high order. Her religious convictions were no mere impulses. She was wont to reason of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come with a convincingness and power that could not be gainsaid. Her speech was no less logical because it was apt to be touched with flame. And then, with all the depth of her convictions, the nobility of her aims and the sustained enthusiasm of her purpose, she was so self-free in all her manner and utterances, that she was every way a singularly wholesome and helpful power for good. In the great and world-wide beneficence of the movement she aided in starting and the organization she helped to inaugurate, and to which she gave her life, she made her own place. No one else will quite fill the same.

It is the glory of this Woman's Christian Temperance Union that it has served, so naturally, to call forth into actuality and gracious usefulness so many variously gifted women, and that it has also offered freest scope and fittest opportunity for each one, along lines of work for which they were severally, by nature, culture, experience and training, best adapted. Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset and all the good women associated with them, both in America and Great Britain, whose souls can not rest while the appalling drink curse is ruining so many millions of otherwise happy homes, can but feel deeply the loss of that hand which now is still, and of the persuasive voice that is silenced on earth.

But they and all who knew her will find, from every remembrance of her, inspiration to all bravery, humility and sweetness of devotion in work for good homes in every land. For Mrs. Woodbridge, who never ran before she was sent, could never be tempted to turn aside or loiter by the way when hearing the "bitter cry" of those that suffer or that stumble and fall; the cry that was to her as the voice of the Master himself. Nor was she by any means alone in all this: she was only one with the divine sunlight in her heart and on her brow, one among the many whom no one would dare presume to number.

OBITUARY.

Disciplined, cultured, tried and true, great, noble, wise, strong, self-forgotten, country-loving, humanity-loving and

Christ-loving Mary A. Woodbridge is translated. As the swift lightning carried the sad tidings, it sent a thrill of pain to loving hearts that mourned, as for a sister fallen, in every state and territory of the Union, and in England, India and Japan, and everywhere that Christian civilization and the Christian missionary have gone. Along with the story of her Lord and the story of the other Mary, shall the story of this Mary be told for a memorial of her. The world has needed her. Oberlin, Wellesley, Holyoke, and the rest, give us more such as she, to tone up our faith and save the world.—*The Constitution, New York, Dec., 1894.*

The death of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio, is a national loss. She was the daughter of the late Judge Isaac Brayton, and sister of Colonel George M. Brayton, who, since his retirement from his long service in the United States army, has done Nantucket honor by again making it his home. Mrs. Woodbridge was born in Nantucket, and her early child life gave promise of an earnest future. She gracefully yielded the pleasures and ease of her beautiful home life, which she was so qualified to adorn and brought her wealth of genius, philanthropy, and indomitable courage, sanctified with the purest of American culture, and laid it all upon the altar of the white-ribbon cause—the cause of all mankind. There is no nobler fame in history. And as long as there are chords in the living human heart which beat in unison with the efforts of her heroic life, so long will there be found pilgrims journeying to her tomb bedecking it with white flowers and bedewing it with their tears.—*From the Enquirer and Mirror, Nantucket, Mass.*

Allow me to add another tribute in our home paper to the memory of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge. Already gracious words and true have been said of her in these columns, while over the whole land and in other countries her name has been written again and again; her name been spoken with the tender inflection of mourning. It has seemed almost wonderful to me, this universal and sincere laudation of one woman. Nor, if you have noticed, has it been in any case praise without meaning, or empty phrasing; rather the triumphant song it is sometimes given to mourners to sing in the first exultation which occasionally follows a sud-

den grief. The word exultation is used advisedly, since this woman of whom we speak had been so strong that she seemed to have left strength behind her. Think how that one hand manipulated the numberless threads which make up the warp and woof of the great W. C. T. U. work. Think how her brain superintended the ever busy looms. And then think that she knew it would all suddenly cause the thread of her own life to snap, the silver cord to break. Ah, well! there are those who are captivated by a great work, and the whole world does them homage.

Nantucket is indeed honored; to have given birth to such a soul, to such an intellect, is something to glory in, to exult over. Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden (also a descendant of this island, and a rare and beautiful character) says of Mrs. Woodbridge, "She was a typical Nantucket woman." She was not a scribe, merely, although I have heard it said she wrote sixteen hours a day. She was executive, administrative, a fine speaker of great dignity and presence, logical, winning, and conclusive in argument. She was a genius; one who believed in hard work, and did not hold it an essential to be odd or in any way eccentric. She was genial, courteous, kindly and considerate of her co-workers.

This brief and sincere tribute has not even the fragrance of a wild-flower to lay upon her memory; let it be simply like the perfume of the bayberry leaves on our plains, as another offering from one to whom she was very kind, and also given from the place of her birth.

L. S. BAKER.

Nantucket, Nov. 13, 1894.

PRESS NOTICES DURING HER LIFE.

OUR SERIES OF MEETINGS.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, recording secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, came to our city January 23, according to appointment, and commenced her labors which were continued one week. The first meeting was held in the Presbyterian church, with afternoon and evening services, the next in the Second Reformed church, and so on until the Congregational, Baptist, Second M. E. church and Second Reformed church had each opened their doors for her reception, and welcomed

her to their sanctuaries as a woman of God, and a co-worker with the Master. Every evening the pastor of the church in which the meeting was held conducted the services, while Mrs. Woodbridge addressed the people. She spoke to the young ladies and the children, and all classes and conditions of men. Vassar College opened its doors to her, and also Eastman College, thus young women and young men from all parts of the world were privileged to listen to the earnest words, and to take in the rich thoughts and principles coming to them as by inspiration, clothed in the most beautiful and heavenly language. There were also three drawing-room meetings conducted by her. During the seven days of her stay in our city she addressed twenty different meetings! Never has there come to us a person who had such power and influence. None could hear her or mingle with her socially, without the feeling that blessing had come to them; like the Master, there issued out from her light, truth, wisdom, grace and beautiful thoughts, words of comfort, cheer and encouragement, also burning words of warning, sad but truthful words of our national condition, because of the curse, giving guidance and direction to effort in every department of the great work, to rid the country of the great tyrant that now rules and reigns throughout its borders. None can estimate the widereaching influence of the work of this one week. And the grand secret of this power is her complete submission and obedience to God. True, she is educated, cultivated and refined, but others are all that, and yet they have never moved a soul, while she moves and sways her audience at will, and wins many souls to Jesus. To sum up the whole matter, Mrs. Woodbridge is a woman of rare gifts and native talent, which have been cultivated and directed wisely by early training and discipline of life. In power of language, pleasing delivery, choice of words, graceful presence, to which is added clearness of thought and force of argument, which is at once convincing, because founded in truth, in presentation of facts, she is superior to any lady speaker we ever met.

The most beautiful of all, and that which brings out all these rich gifts, and gives them lustre, force, beauty, fitness and power, is that they are all consecrated to God, and He is using them to His glory.—*Poughkeepsie Journal*.

It has been our privilege to have Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge in the state a few days on her way from Maine to Ohio. She lectured to large audiences in Jamaica Plain, Fall River, Gloucester and Northampton. On Sunday she spoke with great acceptance in People's Church, Boston, and in Tremont Temple. The next day Rev. Joseph Cook kindly gave her a portion of the time usually occupied by his prelude, and her presentation of our work before the large audience was persuasive and powerful.—*Our Message, Boston, Mass.*

Mrs. Woodbridge is one of the clearest thinkers and ablest speakers in the temperance ranks, and those who fail to hear her will miss a rare treat.—*Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.*

Mrs. Woodbridge "pleads with cultured intellect and loving heart," like an anointed prophetess, for the holiest interests of humanity in home and state.—*Press, Manchester, Conn.*

The visit of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge will long be remembered by the people of Findlay. All were highly pleased with the manner and grace of the speaker and delighted with the eloquence and force of her utterances. The great question of temperance was handled in a masterly way. The vast audience was held in rapt attention for more than an hour. Mrs. Woodbridge is chaste in style, modest in manner, with elegance of speech that is sure to charm the most critical hearer.—*Press, Findlay, O.*

I had the rare pleasure of listening to Mrs. Woodbridge at your convention at Huron. It was a fine intellectual treat. Her address was one of the most masterly expositions of the temperance position of to-day which I have ever heard. She is a very interesting speaker, mistress of the choicest and most sinewy English, with a voice and manner which charm, while her facts and logic, marshaled in invincible columns, overwhelm you with conviction. Mrs. Woodbridge will be greeted by one of those crowded and cultured audiences for which Yankton is famous.—*Judge Hugh J. Campbell, Yankton, Dak.*

Mrs. Woodbridge, the secretary of the National W. C. T. U., in an address of over an hour, held the close attention of the entire audience. Appeals, burning with zeal

and enthusiasm, were presented with impassioned succession.—*The Daily Huronite, Huron, Dak.*

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ravenna, Ohio, addressed the convention and visitors, last evening. She spoke eloquently, with great force and acceptability, and if ever the presence of a magnificent audience gave inspiration to the speaker, it was last night. The effort was certainly a powerful one, and one that no speaker who ever graced a platform need be ashamed of.—*Daily Leader, Bloomington, Ill.*

A crowded house greeted Mrs. Woodbridge last Monday evening, at Watertown, to listen to that lady's eloquent, logical and practical lecture upon the subject of prohibition. The effort was without doubt the best ever heard upon a Watertown platform.

Mrs. Woodbridge addressed the people in the Opera House, Sabbath evening, and was listened to with rapt attention by an audience which in point of number and refinement is seldom equaled in this city. Mrs. Woodbridge is queen of the rostrum, possessing a dignity of presence, a clear, well modulated voice, a distinctness of enunciation, graceful gestures, fluent diction, and above all an earnestness of purpose and conviction which keeps her hearers in full sympathy with her.—*Dakota Standard.*

STATE CONVENTION OF W. C. T. U.—Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, secretary National and World's W. C. T. U., made the speech of the evening. It is impossible to give an idea of the speaker's powers.—*Passaic, N. J., Echo.*

The addresses of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio, secretary of the National W. C. T. U., at the Methodist church, Sabbath evening, and at the Congregational church in South Bridgeton, Sunday forenoon, were without doubt the ablest as well as the most entertaining ever given before Bridgeton audiences. A lady of mature years, of fine culture and of the highest Christian character, her powerful arraignment of the liquor traffic produced a profound impression upon the large audiences who listened for an hour and a half with the closest attention. Thoroughly absorbed in her work, and with a remarkably distinct articulation and a calm and logical method of statement, her efforts reached the very acme of eloquence and enchained the attention of her audience as by magic. No mere synopsis can give any

adequate conception of the address.—*The Bridgeton, Maine, News.*

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge lectured in the afternoon and evening on W. C. T. U. day and held the undivided attention of large audiences. She may well be called the queen of the platform; her arguments are so logical and convincing, her style so pleasing and natural, no sane man will contend that women are not entitled to the ballot after he has listened to one of her speeches.—*The Genesee Valley Post, N. Y.*

A FEW OF THE MANY TELEGRAMS RECEIVED AFTER
MRS. WOODBRIDGE'S DEATH.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 25, 1894.

Bewildered by your message, will not believe the worst, tenderest sympathy. Mary Woodbridge, the right hand of our society, sorrow in ten thousand homes.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,
ISABEL SOMERSET,
ANNA A. GORDON.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 26, 1894.

Our tenderest sympathy is with you, our loss immeasurable, none could be more widely missed or more deeply mourned.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,
ISABEL SOMERSET,
ANNA A. GORDON.

MONTREAL, Oct. 27, 1894.

The white ribbon women of Canada mourn with you the death of Mrs. Woodbridge.

ELLA F. M. WILLIAMS,
President Dominion W. C. T. U.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1894.

Let us have no dirges over this grave, but some triumphant hymn and a cheer with a prayer in it; for Mary Woodbridge was a soldier in life and death, and the rest is rapture.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

EAST HAMPTON, CONN., Oct. 29, 1894.

My deepest sympathy for your irreparable loss.

CAROLINE B. BUELL.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 27, 1894.

Massachusetts mourns the loss of a stalwart woman. Sweet rest.

SUSAN P. FESSENDEN.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 26, 1894.

Indiana white-ribboners personally bereaved by death of Mary Woodbridge. Read II Samuel, first chapter, last three verses.

LENA M. BECK, *President*.

LODIE E. REED, *Secretary*.

ALLIANCE, O., Oct. 26, 1894.

Countless thousands mourn. The heroine died at her post. Life for duty and love. The loss strikes the cause of God, home and native land. Ohio Prohibitionists tender heartfelt sympathy.

L. B. LOGAN.

WEST GROVE, PA., Oct. 27, 1894.

My heart bleeds. Mrs. Woodbridge was my inspiration all the years.

REBECCA B. CHAMBERS.

Mrs. Hall, a near neighbor of Mrs. Woodbridge in Ravenna, sent us the following :

It matters not though unaware,
Death's angel came at close of day;
The wings of faith already plumed,
Had but to poise and soar away.

We chant no dirges while we weep,
For full and sweet her life has been ;
So near she dwelt to heaven's gate,
'Twas but a step to enter in.

If we but glean where she has sown,
And hoard our handfuls one by one ;
Rejoicing, from the field we'll bring
Some golden sheaves at set of sun.

GOD WATCHES O'ER HIS OWN.

BY MARY T. LATHRAP.

The W. C. T. U. has won a name, which has gone to the ends of the earth a synonym for whatsoever is pure, and has translated its high principles into the languages of the world. The W. C. T. U. has developed a rounded, earnest womanhood, and brought to worthy fame some of the best known women of to-day, while its leader easily stands pre-eminent in the place she holds and the work she has done for her country and her time.



MRS. MARY T. LATHRAP.



All this being true, we should look for near tokens of ultimate victory. *But they do not appear.* The truths admitted by the brain and conscience of the nation do not get into its laws nor direct its statesmanship. The blood of souls yet stains the gold of her revenues. The actual revolt of Iowa Republicanism from the law and principle of prohibition outlines the future policy of that great division of citizens ; and the fact that bishops and brewers both rejoice in the triumph of that party which thus throws off obligation to this greatest of questions is but a token of the moral obstinacy abroad. But

That cry rings on and it will not cease !
On our borders will never again be peace.
The voice of warning has come abroad,
The time grows ripe for the hour of God.

What then, says Prophecy, at the gateways swinging across the path of twenty years? This—righteous principles can never be defeated or overthrown.

It takes courage and faith to stand for principles where they seem to make no progress but wait silent as the "Sphinx in Egypt sands." Workers long to show results, to say to the world : See what has been achieved ! They are often unwilling to wait the triumph of conviction wrought by the spirit of God. Here lies the danger. We need a return to more spiritual weapons, a new consecration to principles which alone are eternal and triumphant. The curse is yet upon us ; conscience sleeps, evil is abroad, and the God of nations at the door. We must get right or be punished.

Set the trumpet to thy lips, O watcher,
Who heard the voice divine ;
Blow one clear strain to rouse the souls that slumber,
This is an evil time.

Set the trumpet to thy lip, O watcher !
Cry out across the night ;
Stay by the truth, wherever it may lead thee,
At last 'tis crowned in light.

Set the trumpet to thy lip, O watcher ;
Speak all thy soul hath known ;
Fear not, for in the stress of any battle,
God watches o'er His own.

Jackson, Mich.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE AUTHOR'S ESTIMATE OF MRS. WOODBRIDGE—JOHN G. WOOLLEY'S TRIBUTE—CONCLUSION.

Those who have passed into the world beyond the grave are, in God's sight, and before our own hearts, still one with us. Whosoever it be that we have so lost, they still call upon us by what we cherish and know of them, to remember that their wishes and their hopes for us are not buried in their graves, but will continue as long as our own immortal souls. . . . The good thoughts, the good deeds, in good memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth do not perish with their departure—they live on still ; and those who have wrought them live in them.—*Dean Stanley.*

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in heaven.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

A BRILLIANT writer has said : “ A radiant and sparkling woman, full of wit, reason and fancy, is a whole crown of jewels. A poor, opaque copy of her is the most that one can render in a biographical sketch.”

I feel painfully conscious of having given but a poor, opaque copy of the jeweled womanhood of my beloved friend, even in this volume. When Michael Angelo made his matchless statue of Moses, he looked upon his finished work, and was so lost in rapturous admiration that he struck it with the chisel on the limb and said : “ Moses, why don't you speak ? ” The mark of the blow is there still ; but “ there was no voice that answered.” It was, after all, only an image in stone of the great soul that lived

and breathed, wrote and spoke, ruled and walked with God.

I look upon the great pile of manuscript lying on the table before me, and think of the coming volume which is so precious to me for her sake, and sigh that I cannot make it speak—that I cannot make the reader of these dull pages know the great soul as I knew her in life.

I say *life*; for she was the most perfect expression and embodiment of life at its best as we mortals know it—physical life, intellectual life and spiritual life, I have ever met. She was rare simply as a physical being, lithe, quick, graceful, vigorous, powerful, majestic, beautiful, with a reserve force of stored up vitality that was something marvelous. All this was but the home of an intellect keen as a Damascus blade, quick as a flash of light, penetrating and pervasive as the subtle force of electricity, yet calm and self-poised and reposeful as Nature on a June morning. Her mind was judicial, broad and comprehensive, with the grasp of great affairs of national scope and importance, while she noted the smallest details of practical achievement with all the skill of the most adept politician. This rare combination of the extreme powers of intellect made her one of the most consummate organizers and executive forces the W. C. T. U. has ever produced; and it is doubtful if the politics of the century has produced a greater among men.

And while I am making a word picture of this great character, I do not wish to detract from the honor and glory of any of her companions. The pre-eminently great women developed by this wonderful reform movement have each their own place and name and fame, which are secure. They recognized the excellence of each other, and were too great to be jealous of a comrade's fame.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in a public speech, called Mrs. Woodbridge the statesman of the W. C. T. U. Another

woman of national reputation said to me: "Had Mrs. Woodbridge lived in a later age, she might have been a Secretary of State, for she had all the requisite ability for the greatest achievements of statesmanship."

But perhaps nothing was more remarkable than the diversity of her gifts. Be it remembered that she had no schooling after an age when most girls are plodding through the high school, that she had three children before she was twenty-one, and never had a thought of serving the public until she was a grandmother of several grandchildren, one of them seven years old. It is the wonder of the world that Oliver Cromwell with limited education emerged from obscurity after reaching middle life and cut such a figure as a general and statesman, carving his name so deeply and inerascably on the tablets of history. Is not the wonder fully paralleled in the career of Mrs. Woodbridge? What woman can be named in the Christian centuries who began so late in life, and then performed such prodigies of effective labor for humanity and gained such worldwide influence and fame as a reformer, orator, editor and writer, making herself known and loved in all lands by the savor of her holy life and its power for good? For the closing fifteen years of her life she was in constant demand as an orator to stand before the great national assemblies of all kinds, to address legislatures, colleges, learned bodies, and to fill the most prominent pulpits of the land, north, east, south and west, while by her newspaper work in the field of reform she reached the most distant portions of the globe. Always her influence was a benediction.

There were some peculiarities about her oratory deserving of mention. She had a remarkable talent for wit and humor and mimicry, and was as adept at narrating droll stories as the immortal Lincoln. She could have convulsed her audience with merriment at will and called out perpetual peals of laughter. Had she done so she would prob-

ably have been esteemed by the masses as a more popular and brilliant orator. But, aside from her addresses to children, she almost never gave expression to this natural gift in her oratory. In all the speeches reported in this book, there is not one passage that I recall which would even suggest a smile. In this respect, too, she resembled Lincoln, whose speeches were always grave and serious. There must have been some moral consideration in the case of each that produced this similar result. Each was an earnest nature, struggling heroically against a great national sin that burdened their inmost soul. When they stood before an audience to speak the solemn issues of the hour made mirth seem out of place.

Mrs. Woodbridge once said to the writer: "I have one gift or faculty for which I find no use, and I do not understand why God gave it to me—a vein of sarcasm keen as a rapier, that would be cutting and terrible if I should let it have play. Love and grace enable me to suppress it utterly and I never use it, but the temptation to do it is constantly with me." On one occasion this faculty and her power to provoke mirth had ample expression. A public meeting had been arranged in New York for a public debate at Cooper Institute on the wisdom of a license law. Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was selected to take the affirmative, and Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap the negative. The night arrived for the debate, and for some reason, I believe on account of sickness, Mrs. Lathrap failed to be present. It chanced that Mrs. Woodbridge was passing through the city on a lecturing tour, and reached Mr. Demorest's mansion just before the meeting. She had not yet had time to change her apparel or have a mouthful to eat, when her presence became known, and a carriage was sent in all haste for her to go to Cooper Institute, listen to Dr. Crosby's prepared speech, and answer it impromptu. She reluctantly complied. Probably her moral indignation was aroused by the

arguments of the learned doctor of divinity in favor of an infamous license law; and, without having taken any notes, she let loose all the untrammelled powers of her intellectual being, picking up and answering one by one the points of his argument. With the dexterity and deftness of an experienced fencer, she put in thrust after thrust and rained blow after blow, her blade edged with the keenest sarcasm, and cutting to the marrow at every stroke. The doctor sat amazed and mute with astonishment and helplessness. The audience enjoyed his discomfiture, and greeted the fair debater with cheer after cheer. The excitement rose to the highest pitch. Her massive arguments, supported by facts and enlivened by the raciest sallies of wit provoked storm after storm of laughter and applause, and when she closed a gentleman sitting on the platform turned to her and laughingly said: "We are going to have you arrested for cruelty to animals." "What?" said she, "did I say anything unbecoming a Christian lady?" "Not a thing," he replied; "it was beyond criticism, and therefore all the more terrible."

It is doubtful if the noble women of the W. C. T. U. with all their intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Woodbridge will ever know what certainly unsurpassed, if not unequaled talent for debate and forensic eloquence Mrs. Woodbridge possessed. She had only been speaking before the public four years when she was made National recording secretary. For fifteen years thereafter she filled the secretary's chair, her heavy labors of from fifteen to eighteen hours a day precluding all participation in the off-hand discussions. She once said to me, "I almost never even listen to the long speeches and debates; I take the time they give me to write up the minutes. And even if I do listen to a discussion I am too weary to speak." The National conventions were thus deprived of a rare forensic ability, for Mrs. Woodbridge possessed instantaneous com-

mand of all her faculties and resources, a quick discernment of the weak points of an opponent's argument, a fluent utterance of choicest, sinewy English, the readiest wit, a relentless logic, a marvelous memory for facts and statistics of which her tireless study had made her a living cyclopædia, a calm self-possession and commanding mien and a voice of which Frances Willard says: "There was not a better in America." I can think of no quality of mind needed to make one pre-eminent in debate which she did not possess in the highest degree.

Her great addresses start off on a lofty elevation of thought with the statesman's grasp of all the facts and principles and move on in the serene heights of thought and logic and argument with never a fall, never an attempt at passion or display of heat; with never a commonplace expression or street phrase. I can think of nothing to liken it to in nature so appropriate as the Amazon river that has a fall of but one inch to the mile for twelve hundred miles. It simply flows on with no delay and no hurry, wide and deep and full and strong. It can afford to be calm, for it is resistless.

So much I have said about the physical and intellectual nature of this great woman. It was all only a beautiful temple in which dwelt her richer, greater spiritual self, and all was glorified by the indwelling spirit of the living God. What a woman this indwelling of Christ, this touch of heaven, this transforming, transfiguring spirit made her! What absolute sincerity of soul! Lowell says: "The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity, his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds. What erewhile bore the image and superscription

of Cæsar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God."

So genuine was Mrs. Woodbridge that her very words had the potency of deeds, and her whole life was stamped with the image of God.

In her later years, so rich and rare was her soul life, so sanctified did she become under the rich baptisms of the Holy Spirit that came upon her, that it was her meat and drink to do her Heavenly Father's will. Her life was hid with Christ in God. "Holiness to the Lord" was written upon every faculty and possession, and as the handmaiden of Christ, her whole being was set apart as sacred to her Lord.

When I wrote her during the last summer of her life that we had given her name to our infant daughter, she wrote in reply: "One more for me to love and pray for, and carry on my heart before God." And again, "I thank you for the picture of that beautiful child. . . . May the dear one spared of God, receive the highest honor, to carry His gospel as an 'elect lady' to the ends of the earth. I am already honored, and have no fear for the future!"

Mrs. Woodbridge herself was an "elect lady" of God, and her reverent, holy heart could think of nothing else to pray for in behalf of my precious baby girl.

Her life, so devoutly consecrated, was characterized by what unremitting toil! Each moment was improved religiously as a golden opportunity for serving Jesus. To toil for her Beloved became a blessed privilege, even the passion of her being.

And what serene dignity and holy calm! She was lifted above worry and flurry into the serene azure of the peace of God. She once wrote to comfort my heart, quoting what was doubtless the solace of her own:

"Thou art as much His care as if beside,
Nor man, nor angel lived in heaven or earth."

“ Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day ;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow ;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.”

Doubtless tongues of envy and hate wagged against her ; for so valiant a servant of Christ could not escape. But in her Thomas à Kempis she marked this passage : “ Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the Divine whisper, and give no heed to the many whisperings of the world.” When the archers shot at her, her bow abode in strength ; for she betook herself to “ the secret place of the Most High,” and abode “ under the shadow of the Almighty.”

What strength was hers joined to what sweetness and gentleness. She was strong in her conscious integrity, strong in the possession of truth, strong in her cause, and strong in the strength of the Omnipotent God. Like a tower she “ stood four-square to all the winds that blew,” and had the majestic repose of conscious power ; but her heart was as sweet and gentle as an affectionate child. Lowell said of Longfellow :—“ whose sweetest verse is harsher-toned than he.” Her years were filled with loving deeds and tender, gentle ministries, but to those who knew her real life, her sweetest word, her gentlest deed “ was harsher-toned than she.”

Lincoln, after granting a pardon, said to a friend, “ Say of me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would thrive.” Mrs. Woodbridge hated the thistles of vice and hate and sin, and had absolute faith in the flowers of righteousness, and she devoted her life to the work of plucking the thistles and planting

the flowers of virtue and hope and love, and around the wide world to-day "they bloom a fragrant blossoming."

What a friend! loyal, true, constant, abiding,—strength for every weak hour, and always an inspiration to everything good. Mrs. Eva Munson Smith, of Illinois, writes: "It seems inexpressibly sad to give her up, because she was one of the very 'few who could take time to be friendly,' though none were busier than she." Mrs. Elizabeth W. Andrew, of Chicago, once wrote her: "Your exceedingly kind expressions of encouragement to me are beyond price. We so often faint and almost fall in the thick of the battle for the want of it. I think of you always with a thrill of heart, remembering your unfailing, beautiful Christian courtesy. It has been such a lesson and incitement to me to see you in the hurried proceedings of the National Convention, preserving that sweet, unvarying kindness of demeanor toward all. It is one of the best things I have gained in that great body."

Another wrote from Copley Square Hotel, Boston:

MY DEAR MRS. WOODBRIDGE:—There have come to me so many lessons of patience and forbearance in seeing you from day to day, as I have during the convention, that I have come to admire you very much, and I wish to ask you to accept, as a token of love, this Hawaiian fan, made by a Hawaiian woman, and given to me out of gratitude for what my husband had done for her husband, who to-day is a most earnest temperance worker in Honolulu. She will be glad to have you possess it.

CORNELIA H. JONES.

Honolulu.

Her tender grace, Christian courtesy and kindness, born of her intimacy of communion with Jesus, won hearts to her; and once gained, she held them by the strong cords of an abiding, unselfish love.

And accompanying all this imposing greatness of power and influence and usefulness, what modesty and hiding of self; she repeatedly refused to let her life be written while she was living. She refused lucrative positions of honor and power. She once said to a friend, "I am not working for Mary A. Woodbridge." After her death, her secretary said: "She used so often to say to me, 'Never use my name when it is not absolutely necessary!'" She was dead to self and dead to sin, that she might know Christ and be found in Him; self-free because her life was hid with Christ in God.

And what a daughter and sister and mother and wife! Through the long years the light and joy and comfort and crowning glory of her beautiful home, filling the whole circle of womanly duties with conspicuous ability and fidelity! She was a model for her daughters, the idol of her son, and the pride of her devoted husband! From Colorado she once wrote: "If all is well, in ten days at the very farthest, I will be in the dear old home with the most precious husband the world has ever known. So says the most affectionate, longing wife, Mary."

Body, mind, spirit, time, talents, possession, influence,—everything for her Lord, and her Christ was her all in all!

Oh, that I could make my friend live and breathe before the reader as I was privileged to know her through twenty years, during which her life was to me a perpetual benediction. But my poverty-stricken language fails. I cannot make the statue speak! The prince of eloquence shall be heard with his matchless tribute in these closing pages. If any think I have overstated, let them listen to

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

DEAR MR. WOODBRIDGE:—In presence of a grief and loss like yours, I can scarcely bring myself to say a word. For it seems to me that to meddle with your loneliness of

heart is a kind of vandalism, and to speak of our quiet love while gazing at the shock and temporary wreck of yours, a kind of sacrilege.

If I could leave you out of mind it would be easy to speak of her who went away in the midst of her splendid years in so characteristic a fashion, so promptly, quickly, magnificently.

In death as in life, she walked the winding ways of the world's garden of death when it began to dawn, looking for her Lord in the debris of the night and the storm, and the wide-eyed cynicism of a doubting race, and when she heard Him say, "Mary," her whole soul opened like a lily to the light of midsummer daybreaks flashing along the surface of still pools, and bloomed straightway out of the ooze and fret of time into eternity.

I know many women and love many, but have as yet seen no such grace, repose, and symmetry of character as had this angel wife of yours.

Nearly all of us who gain some little coign of vantage in the struggle of existence, forthwith take on in some degree the ugliness of self-importance and lightness of regard of others whom we complacently consider beneath or at any rate behind us, for whom we send sometimes and smile and say, "My dear, what do they say of us?" "How goes the world?"—meaning our little personal sphere of clay, and then wave off and heed no further nor ever think of asking, "How fares it with you?" until we need or are perplexed again.

Your Mary had the rare and godlike quality of holding herself at a modest but fixed value of earning power for Jesus, and also at a fair, decent and honorable estimate, the other woman. This is her greatest contribution to that jeweled crown of woman's effort—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

She never failed to stimulate the germ of god-likeness in those she met in the way, nor ever by any personal vanity or light look or "put on" grandeur, murdered a timid hope or purpose in another life.

Her life was very noble. I shall never cease to thank God that during this last year she was almost my closest friend, except my own sweet wife.

Her death was inexpressibly grand, engrossed as she

was in her most arduous toil of which no ear ever heard her complain or ask for greater salary or more clerical assistance; enthralled as she was by the inspiration of her mighty, but scarcely conscious service of the world.

Like lightning when she heard her name in the morning twilight she cried out, "Rabboni! aye, aye, sir!" like some simple, faithful sailor before the mast, infatuated by his Admiral and went away among the shrouds, while he who laid the lines of her ship and launched her from the ways at the beginning, took her out to sea.

One night her husband brought from the library an armful of volumes found in her room in Chicago, precious keepsakes given her by various friends. Among them was a volume having the following written on the fly-leaf:

I give this book to my beloved Mary A. Woodbridge, by my blessed mother's request.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The Den, Rest Cottage, August, 1892.

It was an illustrated copy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," three stanzas of which are as follows:

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Yes, Mary A. Woodbridge, weary, toiling, waiting one, brave, earnest, consecrated, Christ-like soul, after your long day of fruitful toil, Jesus hath permitted you to fall asleep in Him.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night ! good-night ! good-night !

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep ;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night ! good-night ! good-night !

Only "good-night," beloved, not "farewell !"
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night ! good-night ! good-night !

The earth is lonely without thee now thou art gone.
We dwell amidst shadows a little longer, waiting with long-
ing hearts to clasp the "vanished hand," and say "good-
morning !" in that "day without a night," where the Sun
of Righteousness never sets.

APPENDIX.

GENEALOGY OF THE BRAYTON AND MITCHELL FAMILIES.

I.

BRAYTON FAMILY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

BRETONS are of French origin of Norman extraction. The Breton families came into England with William the Conqueror, 1060, as I find in an early pedigree of the Bretons in 1197. This is the first date therein, and there are four generations at the beginning of the pedigree previous to the date 1197.

The name Breton is derived from a province in France called Bretagne. The "Armorial Bearings" are the same in France as in England, and the name in France, LeBreton.

From Astor's Library in New York City:

BRETON OF TRENTON.

"Baker's History of Northamptonshire," Vol. I., page 220, has a long pedigree of the Breton families running back four generations before the first date 1197. The pedigree seems to have been prepared from papers in the family of William Le Breton in 1197. This pedigree brings the family down to the year 1708, with arms.

BURKE'S ARMORIAL BEARINGS

has the coat of arms (which I have) with the name Brayton, which is the only English work I have found with the name spelled Brayton, but in the same book under Breton is precisely the same coat of arms and crest as Brayton. This I consider the best proof that can be had of the origin of the family name—that Brayton was Breton, and that the family is of French origin, Norman extraction.

There are at the present day many persons in France who are descendants of the old stock "Le Breton," and who by "The Heraldry" of France have the same arms.

I find in "The Parliamentary Gazetteer" of 1839, page 259:

Brayton—name of a parish in the lower division of Barkstone, Ash union of Selby, West Riding of Yorkshire, one-half mile west southwest of Selby, intersected by the Leeds and Selby railroad and the Selby canal which connects the "Ouse" and "Aire." It comprises the Township and Chaplery of Barlow, and the Townships of Brayton, Burn, Gateforth, Hamilton and Thorpe and Willoughby living. Patrons in 1835. The Honorable E. Petre and the Prebendary of Wistow, the great and small tithes of Brayton, Thorpe, Willoughby, Burton and Gateforth with land township. There are daily four schools, two of which are endowed. The charities connected with Brayton yield £43 16s 6d per annum. Population in 1831, 1-612. Houses, 300. Acres of land, 10,690.

The first of the name in this country was Francis Brayton, born 1612, died 1692; was a member of the Colonial Assembly of Rhode Island in 1662 and a member of the Grand Jury in Court of General Quarter Sessions in Newport, R. I., on June 12, 1688.

EXTRACTS FROM COLONIAL RECORDS.

1643.—"Francis Brayton is received an inhabitant and has given engagement unto the government."

"Francis Brayton has propounded for a lot."

1655.—Freeman. (From Genealogical Dictionary of R. I.)

1667.—Aug. 10 he enlisted in a Troop of horse.

1668.—'70, '71, '79, '84. Deputy. (Member of General Assembly.)

1688.—Member of Grand Jury.

1692.—Sept. 5. Will proved. Executrix, wife, Mary; overseers, friends; George Brownell, John Borden and John Anthony.

To wife, use and profit of all land I bought of Stephen Burton and housing thereon in Portsmouth, and she to have use of all movables and real estate, goods, cattle, chattels, &c., and if needful she may dispose of any part for comfortable maintenance. To eldest son, Francis, all wearing apparel and confirmation of lands already given. To 2d son, Stephen, confirmation of lands already given, and 5s.

At death of wife the land bought of Stephen Burton,—about 4 acres—to go to eldest son, Francis, he paying legacies.

To eldest daughter, Marth Pearce, 5s. To daughter, Elizabeth Bourne, £2. To daughter Sarah Gatchell, £2. To grandson Francis, son of Francis, £2. To grandson Preserved, son of Stephen, £2. To grandson, Francis Pearce, £2. To granddaughter Mary, wife of James Tallman, £2. At death of wife movables (with some exceptions) to be divided to children and grandchildren.

Wife's name, Mary ———

Stephen Brayton, 2d son of Francis and Mary. Admitted free-man R. I. Colony, April 30, 1678. Member Grand Jury, Dec. 13, 1687.

Married, March 5, 1678, Ann Tallman.

Residence, Tiverton, R. I. ; occupation, Farmer and Drover.

CHILDREN.

Mary, Elizabeth, Ann, Preserved, Stephen, Israel.

Israel Brayton, son of Stephen and Ann.

Residence, Newport, R. I. ; occupation, Farmer.

Married 1st wife, Eliphael Sanford, by whom he had two children.

Married 2d wife, Elizabeth Lawton.

CHILDREN.

Daniel, Robert, John, Isaac, Israel, Betsey.

Isaac Brayton, son of Israel and Elizabeth, married Sarah Hussey.

Residence, Nantucket, Mass. ; occupation, Merchant.

CHILDREN.

Wm. H., Isaac (Lawton, middle name dropped early in life), Thomas.

Isaac Brayton (my father) married June 25, 1825, Love Mitchell, daughter of Peleg and Lydia Cartwright. Residence, Nantucket, Ravenna, Newburgh and Ravenna.

Occupation, Mariner, etc.

Sailed from Nantucket to Brazil Banks as captain of the ship "Planter" (of which he had previously been first mate) and returned July 4, 1829, with ninety-nine barrels sperm and seventeen hundred and sixty-nine whale. Sailed from Nantucket, June 13, 1830, as captain of ship "Ann," returned April 28, 1833, with two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four barrels of sperm oil,—next to the largest cargo of oil ever brought into Nantucket.

Sailed from Nantucket, November 17, 1833, as captain of the ship "Independence," which was wrecked and totally lost on Starbuck's Island (a sunken island then not on chart). Had on eighteen hundred barrels sperm.

CHILDREN.

Mary Ann, George Mitchell, Lydia Mitchell, John, Henry Swift.

RECAPITULATION.

1. Francis Brayton married Mary ———
2. Stephen Brayton, second son of Francis and Mary, married Ann Tallman.

3. Israel Brayton, third son of Stephen and Ann, married, first, Eliphael Sanford, second, Elizabeth Lawton.
4. Isaac Brayton, fourth son of Israel and Elizabeth, married Sarah Hussey.
5. Isaac Brayton, second son of Isaac and Sarah, married Love Mitchell.
6. Mary A. Brayton, daughter of Isaac and Love, married F. W. Woodbridge.

II.

MITCHELL FAMILY.

Richard Mitchell married Mary Wood.
 Residence, Isle of Wight.
 Occupation, ——

CHILDREN.

Richard, born 1686, died July 24, 1722.

Richard Mitchell, born 1686, at Brixton, Isle of Wight, was educated in the doctrine of the Church of England—spent some time in the Royal Navy. In 1708 he came to America and settled in Rhode Island. He became a member of the Society of Friends. In 1708 he married Elizabeth Tripp, daughter of James, of Rhode Island.

Residence, ——, Rhode Island.
 Occupation, Tailor.

CHILDREN.

Elizabeth, Richard, Mercy, James, Joseph.

Richard Mitchell, son of Richard and Elizabeth, came to Nantucket, Mass.,—a lad—and learned the tailor's trade with Anthony Oder. He was a man of superior ability and acquired a large estate. He married Dec. 1, 1731, Mary Starbuck, daughter of Jethn and Dorcas, of Nantucket.

Residence, Nantucket.
 Occupation, Tailor.

CHILDREN.

Elizabeth, Richard, Jethn, Joseph, Mary, William, Eunice, Benjamin, James and Peleg.

Peleg Mitchell married at Nantucket, Dec. 30, 1779, Lydia Cartwright, daughter of James and Love.

Residence, originally Newport, R. I., later Nantucket, Mass.
 Occupation, Oil and Candle manufacturer.

CHILDREN.

Joseph, George, George, Mary, Love, Sarah, William (astronomer) Hannah, Lydia, Peleg, Love (my mother).

Love Mitchell, daughter of Peleg and Lydia, married Isaac Brayton.

CHILDREN.

Mary Ann, George Mitchell, Lydia Mitchell, John, Henry Swift.
Mary A. Brayton, daughter of Isaac and Love (Mitchell) married F. W. Woodbridge.

RECAPITULATION.

1. Richard Mitchell married Mary Wood.
2. Richard Mitchell, son of Richard and Mary, married Elizabeth Tripp.
3. Richard Mitchell, son of Richard and Elizabeth, married Mary Starbuck.
4. Peleg Mitchell, son of Richard and Mary, married Lydia Cartwright.
5. Love Mitchell, daughter of Peleg and Lydia, married Isaac Brayton,
6. Mary A. Brayton, daughter of Isaac and Love, married F. W. Woodbridge.

DESCENDANTS OF PETER FOLGER, WHO WAS GRANDFATHER OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

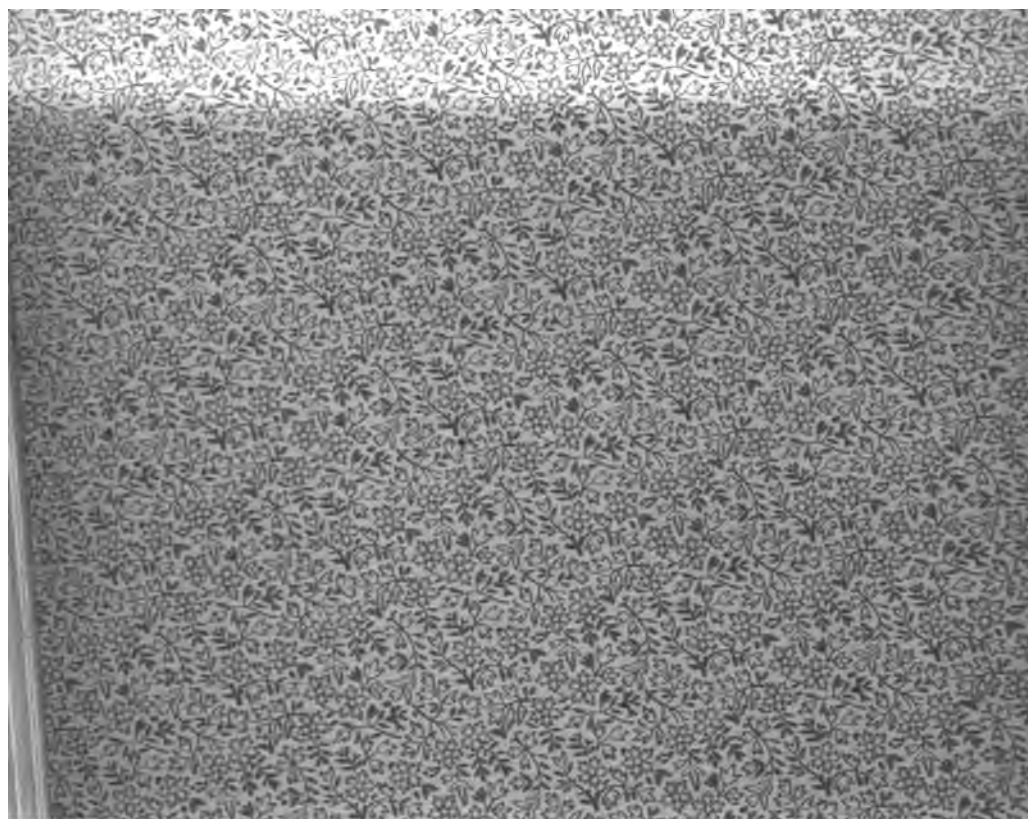
1. Peter Folger married Mary Morrell.
2. Dorcas Folger, their daughter, married Joseph Pratt.
3. Bethia Pratt, their daughter, married Sampson Cartwright.
4. Hezekiah Cartwright, their son, married Abigail Brown.
5. James Cartwright, their son, married Love Macy.
6. Lydia Cartwright, their daughter, married Peleg Mitchell.
7. Love Mitchell, their daughter, married Isaac Brayton.
8. Mary A. Brayton, their daughter, married F. W. Woodbridge.











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